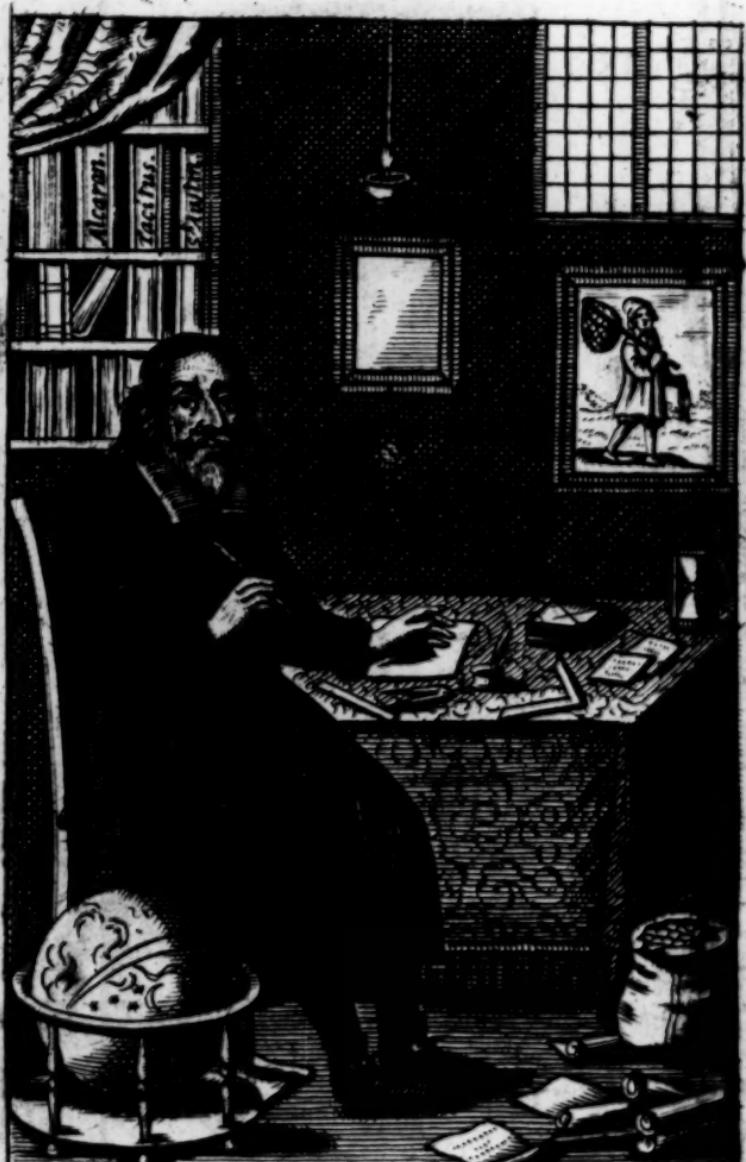


THE
Fourth Volume
OF
LETTERS
Writ by a
Turkish Spy,
Who lived Five and Forty Years,
Undiscover'd, at
PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the
Divan at *Constantinople*, of the most Re-
markable Transactions of *Europe*; And dis-
covering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the
Christian Courts (especially of that of
France) continued from the Year 1649, to
the Year 1682.

*Written Originally in Arabick, Translated into
Italian, and from thence into English, by the
Translator of the First Volume.*

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Leake*, for *Henry Rhodes*,
near *Bride-lane*, in *Fleet-street*, 1692.



Mahmut the Turkish spy. Etatis sua 72.
F. H. van. Hove. sculp:

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TO THE
READER.

EXPECT no more Commendations of our *Arabian Author*; or Apologies for any Thing that may seem liable to Censure in his *Letters*. There is no End of answering the Cavils of those, who to gain the Character of *Criicks*, will create *Faults* where they find none; and impute the very *Oversights* of the *Press*, to the *Ignorance* of the *Author*, rather than a *Book* shall escape free from *Censure*.

What is wanting in the *Style*, where it may be suppos'd to come short of the *Original*, must be laid to the *Italian's* Charge, who undertook the *First Version* of so *Remote* a *Language*. For, the *English Translator* has endeavour'd to follow him, as close as the difference of *Idioms* will admit. And all the World knows, That the *English Tongue* is none

To the Reader.

of the most Copious and Significant. But, if this shall seem an Invidious Reflection, substituted in the Room of a Passable Excuse; the *English Translator*, in Honour both of the *Foreign Copies*, and his own *Native Language* (for he is a true *English-Man* both by *Blood* and *Affection*) is willing to take the Blame of all Defects on himself. Assuring you, That whatsoever Roughness or Want of Elegance; Whatsoever Carelessness of Expression is to be found in the *English Translation*, though it may be a Fault indeed, yet 'tis purely owing to the Candor of him who has committed it. Since, the Chief Reason of such Neglect is, because he was loath the *Reader* should lose the *Original Sence*, for the sake of a Sweet-Period, or a Delicate Cadence.

If in other Places he seems affected, as in retaining the *Turkish* or *Arabick* Words, where they might as well have been rendered *English*; this also was out of Respect to his *Copy*, where those Words are left, as, we may suppose, they were found in the *Original Arabick*.

This is address'd to such *Gentlemen*, as have procur'd the *Italian Copies* of these *Letters*. For, we are inform'd, That they are in the Hands of some *English Travellers*,

To the Reader.

Travellers, who had a Curiosity to compare the different Translations together.

However, to Evidence that this is not spoken in Partiality to our selves, but with Equal Regard to that Learned Foreigner, who first brought these Letters to Light; It will not be amiss to exhibit such Probable Reasons, as might induce him to leave Some Arabick Words untranslated rather than Others, though they had both the same Sence.

The best Method of clearing up this Point, will be by producing Instances, such as that, Page 53, at the Bottom: Where the Word [*Vizirs*] is retained by the English Translator, because it was not chang'd by the Italian. Doubtless, it had been as easie to say [*The Seven Chief Spirits, Angels, Chancellors or Ministers Above*] as [*The Seven Vizirs.*] But since the Italian Copy has not alter'd the Word [*Vizirs*] the English Translator thought fit to let it stand. And he conceives, 'tis proper enough in both Versions; because it better expresses the Thought of the Turkish Author, than any Italian or English Word can do, being a Title of Dignity peculiar to the Ottoman Empire: Where the Credulous People

To the Reader.

are made to believe, That their *Monarchy*, with all its *Officers of State*, is exactly Modell'd according to the *Pattern of the Celestial Court and Kingdom*. Therefore, it appears very Natural in a *Turk*, to call the *Ministers of Heaven* by the Title of *Vizirs, Beglerbegs, Baffa's*, or whatsoever other Appellatives are us'd by them, to express the Dignity of their *Grandees on Earth*. And who would go to spoil his Sence, for the sake of a Word?

Besides, not to let this Passage fall, without due Remarks; Is it not Common in our *Bible* to call *God*, [*Lord of Lords?*] And how can this be otherwise expressed in *Arabick*, but by the *Title* which is appropriated to the *Principal Governours of Provinces*, whom in their *Language* they call *Beglerbegs*? It is equally usual in *Scripture*, to style *God* [*King of kings.*] a *Title* frequently assum'd by the *Eastern Monarchs*. Nay, in our Common Discourse, herein *England*, it is Customary to give to *God*, the *Title* of [*The King of Heaven.*] And why may we not as well give to the *Arch-Angels* and *Angels*, &c. the *Titles* which are ordinarily apply'd to the *Princes and Nobles on Earth*? But however, if this will not appear allowable in a *Christian*, yet no Man can wonder

To the Reader.

wonder at a Turk, when he hears him use his *Native Dialect*, speaking of the *Potentates Above*. And if this be granted, I hope, neither the *Italian* will be blam'd for preserving the *Peculiar Phrase* of an *Eastern Author*; nor the *English Translator* be accus'd, for following so Polite a *Pattern*.

This Instance had not been press'd so far, but in Hopes that what is already said, may serve as a Plea for several other Examples of like Nature in this *Volume*: Where it is impossible for any *European*, to express the Full Meaning of an *Oriental Author*, without reserving some Words of his very *Language*. And in this, the *Italian Translator* is chiefly vindicated; from whose *Copy*, the *English* in such Cases, had no reason to swerve. And thus much may suffice to answer all Objections about the *Style*.

As to the *Matter* it self, it appears full of Instruction, in *Historical, Moral and Political Affairs*. Nor need any Man wonder, if he encounters some Passages which may be found in other *Writers*, both *Gentile* and *Christian*; since the *Author* of these *Letters* professes, That he has taken much Pains to peruse the *Treatises of the Ancients*, both whilst he

To the Reader.

study'd in the *Academies*, and during his Residence at *Paris*, he often frequented the *Libraries* in that City ; whereof there is no Scarcity. He spent a great Deal of Time, in reading *Modern* as well as *Ancient Authors*. By which Means, he not only improv'd his Knowledge in the Universal *History of Former Time*, but grew Familiar with the most Remarkable Occurrences in *Europe*, during these Later *Centuries*. So that in some of his *Letters*, one would swear, he had read *Sabellius*, *Petrus Justinianus*, *Philip de Comines*, and other *European Writers*. For, he seems to come very near them, in relating some *Particular Stories*. And it may be suppos'd, that he took this Advantage to oblige the *Turkish Grandees* to whom he writ, by inserting in his *Letters*, such Passages as they were wholly Strangers to.

There need no more be said, but that you may expect another *Volume* of these *Letters* very speedily. Farewell.

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LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at PARIS.

VOL. IV.

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LETTER I.

Mahmut. the Arabian, and Indefatigable Slave to the Grand Signior, to Mahomet, the Most Illustrions Vizir Azem, at the Port.

ICongratulate thy Ascent to that Top of Honour, the *First Dignity* in the *Empire Ever Victorious*. 'Tis thy Turn to be now Exalted in the *Orb of Fortune*: Let not this High Station make thee forget, That that Wheel is always in Motion. But

consider, That since the Advance thou hast made, was not but by the Fall of thy *Predeceſſor*, thou haſt the leſſ Reason to think thy own State ſecure.

I am no *Fortune-Teller*; nor would I be ſo rude, as to Prognosticate Ill Luck to my *Superiors*. But, Men in Eminent Dignity, have Need of a *Monitor*: And, it is Recorded of a *Great Monarch*, That he Commanded One of his *Pages*, every Morning to ſalute him, when he firſt awaked, with these Words, *Remember, O King, that thou art a Mortal.*

Let this Example, Supreme *Minifter*, plead my Excuse, and incline thee to pardon the Freedom which *Mahmud* takes; who by this, thou feeleſt, is no Flatterer.

Certainly, all Sublunary Things, Ebb and Flow like the Waters. And, though Men may ſometimes enjoy a *Spring-Tide* of Felicity; yet *Fate* has Hidden Sluces, which in a Moment, ſhall convey the Mighty Torrent to ſome other Channel.

I my ſelf have in ſome Measure experienc'd this, who am but a Puny in Comparison with thee. Yet *Destiny* and *Chance*, are allotted to the *Little*, as well as to the *Great*. The *Worm* encounters as many cross Contingencies, in her humble reptile State, as does the Towing *Eagle*, in all her lofty Flights and Ranges, through the wide-stretch'd Air.

In my *Infancy* I was ſnatch'd from the Cradle, and from the Arms of my Mournful Mother: Mournful on Two Accounts, the Death of a Husband, and the Necessity of parting

parting with her Child. Yet this Early Separation, turn'd to my Advantage, and her Comfort. The Sequel of my Good Fortune, invited her to forsake her *Solitudes*, and follow me to the *Imperial City*; where she exchang'd her Melancholy Widow-Hood, for the Society and Love of a Merry *Greek*: Whilst *Fate* had another Game to play with me; it being the Will of *Heaven*, That from the Delights of the *Seraglio*, and the Honour of serving the *Greatest Sovereign in the World*, I should fall into a Cruel *Captivity*, and be compelled Ignominiously to drudge for a *Barbarous Infidel*. Afterwards, I gain'd my *Liberty*, and apply'd my self to study in the *Academies*. I will not boast of the Proficiency I made: But, at my Return to *Constantinople*, thou knowest, my *Superiors* thought me capable, of doing the *Port Service* in this Place. Thus *Providence* sports with *Mortals*, and by an Unaccountable Clew of Discipline, leads them through the Mazes of this Life.

How I have discharged my Trust here, I dare Appeal to All; yet can please None. Every Man will be my *Judge*, to give *Sentence* against me; and some, I believe, would willingly be my *Executioners*: Which, at certain Times, carries me into so deep a Melancholy, that I even join with my Enemies, and condemn my self, though I know not for what. Surely, say I, so many perspicacious Men cannot be all in the Wrong, and I only in the Right: they must needs see some Faults in me, which I cannot discern

in my self : doubtless I'm Partial, and never chang'd the Order of *Æsop's Wallet*. Then I reflect on these Thoughts, as the mere Product of Melancholy : For, after the strictest Examination of my Conduct, I find my self Innocent of those Things, whereof I'm accus'd. Yet, whilst I am justifying my Integrity towards my *Great Master*, my Sadness returns again, and tells me, That without Doubt, I have some Ways offended *God* and his *Prophet*, who, for that Reason, suffer the Envious to persecute me ; and drive me into a more intimate and familiar Converse with my self, that so by making a frequent Scrutiny after the Cause of my Outward Misfortunes, I may discover the Secret Crimes, which I may have committed against *Heaven*, and which lie hid under my Inadvertence and Oblivion.

Then I'm fill'd with a Thousand Scruples about my telling Lyes, and taking False Oaths ; though I'm dispens'd with for all these Immoralities, by the *Sovereign Arbitr* of the *Law*. In a Word, I know not sometimes what to think. And, were it not, that my *Agency* in these *Parts*, meets with some Succes, I should often conclude, That I either lie under some *Curse of God*, or *Charms of Men*; That either *Heaven* or *Hell*, have a Peculiar Hand in Afflicting me.

But, all this may be only the Fumes of my own Distemper'd Spleen. And, the *Indulgent Judge of Men*, may pass a Milder Sentence on me, than either I do my self, or my

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my Fellow-Mortals. He is Transcendently Benign and Merciful: And, our Sins of Frailty, appear in his Eyes, but as small *Atomes* in the Rays of a Morning's Sun; which, though they be Innumerable, yet the least Breath of Wind, blows them all out of Sight.

By what I have said, 'tis apparent, that I have Regard both to thee and my self: To thee, as the *Supreme Disposer of Life and Death*, under the *Grand Signior*; to my self, as one call'd out for a *Victim* by the Malicious, and lying at the Feet of thy Noble Nature, begging thy Protection. My Enemies are Industrious to ruine me, and lay hold on all Opportunities to accomplish it. The *Sentence* which they could not procure from thy *Predecessor*, they may hope to draw from thee by their False Informations. This makes me use Pre-Caution in my own Defence; hoping to forestall their Malice, by this Humble Address.

Imitate thou the *Divine Nature*; and be not severe, in remarking the *Peccadillo's* and small Delinquencies of thy *Slave*. If I turn *Infidel or Traitor*, I crave no Favour.

That *Supremely Merciful and Gracious*, the *Firſt and the Last of the World, and Lord of Paradise*, heap on thee as many Blessings every Day, as would employ my swiftest Wishes a Thousand Years; and grant, That thou mayst find Admittance into the Place full of *Rivers*, whose *Springs* take their.

their *Rise*, from the *Bottom of the Rock of Eternity*.

Paris, 17th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.
according to the Christian Style.

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Troubles of this Kingdom, which a while ago seem'd to be compos'd, are now again broke out afresh. The Private Grudges of Some, and the Ambition of Others of the *Nobility*, have once more put all in Arms. This City is Block'd up by the *Prince of Conde's Army*, who has not been long return'd from *Flanders*. The King, the Queen, with *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the whole *Court*, are at *St. Germain en Lay*, whither they went by Night. This abrupt Departure, gave fresh Courage to the *Seditious*, and at the same Time, furnish'd them with new Matter of Accusation against *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, they say, has stole away their *Sovereign* from them. The *Parliament* have declar'd him, an *Enemy to the Government*. They are levying Soldiers as fast as they can; and Provisions are laid in, as if they were to sustain

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sustain a long Siege. Several *Princes* and *Grandees*, are come over to the *Citizens*, having deserted the *Court*; among whom, is the *Prince of Conty*, Brother to the *Prince of Conde*. Yet the *Parisians* are distrustful of him, and have Confin'd his Sister, as a Hostage for his Fidelity; not knowing, that his Desertion is Real, being occasion'd by some Quarrel between him and his Elder Brother.

'Tis said, That *Cardinal Mazarini* has taken a Resolution to depart the *Kingdom*, that so he may avoid the Tempest that threatens him from all Hands.

The *Queen* has sent Orders to the *Colonels*, that serve under *Mareschal Turenne* in *Germany*, commanding them to abandon that *General*, who, they say, has declared for the *Parliament*, and sent to offer them his Service.

On the other Side, the *Citizens* endeavour to strengthen their *Party*, by sending to all the *Parliaments* of *France*, to desire their Conjunction, in espousing the Quarrel of this of *Paris*.

The Companies which the *Burghers* of this City have rais'd, wear this *Motto* in their *Ensigns*, WE SEEK OUR KING.

In the mean while, the *Arch-Duke of Austria*, keeps near the Frontiers of this *Kingdom*, with an Army of Twenty Thousand Men; and sends frequent Proposals to the *Parliament*, in Order to a *Peace*.

Whilst I was writing the last Word,

News was brought me, That *Eliachim the Jew* is seiz'd, and clapt in Prison at St. *Denis*, which Place is in the King's Hands. I cannot learn the Reason of his Confinement, but am apt to suspect, 'tis on the Score of his late appearing among the Rabble of *Paris*, whereof I gave an Account in a Letter to the *Aga of the Janizaries*.

The Surprize I am in at this Unfortunate Accident, puts me upon a Thousand Thoughts. I know not what Course to take for my own Safety. If *Eliachim's Papers* should be search'd, *Mahmut* must be discover'd; and then, if I tarry in the City, I cannot escape a Prison: For, tho' at this Juncture, one would think this Place, a sufficient Protection from the *Court*; yet the Hatred they bear to the *True Believers*, and the Discovery of so Important a *Commission* as mine, would supersede their Intestine Animosities. I should infallibly be either deliver'd up to the *Court*, or sent to the *Bastile*. If I go out of the City, my Danger is yet greater; all the Passes of the Country, being narrowly watch'd, and strongly guarded by the King's Soldiers. This made me at first, resolve to deferr the Conclusion of this Letter to another Time, whilst I provided for my own Safety; as thinking it impossible, to convey any Intelligence out of *France* undiscover'd. But being inform'd of a *Courier*, that was just going from the *Parliament*, to the *Arch-Duke of Austria*; and fearing lest I should never have the Privilege of Pen, Ink and Paper.

Paper again, I have ravish'd a few Moments, from that little Time I have left to shift for my self, that so I might give thee Notice of this Accident.

I have written also to *Nathan Ben Saddi* at *Vienna*, to prevent any *Dispatches* from him, till farther Order. Both these Letters I venture in the Hands of a faithful Messenger, who has caused them to be sew'd up in the Heels of his Shooes, to prevent Discovery. He travels under the Protection of the *Courier*.

I have not a Minute left to say more, than that I am at this Instant parting from my Lodging; my Books and other Things being packt up, and Porters ready to carry 'em away. If I get safe out of the House, I must change my Habit and Name; and so lay the Foundation of a New Concealment, till the Issue of this Adventure, shall direct me what to do.

Adieu, Illustrious *Kaimacham*, and expect to hear more in my Next; or, let my Silence convince thee, that *Mahmut* is no longer at Liberty.

Paris, 26th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

IF thou hast any *Dispatches* coming for me, and it be yet in thy Power to stop them, use Wings in doing it: for, I fear, we are discover'd in this Place. Thy Brother *Eliachim*, is arrested by the King's Orders. What is laid to his Charge, I know not for certain: Neither is it necessary for thee, to be inform'd in that Point. But, if his Confinement be owing to some Services he has lately done me, we are all lost. His Papers will be search'd, which must of Necessity betray our Secrets: And then, we have Nothing to expect, but the severest Execution of the *Christians* Fury and Revenge. I am in no small Confusion at this Accident, having scarce Time to provide for my Concealment. Send no more to *Paris*, till thou receivest farther Advice. We are all in Arms, this City being block'd up by the *Queen's* Troops; so that I know not well which way to shift for my self, and escape a Thousand Scrutinies, which they will every where make into the Affairs of a Stranger. But, that *Fate* which over-rules Humane Contingencies, will, I hope, rescue me out of this Danger: To which I commend both thee and me; bidding thee Farewel, as if

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if I were never to write to thee again: For,
so the Issue may prove.

Paris, 26th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER IV.

To Adonai, a Jew, at Venice.

I Have something more Respite now, than
when I wrote last to thy Brother *Nathan*
at *Vienna*, to inform him of *Eliachim's* being
made a Prisoner. I was in a greater Hurry
at that Time, than the Ninth *Sphere*. All
my Motions were swift. I went Backward
and Forward, like the *Planets*; but had no
Leisure to stand still, as they do sometimes.
In a Word; I have run over the whole *Zoack*
of Policy, to seek for a New House; that
wherein I Lodg'd, being like to prove too
hot for me. At Length I have found one,
wherein I hope to meet with no *Malevolent*
Aspects, but to remain as before, in a *Friendly*
Conjunction with the *Moon*; behind whose
Splendors, I may lie cover'd, from the Inqui-
sitions of peering Mortals.

To speak more Intelligibly, I am for the
Present, remov'd to other Lodgings in this
City, the better to shelter my self from the
Storm which seems to hang over my Head,
since

since Eliachim was seiz'd. Yesterday, I wrote to the Kaimacham, and to Nathan Ben Saddi, to give them an Account of this Accident. This goes along with the same Messenger; for, I durst not confide in the *Post*, during the Present Disorders of this Kingdom.

I receiv'd a Letter from thee, wherein thou informest me, of an Attempt that has been lately made, to rob the *Treasury of Venice*: Which, according to thy Description, is very Rich and Magnificent; not to be match'd in *Europe*. Perhaps, if thou hadst seen the Wealth that is preserv'd in the *Church of St. Denis*, a City not far from *Paris*, thou wouldst be of another Mind. But neither of us can make proper Comparisons, having not seen both Places. The *French* extol the Latter, and say, it far exceeds that of *Venice*. But, they may speak Partially; it being the Humour of all People, to magnify the Grandeur of their own Nation: And, the *French* come not short of the Rest of the World in Vain-Glory. However it be, it was a vast Attempt, and full of Infinite Difficulties and Perils, to Rob the Vaults of a *Church*, in the Heart of that Great and Populous City, where all the Riches of the *Seigniory* were Reposited. It is an Argument of the Greatness of their Souls, who durst undertake so hazardous an Enterprize.

But, this is not the First Time the *Venetians* have been in Danger, to lose that Prodigious Mass of Wealth. A Poor *Grecian* once found a Way, through Marble Barricado's under-Ground,

Ground, to enter those Golden Cells ; from whence he carried away, to the Value of Twenty Hundred Thousand *Zechins* in Jewels. But, making one of his Countrymen acquainted with it, the Villain betray'd him to the *Doge*, who caused him to be Hang'd.

That *Commonwealth*, has been all along very Happy in Discovery of *Plots*, and other Mischiefs intended against Her. I know not whether thou hast heard, of the Famous *Conspiracy of Tiepoli* ; who not content with the Life and Estate of a *Private Gentleman*, sought to render himself *Sovereign of Venice*. And, to this End, insinuated into the Affections of many Thousands of the Citizens ; whom he kept in constant Pension for above Nine Years together, under the Notion of assisting him, to revenge certain Injuries he had receiv'd from a *Roman Gentleman*. They were all to run with their Arms into the Streets, when they should hear the Name *Tiepoli* utter'd aloud, and often repeated.

But, when the Day was come, whereon he was to put his Designs in Execution, and the Alarm was given in the Streets, an Old Woman made such Haste to look out at her Chamber-Window, to see what was the Occasion of the Tumult, that she threw down an Earthen Vessel ; which falling directly on the Head of *Tiepoli*, Kill'd him, and so put an End to the *Rebellion*. For which happy Accident, the *Senate* settled a Yearly Pension of a Thousand *Zechins*, on the Old Woman during her Life, and the same to be paid to

to her Heirs and Posterity for ever.

Send me no *Dispatches*, till thou hast receiv'd another Letter from me, which will direct thee what to do.

Paris, 27th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER V.

To Mahummed, Hadgia, Dervise,
Eremit, Inhabitant of the Prophe-
tick Cave, in Arabia the Happy.

THE Franks (who are more ready to find Faults in others, than to amend their own) censure the *Mussulmans*, for extending their Charity to Beasts, Birds and Fishes. They laugh at the Alms we bestow to feed Dogs, Cats and other Living Creatures; and ridicule the Tenderness of such, as go into the Markets, and buy the Birds that are there sold, on Purpose to restore them to their Native Liberty. They say, 'tis a sufficient Demonstration of Piety, to relieve the Neces- sities of Men; and, that it is but a Fruitless Hypocrisy, to shew Kindness to the Brutes, who, in their Opinion, have neither Souls nor Reason, and consequently are Insensible of our Good Offices toward them.

These

These are the Charges of *Western Raillery*, the Scoffs of the Obdurate, with which they load the Generous *Orientals*, the Hearts transfix'd with Universal Love. What would they say, if they had heard of thy Heroick Piety, who not only affordest Protection and Relief to those Creatures whereof we have no Need, but even abstainest from the Flesh of all Animals, though the *Prophet* himself has indulg'd us the Use of some, for our Necessary Food, and without which many plead, that we cannot sustain Life? Oh! excellent Man, born for the Reproof and Light of the Age, how is the Soul of our Great Law-giver exhilarated, when he beholds thy Innocent and Unblemish'd Life? The *Treasury of Heaven*, is enrich'd with thy *Good Works*, the Fertile Harvest of Virtues, the First-Fruits of the Purity of thy Nature! From thy first Descent into that *Holy Cave*, the *Angels* who Register the Words of Men, never heard thee utter a Syllable that could be reprehended. Thy Thoughts ravish the Heart of God himself with Joy. The Universal Spirit full of Eyes, *Watcher* of the Universe, would fall Asleep, were it not Rowz'd by the strong Vibrations of thy sublime Soul. Thy Contemplations, are Themes for the College of Those, who were Assistant in Forming of All Things. Were it not for such as thee, the *Angel* of the First Motion, would cease to Whirl the *Globes* of *Light* through the *Heavens*: The Orbs Above would grow Rusty, and all the *Wheels* and *Springs* of Nature,

ture; would stand still. Oh Elect Idea, before whose Purify'd Essence, the Sun himself appears full of Blemishes! Humane Wit cannot find thy Equal on Earth: Thou art the *Impress* on the *SEAL OF THE PROPHETS*, the *Soul* of the *Soul* of Mahomet!

In thus celebrating thy High Perfections, if I have offended thy Modesty, thou hast the Goodness to ascribe it to the Excess of my Affection, which carries me beyond Human Regards. I would fain be an Imitator of thy Incorrupt Life. For, let the *Christians* say what they please, I will ever esteem *Abstinence* a *Divine Virtue*. I have consulted the *Sages of Old*, that I might learn what was the Practice of Former Times, whilst *Human Nature* was yet in its *Infancy*, before the Manners of Men were Debauch'd. I have perused the Select Writings of the *Ancients*, the Records of Truth, and void of Fables. And, believing that such *Memoirs* will not be unwelcome to thee, I presume to lay them at thy Feet, as a Mark of that Profound Veneration, I owe to the *Tenant* of the *Darling of God*.

These *Historians* say, That the First Inhabitants of the Earth, for above Two Thousand Years, liv'd altogether on the *Vegetable Products*; of which they Offer'd the *First-Fruits* to *God*: It being esteem'd an Inexplicable Wickedness, to shed the *Blood* of any *Animal*, though it were in *Sacrifice*, much more to Eat of their *Flesh*. To this End, they

they relate the First Slaughter of a *Bull*, to have been made at *Athens*, on this Occasion. The *Priest* of the *Town*, whose Name was *Diomus*, as he was making the Accustomed *Oblation* of *Fruits* on an *Altar* in the *Open Field* (for, as yet they had no *Temples*) a *Bull* came running from the *Herd*, which was grazing hard by, and eat of the Consecrated *Herbage*. Upon which, *Diomus* the *Priest*, mov'd with *Zeal* at the Reputed *Sacrilege*, and snatching a *Sword* from one of those that were present, kill'd the *Bull*. But, when his *Passion* was over, and he consider'd, what a *heinous Crime* he had committed; fearing also the *Rage* of the *People*, he persuaded them, That a *God* had appear'd to him, and commanded him to Offer that *Bull* in *Sacrifice*, by Burning his *Flesh* with *Fire* on the *Altar*, as an *Atonement* for his devouring the Consecrated *Fruits*. The Devout *Magnitude*, acquiesc'd to the Words of their *Priest*, as to an *Oracle*. And, the *Bull* being flead, and *Fire* laid on the *Altar*, they all assisted at the New *Sacrifice*. From which Time, the *Custom* was Yearly observ'd among the *Athenians*, to *Sacrifice* a *Bull*. And by them, this Method of *Religious Cruelty*, was taught not only to all *Greece*, but to the Rest of the *World*. In Process of Time, a certain *Priest*, in the Midst of his Bloody *Sacrifice*, taking up a Piece of the Broiled *Flesh*, which had fall'n from the *Altar* on the *Ground*, and burning his Fingers therewith, sudainly clapt them to his *Mouth*, to mitigate the Pain. But, when

when he had once tasted the Sweetness of the Fat, not only long'd for more of it, but gave a Piece to his Assistant, and he to others: Who all pleased with the new-found Dainties, fell to Eating of Flesh greedily. And hence this Species of *Gluttony*, was taught to other *Mortals*. Neither is it Material, what the *Hebrew Doctors* object against these Testimonies, when they introduce the Son of *Adam*, *Sacrificing Living Creatures*, in the *Infancy of the World*; since, thou knowest, many Errors are Inserted in the *Written Law*, from whence they take this Story.

¶ They say also, That the First *Goat* that fell by the Hands of Men, was kill'd in Revenge for the Injuries it had done the Owner of a Vineyard, in browsing on his Vines; such an Impious Deed, having never been heard of before.

This is certain, That the *Egyptians*, the Wisest and most Ancient People in the World, having receiv'd from the First Inhabitants of the Earth a *Tradition*, forbidding Men, *To Kill any Living Creature*; to give the greater Force to this *Primitive Law of Nature*, they Form'd the *Images* of their *Gods*, in the *Similitude of Beasts*: That so the Vulgar, struck with Reverence at the *Sacred Symbols*, might learn to abstain from *Killing*, or so much as *Hurting* the *Dumb Animals*; under whose *Forms*, they Represented whatsoever among them was esteem'd Adorable.

Yet, lest any in his Life-Time, should by Accident, or otherwise, have transgress'd the

Law

Law of Abstinence, they used a kind of *Expiation* for the *Dead*, after this Manner. The *Priests* took the Bowels out of the Belly of the Deceased, and putting them in an Earthen Vessel, they held it toward the Sun; and calling Witnesses, they made the following *Speech*, in Behalf of the *Dead*: “O thou Sun, whose Empire is Universal, and all ye Other Powers, who give Life to Men, receive me into the Society of the Immortal Gods. For, so long as I lived in this World, I Religiously persevered in the Worship of those *Deities*, which were made known to me by my *Ancestors*. I always Honour’d my Parents, who begat my Body. I never Kill’d any Man or Beast, nor have been Guilty of any Black Crime. But, if whilst I liv’d I have trespass’d, in Tasting any of those Things which are *Forbidden*; it was not my Sin, but the Fault of these Entrails, which are here separated from the rest of my Body. And having said this, they cast the Vessel into the River, on the Banks of which, the Ceremony was perform’d; Embalming the Rest of the Body, as Pure and free from Sin.

After the same Manner, the *Persian Magi*, or *Wise Men*, practised *Abstinence*. And, to imprint in their *Disciples*, a Tenderness and Friendship toward the *Beasts*, they called them, according to their different Stations, either Lyons, Hyæna’s, Crows, Eagles, Hawks, &c. And, their *Garments* were Painted all over, with the Various Figures of Animals;

Animals; thereby insinuating, the *Doctrine* of the *Soul's Transmigration*; and inculcating this *Mystery*, That the *Spirit of Man*, enters successively into all Sorts of Bodies: Which, thou knowest, is not remote from the *Faith of True Believers*.

It would not be amiss, as a *Testimony* of the Practice of the *Ancients*, to insert a Memorable *Address*, which the *Reformed Priests of Crete*, were wont to make before the *Altar of Jupiter*. “O *Divine Governor of the Hundred Cities*, we have led a *Holy Life*, from “the Time that we were Initiated in thy “*Mysteries*, and forsook the *Nocturnal Rites*, “and *Bloody Feasts of Bacchus*: We are now “Purified, and Clothe our selves in *White Vestments*, the *Emblems of our Innocence*: “We shun the Society of polluted Mortals; neither approach we to the *Sepulchres of the Dead*, nor *Taste of the Flesh* of “any *Thing*, which has been endued with “*Life*.

Such also was of Old, and to this Day is, the *Abstinence* of the *Indians*; among whom, the *Brachmans* perform the *Office of Priesthood*. These, the Ancient *Grecians* called *Gymnosophists*. They are all of one *Race*, neither will they admit a *Stranger* into their *Order*. They live for the most Part near to *Ganges*, or some other River, for the Sake of their frequent *Purifications*. Their Diet consists, of Milk Curdl'd with sowe Herbs. They feed also on Apples, Rice, and other Fruits of the Earth; esteeming it the Height

Height of Impiety, to taste of any Thing that has Life. They live in little Huts or Cottages, every one by himself, avoiding Company and Discourse; employing all their Time in Contemplation, and the Service of the *Temple*. They esteem this Life, but a Necessary Dispensation of *Nature*, which they Voluntarily undergo as a Penance; ardently thirsting, after the Dissolution of their Bodies; and firmly believing, That the *Soul* by Death, is released from its Prison, and launches forth into Immense Liberty and Happiness. Therefore they are always chearfully disposed to Die, bewailing those that are Alive, and Celebrating the Funerals of the Dead, with joyful Solemnities and Triumphs. Among their Good Works, it is accounted an Act of great Reputation and Virtue, to build Hospitals for *Beasts* as well as *Men*: And, in every City, there are great Numbers of such, as spend all their Life, in tending on Sick and Wounded Animals, or such as have no Sustenance elsewhere. And, this is no *Novel Institution*, but deliver'd down to them by Tradition, from Immemorable Ages.

The *Precepts* also of *Triptolemus* and *Draco*, the most Ancient *Lamgivers* of the *Athenians*, are a Testimony of the Innocence and Sincerity of the *First Ages*: For, they comprehended all the whole *System* of Piety and Virtue, in Practising these few Rules :

“ Let it be an Eternal Sanction to the *Athenians*, To Adore the *Immortal Gods*:
“ To Reverence the Departed *Hero's*; to
“ Celebrate

" Celebrate their Praises with Songs, and the
" First Fruits of the Earth ; To Honour
" their Parents ; And neither to Kill Man or
" Beast.

I could relate to thee, Examples of *Abstinence* in the Ancient *Lacedemonians*, *Spartans*, *Jews*, and almost all *Nations* of the *East*: Nor are there wanting some *Testimonies* of it, in these *Western Parts*. This Kingdom of *France*, was in *Old Times* Instructed by a Kind of *Prophets* or *Philosophers*, whom they called *Druuids*; who took up their Usual Residence under *Oaks*. These taught, the *Transmigration of Souls*; and therefore, prescrib'd *Abstinence* from *Flesh*; and shew'd to Men, the Method of Worshiping *God* with the *First-Fruits* of the *Earth*. From hence they sail'd over into *Britain*, and planted themselves in that *Island*, propagating the same *Doctrines*; and were Reverenc'd by the People, as *Sacred Oracles*.

By all which it is Evident, That the tender Regard which the *True Faithful* have for the *Brutes*, is no *Innovation*, or singular *Caprice* of *Superstition*, but the *Primitive Practice* of the *Ancients*, the *Universal Tradition* of the *Whole Earth*. Nay, the *Eastern Christians*, for the most Part, live an *Abstemious Life*; such as the *Grecians*, *Armenians*, *Georgians*, *Mingrelians*, and others that are scatter'd up and down in divers *Parts of Asia*. These following the *Examples* and *Traditions*, of the *Apostles* and *Primitive Fathers* of their *Churches*, either taste not at all, or very sparingly,

ringly, the *Flesh of Beasts, Birds and Fishes.* But, the *Nazarenes* of the *West*, boast of I know not what Liberty they have, to Eat, without Scruple, of all Things; having the Dispensation of the *Roman Mufti*, whom they call the *Vicar of God*. Hence it is, that these *Religious Libertines*, are not afraid to gorge themselves, even with the *Blood of Slaughter'd Beasts*, which their own *Law* forbids 'em to taste. And they prop themselves up in their Impiety, by saying, That the *Pope* has Power, to Change the *Traditions and Ordinances of the Apostles*, and even of *Jesus the Messiah* himself. Hence proceeds their Derision of those, who shew any Tenderness to the *Brutes*; for, they are harden'd in their Gluttonous Cruelty, and are but one Remove, from the most *Salvage Cannibals*.

But thou, *Holy Man of God*, pity these *Infidels*, and pray that *Mahmud*, may be a sincere *Disciple of thy Purity*.

Paris, 16th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am return'd to my former Lodging again, the Case of *Eliachim*, being not so bad as my Fears. The Occasion of his Confinement, were certain Words he spoke against the Proceedings of *Cardinal Mazarini* and the Court, in Company of such as were Officious to oblige that *Minister*. This was done at *St. Denis*, not far from *Paris*; where they immediately caused him to be taken into Custody by the King's Guards, who quarter'd in that Town. It has cost him a considerable Sum of Money, to purchase his Liberty; which he now enjoys, as before. I had other Thoughts, when I first heard the News of his being seized; and that it was, for some Seditious Expressions: For then I call'd to Mind, how he had Acted last Year by my Order, during the *Tumults of Paris*; and concluded, That some Unlucky Accident had now betray'd him. Which if it were so, would infallibly bring me into the same Danger. This made me so suddenly change my Habitation, and put a Stop to the *Dispatches* of the *Sublime Port*. I thought no Caution too much, to preserve the Affairs of my *Commission* Indemnified; and, that it were better to offend, in being too Wary, than too Secure. If I have taken wrong Measures

Measures in thus absconding, 'tis for want of fuller Instruction from my *Superiors*. I wish they would honour me with Particular Rules, in Case of such Emergencies: Then I should steer my Course, without running the Hazard of Rocks or Sands. I have often desir'd to know, Whether, if I were discover'd, I should own my self an *Agent* for the *Grand Signior*. But none of the *Ministers* have vouchsafed to direct me in this Point: Whereby, I may commit an irreparable Mistake, if such a Thing should happen.

Adonai the Jew, informs me of an Attempt lately made to rob the *Treasury* of *Venice*; which, according to his Description, is very Rich and Magnificent. He says, there are Twelve *Crowns* of pure Gold, and an equal Number of Breast-plates of the same Metal, set with all Sorts of precious Stones of Inestimable Value: A Hundred Vessels of Agat: Threescore *Services* for the *Altar*, all of pure Gold, enrich'd with Diamonds, Sapphires, Emralds, and other Stones of Price. There is also an *Unicorn's Horn*, above the Purchase of Money. There are Fourteen Unpolish'd Pearls, as large as a Man's Fist. The *Ducal Cap*, is valued at a Hundred Thousand *Zechins*: With many other Rarities and Costly Ornaments, too tedious to be inserted in a Letter.

Certainly, so much Wealth, was never destin'd to fall into the Hands of Little Private Thieves: It is a Booty, fit for *Kings* and great *Generals*, the Licens'd *Banditti* of the

Earth. So many Glittering Jewels, would tempt the Honesty of an *Angel*: And, he would be glad to adorn the Apartments of his *Heaven*, with these Radiant Drops of the Sun, which he sees on Earth.

I have met with some pretty Relations of the Boldness of *Robbers*, but none that ever match'd the Bravery of this Enterprize; which was no less, than to Rob one of the most Potent *States* in the World, of her Chiefest Treasure.

He wanted not for Impudence, who, when the *Emperor Charles V.* was removing his *Court*, and all the *Officers* were busy in packing up the Goods, enter'd the Chamber where the *Emperor* was; and having made his Obeisance, fell roundly to pulling down the rich Hangings of *Tissne*, which by the Help of his Confederates, he carried away, with A-bundance of Plate: No Body ever suspecting, but that he was one of the *Emperor's Servants*, till the Person came, whose Office it was to remove those Goods, and then the other was known to be a Thief.

I have heard of a *Spaniard*, who, on a Great *Festival*, when the *Priests* had finish'd the *Service* of the *Altar*, and were retir'd to their Lodgings, went very boldly and took the Golden Vessels off the *Altar*, and carry'd them away under his Cloak, as though he had been the *Steward* of that *Church*, no Body suspecting any other.

I kiss the Hem of thy Vest, Illustrious *Kaimacham*, and pray, that thou mayst monopolize

polize the Choicest Blessings of Heaven, and have thy Share of the Riches of the Earth, without Danger of losing them to Great or Small Thieves.

Paris, 16th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

NOW thou may'st continue thy *Dispatches* as before. Our Fears are vanish'd: *Eliachim* is releas'd, and all Things are in Safety. Thou haft no Reason to tax me with Timorousness, in so abruptly forsaking my Habitation, on the bare Foresight of far-fetch'd Possibilities; when thou shalt consider, that there is no arming against Contingencies in the Mornent they arrive, and that he who trusts all Things to *Chance*, makes a Lottery of his Life, wherein, for One Happy Event, he shall meet with Ten Unlucky Ones. To what Use serves that *Apprehensive Faculty*, which *Nature* has posted as the *Corps du Guard* of our Lives and Fortunes, allowing it the Sences for Scouts and Sentinells? To what End, I say, serves this *Watchful Faculty*, but to take the Alarm at

C 2 doubtful

doubtful Emergencies; to rouze our Caution, that so we may make Provision, and be in a Posture of Defence, against whatsoever may happen?

News came, that *Eliachim* was seiz'd, for Seditious Words against the Government. I was conscious, that both he and I, had been Guilty of more than bare Words in that Kind. Therefore, what had happen'd to him, I look'd upon as due to my self also; and, that my Confinement would soon follow, if I took not speedy Care to prevent it, by seasonably absconding. This was the Reason of my sudden Departure, which cannot justly be ascrib'd to Cowardise, since 'twas the Effect of Common Prudence.

Now I'm return'd to my Old Lodging again, where the Joy they are in for the Birth of a Son, will not give them Leisure to reflect on my Affairs: So that I am receiv'd by my Host, without the least Jealousie or suspiciois Animadversions. Brim-full of Mirth and Jovial Thoughts, the Good Man Compliments me, and proclaims his better Fortune: Invites me to sit down with his Friends, and partake of the Gifts of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. This thou knowest, is the Custom of the whole Earth, at the Birth of Mortals. They make merry over one, that is born to the same Miseries as themselves; who, the first Moment he draws the Breath of Life, is enrolled in the Register of Death; and from the *Womb*, makes swift and direct Advances to the *Grave*.

• However, I late down with the Rest, to comply

comply with the exhilarated Humour of my Host. I eat, drank, and seem'd Merry with the Company. Yet, at the same Time, I could not but nauseate my Entertainment, and disdain the extravagant Profusion of Spirit, which appear'd in every one of this vain Assembly. They all talk'd eagerly; and, one Man's Words, drown'd those of another: Whilst an Universal Laughter, confounded the Sence of all. Then I prais'd in my self, the Modesty and Order observ'd in our *Eastern* Banquets and Feasts, where no uncomely Gestures or Actions, escape the well-nurtur'd Guests; no loud talking or Braying like Asses, but every one strives to suppress the Motions and Appearances of a too forward and Indulgent Mirth, and contain themselves within the Bounds of a decent and civil Reserve. Such were the Feasts instituted by *Lycurgus*, among the Ancient *Lacedæmonians*; where, such as were Friends and Acquaintance, met together and refresh'd themselves, without Riot and Luxury. They convers'd together interchangeably, after the Manner of *Philosophers*, or Men of the *Law*: Discoursing soberly either of *Natural Things*, or *Civil Affairs*: Mixing facetious and witty Jests, with their more serious Talk, without Clamour, Scurrility or giving any Offence. But, these *Western* People, think themselves not Merry till they are Drunk, nor Witty unless they be Rude. They play a Thousand Wanton Tricks, like Apes; and, the greatest Buffoon, is the best Company.

Wherefore, sick to see Men so much degenerate from themselves, I made my Excuses, and retir'd to my Chamber, where I present-ly set Pen to Paper, to give thee an Account of my Return.

If thou continuest thy former Resolution, of following the *Dictates of Reason*, in *Matters of Religion*, thou wilt quickly find, that thy *Rabbi's* have taught thee to believe in *Fables*, which accord neither with *Reason*, nor *Common Sence*. Follow the best Guide, and be Happy.

Paris, 16th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER VIII.

To Adonai, a Jew at Venice.

THY Pen is now free again: Write as soon and as often as thou wilt; our Fears are dissipated, and all goes well. If thou canst inform me of any more Remarkable Passages and Adventures, spare not to oblige me with frequent Letters. And, to encourage thee, I will relate to thee a Story, which is Recorded in the *Histories of Naples*.

In former Times, there was a Statue of Marble, standing on the Top of a Mountain in *Apulia*, with this *Inscription* on the Head, which was of Brass, *ON MAY-DAY AT SUN-*

SUN-RISING, I SHALL HAVE A HEAD OF GOLD. No Man in all those Parts could be found, who was able to unridle this Mysterious Expression; and therefore, it was not regarded for many Ages. But at length, in the Reign of a certain *Prince*, there was a *Saracen*, who having seen and consider'd the *Statue*, with the *Inscription*, propos'd to explain it for a certain Reward. The *Prince* hearing of this, and being greedy of the Novelty, sent for the *Saracen*; and bargain'd with him for a Thousand Crowns, to unfold this Riddle. He waited till *May-Day* came, and watching the *Image* that Morning Early, he observ'd the Place where the *Head* cast its Shadow, just as the Sun rose. There he order'd certain Men to dig: Which when they had done, and were got pretty deep in the Earth, they encounter'd a Prodigious Treasure of Silver, Gold, and Jewels. With which the *Prince* was so well satisfy'd, that he doubl'd the *Saracens* Reward, and sent him Home into his own Country, laden with rich Presents. Doubtless, there is much Wealth bury'd by Men in the Earth. For, in Former Times, they were of Opinion, That if they should die suddenly, in the Wars or otherwise, such Riches as they had hidden in the Earth, would serve them in the *Other World*. And this is the Practice of the *Indians* to this Day; as my Brother informs me, who has been among them.

Strange Blindness! that Men should think the *Immortal Soul*, needed the Assistance of

C. 4. Silver,

Silver, Gold, or any Material Substance, after she herself is divested of the Body, and become a *Naked Spirit.*

Let thou and I have a Nobler *Idea* of our Selves, than to phancy we shall be in Want of the Glittering Drofs, in that *Invisible State*, whither we are all hastening. There are no *Mony-Changers* in that *World of Spirits*. If thou hast Superfluity, hide it not in the Earth, but give it to the Poor, and thou shalt receive it again, transform'd into a Substance more refin'd and radiant than the Stars.

Paris, 16th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER IX.

To the Reis Effendi, Chief Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THE Intestine Quarrels of the French, seem to be like those of Lovers; whose Cholerick Intervals, serve but to give a new Edge to the Returns of their Affection. As if One of these Passions, was made to whet the Other, and make it more sprightly: Or, as if Love would grow dull and feculent, were it not sometimes rowz'd and fermented by Anger.

But,

But, I believe, there is a greater Mystery, in the Reconciliation between the *French-Court* and the *Parliament* of Paris. Some Ends of Policy, have hasten'd both *Parties* to clap up a *Peace*, while the secret Rancour remains unpurg'd.

Perhaps the Union of so many *Princes* and *Nobles* with the *Parliament*, might incline the *Queen* to milder Counsels, than her own *Spanish Genius*. Besides, the Conjunction of the other *Parliaments* of the *Kingdom*, the Revolt of *Normandy*, *Gascoigne* and *Provence*, with many Eminent Cities, were very prevailing Motives. But, that which was of greatest Force, was the Want of Money and Men to carry on the War, which could not be rais'd without vast Difficulty, during these Publick Alienations.

Whatever were the Inducements, a *Peace* was concluded about the latter End of the Third Moon, at a Place call'd *Rnel*, not far from *Paris*, where the King has a *House* of *Pleasure*, seated in the Midst of a little *Paradise*. In one of my Letters to the *Kadma-cham*, I formerly describ'd the King's *House* and *Garden*, at St. *German en Lay*. This is but a little *Chiosc* or *Bower*, in Comparison of that Stately *Palace*. Yet what is wanting in the Grandeur of the *Fabrick*, is supply'd in its elegant Contrivance, and the Richness of its Ornaments. And, as for the *Garden*, it comes not far short of the other; there being in it all Manner of curious Water-works, Groves, Solitudes, Fountains, Statues, and whatsoe-

ver the Ingenuity of these *Western* Artists could suggest, as proper to render this Place agreeable to the Melancholy Humour of the late Queen-Mother, *Mary de Medicis*, to whom it belong'd during her Life.

When you enter this delicious *Eden*, your Eyes and Ears are presently deceiv'd, by the Counterfeit Notes and Motions of all kinds of Birds, which perpetually Sing, as the Water tunes their Throats. A little farther, you see several old Gentile Statues, adorning Two Fountains: And, among the rest, a *Crocodile*, big as the Life; who by the Harmony he makes, seems to have a Consort of Musick in his Belly, as Regular and Sweet, as that of the *Italian Society at Constantinople*, which thou hast often heard.

As we depart from this, full of Complacency and Admiration at the Exquisite Imitation of *Nature* in these Contrivances, we fall insensibly into a Place exactly like what the *Poets* describe when they speak of *Elysium*. It is a Grove, the Tops of whose Trees are so thick interwoven, that the Sun appears no otherwise through them, than as if he were behind a Cloud or in an *Eclipse*. So that the Darkness of this Place, and solemn Murmur the Winds make on high among the Tops of the Trees, fills it with a Kind of *Sacred Horror*. Which has often made me think this *Wilderness*, something like that which *Historians* describe, when they speak of the *Avenues to the Temple of Jupiter Ammon in Egypt*. For, in the very Center of this *Grove*, stands

Vol. IV. a Spy at PARIS. 35.

stands the *House*. A Place, one would think, fitter for a *Convent* than a *Prince's Court*. At best, it appears but like a *Royal Hermitage*, a *Cell* consecrated to *Kingly Melancholy*.

I could not forbear making this *Digression*; when I mention'd *Ruel* to be the Place where the *Peace* was concluded, between the *Court* and the *Parliament*. This *Encomium*, is a *Tribute* which I ow'd, for the Satisfaction and Pleasure I have often receiv'd in this Retirement. Besides, I thought an *Idea* of such a *Garden*, would not be unwelcom to thee, who art a Lover of *Solitude*.

The *Coadjutor of Paris*, who is an *Arch-Bishop*, is highly affronted, that this *Peace* was concluded without him, who had a chief Hand in beginning the War. He labours to inflame the People again, and reduce all to the old Confusion, being an *Irreconcileable Enemy* of *Cardinal Mazarini*. So that we expect another Insurrection in a short Time: For the *French* cannot be long *Idle*.

Happy *Minister*, I leave thee under the Wings of that *Spirit* which guards the *Elect*, and bid thee Farewel.

Paris 15th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LET:

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHall I tell thee, I mourn for the Death of our Friend *Egry Boinou*, whom thou sayest, a *Fever* snatch'd from us the First Day of the *Moon Regib*? That *Fever*, it seems, was the Effect of his continual and excessive Grief for the Loss of his Eyes; so that we may say, he has been dying ever since the Hour that Fatal *Sentence* was put in Execution. And, shall we grudge our Friend a Release from so lingring a Death? At best, it was but the *Winter* of Life, wrapt up in Clouds and Darkness: Now like the *Serpent*, he has cast his Slough, lifts up his Head with new Vigor, sports himself in the Meadows of *Paradise*, and basks in the Warmth of an Eternal *Spring*.

Twill not therefore be a Mark of our Affection to him, but only a Discovery of our Self-Love, to condole the Occasion of His Happiness, because it has lessen'd Ours, by robbing us of his beloved Company and Friendship. Besides, we know not, but that he may still continue to be our Friend, even in that *Invisible State*; and either manage our Interests *Above*, or at least protect us from Dangers here *Below*. We are ignorant of the *Laws*, and *Constitution* of that Kingdom

dom of Spirits; and, for ought we know, the Souls of just Men after Death, may become the *Tutelar Genii*, or *Guardian Angels* of their Surviving Friends and Relations. Let it be how it will, doubtless *Egry* is Immortal and Happy; and, 'twill be Envy in us, to repine at it. Rather let us congratulate the Time of his Decease, as the Day of his Nativity; and leave *Mourning*, to the Crowd of Mortals, who do a Thousand Things, without ever thinking what they are about. They tread in the Steps of their Fathers, never examining, whether they be Right or Wrong: Custom and Education have almost banish'd Reason from the Earth. Is it not a pleasant Spectacle, to see the Kindred of an Old Rich *Miser* (for whose Death they had long waited, like *Harpies* for their Prey) now flock about his Lifeless Carcase, howling out a Thousand forc'd Lamentations; whilst in the mean Time, their Blood dances in their Veins for Joy? Yet however, this carries a Shew of Civiliz'd Manners, and is better than the Barbarous Custom of the *Scythians* and *Massagetes*, who when their Old Men grew Useless and Troublesome, were wont to Sacrifice them, and make a Banquet with their Flesh; or the *Thebarenes*, who threw their Aged Friends alive down Precipices. These were Salvages: But, much more so were the *Hircanians* and *Bactrians*, who cast their Aged Parents yet living, to be devour'd by Dogs: Which Inhumanity when *Strator*, the Deputy of *Alexander the Great*, endeavour'd

vour'd to suppress, they had like to have De-
pos'd him from the *Government*: So prevalent
is the Force of a Receiv'd Custom, on the
Minds of the Unthinking Herd.

Let thou and I therefore, not supinely
take up with Common Practices; but, like
Men of Reason, let us adjust the Last Offices
we owe to our Friend, whilst we pour forth
some Devout *Oraisons* for the Health of
his Soul, without disturbing his and our
own Repose, with fruitless Lamentations.
And, since we are bereav'd of his Society on
Earth, let us prepare to follow him, and ren-
der our selves agreeable Company at our next
Rendezvous in *Heaven*.

It was an Unjustifiable Rigor in *Sultan Ibrahim*, to deprive him of his Eyes, because
he had only cast 'em unhappily on one of the
Sultana's, as she enter'd the Garden. This
Jealousy, is the peculiar Vice of the *East*.
Yet they are more severe in *Persia*, where 'tis
present Death, to be within Two Leagues
of the King's Women, when they travel the
Road. But, I never knew, that *Eunuchs*
were thus punish'd. Or, is there such a
Difference between a *White* and a *Black Eunuch*,
That the *One* deserves to lose his Eyes
for beholding that by Chance, which the *O-*
ther is honourably rewarded for having Ac-
cess to, and seldom being out of their Sight?

This was the worst Punishment that *Se-
leucus*, the *Law-Giver* of the *Locrians*, im-
pos'd on them that were Actually caught in
Adultery. Which puts me in Mind of a No-
table

table Instance of this Man's Justice: For, when his own Son was accus'd, and prov'd Guilty of this Crime; at once to shew the *Tenderness* of a Father, and the *Incorruptible Severity* of a Judge, he first caus'd One of his own Eyes to be put out, and then One of his Sons: Thus taking on himself, *Half* the Penalty; that so, the *Law* might be satisfy'd in the *Whole*, and yet his Son not be *Totally* depriv'd of his Sight.

Thou tellest me no News of our Armies, nor what Alterations have been made amongst the *Ministers* of the *Port*, since the Death of *Sultan Ibrahim*. We have various Reports here; and some say, that the New *Vizir Azem* will be no long-liv'd Man. I desire thee, to write often to me, and send me what Intelligence thou can'st.

Let nothing slip the Knot, which has fastned us so many Years together, in an entire Friendship: But, let us carry that *Magnet* with us to our Graves; that, at what Distance soever we may be buried, our *Souls* may by the Force of that Attractive, find one another out, and converse together, in that *Region* of *Silence* and *Shadows*.

Paris, 9th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Captain Bassa.

I know not where this Letter will find thee; on the Shore, or at Sea. If thou art in the Watry Wilderness, I have no Art to trace thee. There are no certain Roads in that Inconstant Element. It is a mighty Plain, without Path or Track. And though there be certain Stages in it, yet thy Arrival at them, is tim'd at the Pleasure of the Winds and Waves, which will not obey even the Orders thou hast received from the Grand Signior, Lord of the Four Seas. Perhaps, thou art in pursuit of some Venetian Ships, or other Christian Vessels, the Corsairs of the Mediterranean. Or, thou mayst be Careening thy Fleet, in the securer Retreats of the Archipelago. Thou mayst be within a Minute of a Wreck, or just entring a Harbor. Wherever thou art, may Heaven preserve thee from the Dangers, which always threaten such, as trust their Lives to a piece of Wood: For, there will be great Need of thee, if our Intelligence be true in these Parts.

It is reported here, That the Cossacks, Circassians, Mingrelians, and other People who Border on the Black Sea, and Obey not the Law brought down from Heaven, are entred into a League against the Blessed Port, and have covered those Seas with a Mighty Fleet; while

while the Prince of *Georgia*, rushes down from his Mountains, with an Army of Forty Thousand *Armenians*, *Persians*, and *Borders* of *Mount Caucasus*: That the Former have taken a Thousand of our Trading *Saicks*, and are advanc'd as far as the *Ferry* of the *Bull*, which thou knowest, is but Six Hours Sail from the *Imperial City*: That the Latter, have made Incursions into the Territories of the *Grand Signior*; put all to the Sword who resisted 'em, as they march'd along; burnt and laid waste the Country: And, that all the *Greeks* and *Armenians*, flock to them, threatening an Universal Defection from the *Ottoman Empire*.

As to the Truth of these Reports, I can ascertain Nothing; but am inclin'd to believe, the *Cossacks* are troublesome at Sea, and that they may have drawn some of their Neighbours into a *League*, those *Pilfering Nations*, who live by Rapine and Spoil, on both Elements. Our small Vessels trading on the *Black Sea*, full of Riches and empty of Arms, must needs be a Temptation to those *Pirates*, who are the most dextrous at a Robbery, and the boldest Fellows in the World. The *Merchants* of these Parts, who have had some Traffick at *Caffa*, and other Towns on the Banks of the *Black Sea*, give a frightful Description of those Tempestuous Waters, and no Good Character of the *People* that Border on them. The *Cossacks*, they say, are Valiant and Mercenary; the *Circassians* Hardy and Bold; the *Mingrelians* Sly and Crafty; and

and the Georgians, of an *Astral* Complexion, capable of all Virtues and Vices. The *First* seldom act, unless encourag'd by the King of Poland, or the *Czar* of *Moscovy*; and then they are content with their Pay, and the Lawful Plunder of War. The *Second* are never Idle, when there is hope of Prey, whether they fight their own Cause, or are employ'd by others; and fear neither Hunger, Cold, nor any other Extremity, for the Sake of a Prize. The *Third* are Good at a Stratagem, and would steal a Man's Teeth out of his Gums, if he be not wary; Great Cowards, yet desperate in their own Defence, when they see no *Medium* between Fighting and Death. As for the *Fourth*, they seem to be a kind of Mungrels, a Medly Race, whose Character is compounded of the Other *Three*.

They are Stout and Witty, Dext'rous at a Cheat, and no Bunglers at an Ingenious Theft; Great Liars; full of Compliments and External Civilities, but Perfidious and Implacable in their Revenges.

Yet, after all, I cannot believe the Prince of this Country, who is a *Tributary* to the King of Persia, would venture his Government at Two such desperate Stakes, by breaking the *Peace*, concluded by his Sovereign with the *Grand Signior*, and so drawing upon himself the Vengeance of them both. Therefore, he is either secretly abett'd by that *Monarch*, or else the News is false.

Wouldst

Wouldst thou know, how this Country came to be Subject to the *Crown of Persia*? It was Conquer'd by *Ismael Sopbi*, to whom the *Persian Historians*, in Flattery, give the Epithet of *Great*. He was the *First* of that *Name*, and of the *Persian Kings*, that refus'd to obey the *Orthodox Successors* of the *Sent of God*. This *Prince*, was Valiant in the Field; and no *Coward at Wine*, if we may believe one of his *Courtiers*, who wrote *Memoirs of his Life*. He Records Sixteen Battles, wherein he always got the Victory; and Twice that Number of *Royal Debauches*, when he shew'd the Strength of his Brain, in the Company of Foreign *Ambassadors*; with whom he would always Carouse, before they departed his *Court*, that he might find the Depth of their Instructions; for, none were able to cope with him, at the Juice of the Grape. And he always esteem'd that Liquor, a Friend to Truth.

If he suspected his *Ministers of State*, or any of the *Governors of Provinces*, he us'd to invite them to a *Banquet*; where, in the Midst of his Drinking, he unravell'd their Secret Inclinations and *Counsels*; being the most dextrous at picking the Locks of a Man's Heart, of any one living. They never went Alive from his Presence, if by one false Step in their Carriage, though it were but a Word too passionate, or a Look less composed to Resignation, he could discover or frame to himself the Grounds of a just Jealousy. It being ever his *Maxim*, *That Credulity*,

44. Letters Writ by Vol. IV.

Credulity, was the only Vice, could ruin a Happy Prince. He had another Saying also, That Persia was Fertile of Men, but Barren of Faithful Officers.

I cannot admire these Cruel Strains of Policy. Yet Kings have Reasons for their Actions and Words, which we cannot comprehend. The Philosophers say, That Wine was given Us by the Gods, to mitigate our Cares; and, for a Time, to make Us Equal to their Divinities, in the free Enjoyment of Our Selves. And, tho' as a Mussulman, I am not bound to subscribe to the Principles of Pagans; yet as a Man, Partaker of Flesh and Blood, I think he doubly mis-uses that Liquor, who perverts it to the Ends of Cruelty.

But, this Monarch had other Thoughts, when by the Assistance of the Georgian Forces, having subdu'd the Regions Bordering on the Caspian Sea, at that Time in the Hands of the Ottomans, he invited the King of Georgia to his Tent, under Pretence of a Festival Joy for their mutual Success. The Unwary Prince, trusting to his own Merit, and the Faith of his Neighbour, ventures himself with a Small Guard to the Camp of Ismael. The Persian entertain'd him, with all the Outward Demonstrations of Affection and Gratitude, for his repeated Aids: But, in the End of the Feast, taking Exceptions at some Words the King of Georgia spoke, in Praise of his own Soldiers, he commanded his Eunuchs to seize on him, and carry him to the Tent of the Unfortunate (so they call'd

call'd the *Pavilion*, or *Cage* of the *Grandees* fallen into Disgrace.) Then he gave swift Orders, for the *Georgian* Soldiers to be Mancled. And, having thus done, he bestow'd the *Government* of *Georgia*, on one *Luarzab*; on Condition, that he and his Successors, would embrace the *Faith* of *Hali*, and pay *Tribute* to the *Crown* of *Persia*.

From this *Luarzab*, has the *Government* of *Georgia* descended, not in a *Line of Blood*, but at the Pleasure of the *Persian* Kings, to him who now holds it, *Shanavas-Can*; Who, I believe, has more Wit, than to hazard his *Possessions*, for the Sake of a *Chimera*.

In thus roving from my first Point; thou canst not blame me, since thou thy self actest by the Rules of *Navigation*, which vary according to the *Byals* of the *Needle*. Thou followest one *Magnet*, and I another: Yet, let us both meet in the Center of Duty, we owe the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 23d. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the
Grand Signior.

T^Hou wilt say, 'tis an unmannerly Way of Congratulating thy New Advance, to begin my Address with Complaints. Yet, Friendship overlooks *Puntilio's*. 'Tis not the first Time, I have trespass'd on thy Generous Temper. I am indispos'd, and cannot act the *Courtier*, though I am ravish'd to hear the News. It is some Support to my Languishing Spirits, that whilst I am crumbling and dwindling away into the Little *Principles* of which I was made, thou my Friend art growing in the Bulk of Mortal Greatness, in the Favour of our Glorious Sultan.

However, I cannot but suspect the pretended Kindness of him who rais'd thee, I mean the *New Vizir*. Neither hast thou much Reason, to take this sudden Reconciliation for any other, than a Masque of his Old Malice. He cannot forget the Quarrel between thy Father and him, on the Account of *Dara Meseck*, the Lieutenant General of the Janizaries; when the brave Old *Cheik*, put a Stop to the designed Revenge of this Inhumane Upstart.

Affuse

Assure thy self, that he who has made his Steps, to the Grandeur he now possesses, o'er the Neck of his *Master*, will not spare any, from whose Wit or Power he may fear a Shock: And, he knows both thy Experience and Interest too great, not to mistrust the Son of his Enemy.

Besides, the eminent Command thy Brother has over the *Spahi's*, must needs be an Additional Caution to the Man, whose Name sounds no where so sweetly, as in the *Chamber of the Janizaries*.

Thou art sensible, that the newly reviv'd Animosity, between these *Military Orders*, threatens a Calamity to the *Ottoman Empire*, which cannot be diverted, without a Sacrifice on one Side or other. And, since the *Spahi's* have engag'd so many Potent *Bassa's* in their Quarrels; who can expect to fall, but the Mighty *Favourite of the Infantry*?

He knows this very well; and, to prevent his own Ruin, he resolves on Thine and thy Brothers: Thine, under the Masque of Friendship, till by his Wheadle, he has drawn thy Brother to *Constantinople*; where he will not fail to be strangled, that so a Creature of the *Vizir*, may be promoted in his Room. And, what will become of thee after this, I leave to thy own Judgment.

Perhaps, thou wilt despise the Advice of a Sick Man, and impute my Fears to an Excess of *Melancholy*; from which Distemper, thou knowest, I am seldom free. But, I tell thee, my Reason labours under no *Hypochondriac Disorders*,

Disorders, though my *Body* may. I am no *Enthusiast*, when I counsel my Friend to avoid an Apparent Danger. However, if thou thinkest it needless for me to busy my self in such Cases, I have done. But I shall never cease to pray for thy Prosperity, as often as I comply with the *Law*, in Kissing the Floor *Five Times a-Day*, and Repeating the appointed *Oraisons of Faith*.

Methinks, when I write to thee now, my Pen is at a Loss. I am puzzl'd for a Style suitable to thy *New Honour*, and our *Old Friendship*.

But, if I take too much Liberty, ascribe it to the Sincerity of my Affection, which knows not how to be reserv'd or strange to a Person, whom once I could call my *Other self*: For, no Wider is the Distance between Friends.

Paris, 5th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Chiurgi Muhammet, Bassa.

I Know not, whether what I am going to relate, will be News to thee, or to any of the *Ministers* Residing at the *Sublime Port*. However, 'tis so to me ; and I am command-ed, to conceal nothing of Moment that comes to my Ears.

Mahomet, Eldest Son of *Achmet*, the *Dey* of *Tunis*, is now at *Rome*, having embraced the *Christian Religion*. People relate variously, the Motives that induced him to this Change. Some say, 'twas Interest ; he having held a Private Correspondence with the *Viceroy* of *Sicily*, who promised him, in the King of *Spain's* Name, to make him *Lord* of several large Territories in the *West-Indies*.

Others say, 'twas Discontent at his Father's Government, and Austere Carriage towards him ; the Old Man, having forced him to marry the *Bassa* of *Tripoli*'s Daughter against his Inclination.

But the greatest Part, ascribe this Change in *Religion*, to the Force of his *Conscience* ; which, they say, was convinced by a *Miracle*, of the Truth of the *Christian Faith*. For, as they relate, being once at Sea in a *Vessel*, wherein were many *Christians*, and a Dreadful Tem-peст arising, the Mariners, who were all *Mussul-mans*, seeing the Havock that the Winds and

D

Waves

Waves had made of the Ship-Tackle, gave over all for lost ; and fainting under so much Labour, Watching and Terrore as they had undergone, lay down, and let the Ship drive where-ever the Storm would carry her. But, there being a *Christian Priest* aboard, Esteemed a very Holy and Blameless Man, he excited the *Christians*, to appease the Wrath of *God* by some extraordinary Acts of *Devotion*. Then they all made a solemn *Procession* on the Decks of the *Ship*, the *Priest* carrying before them, that which they call the *Sacrament*, Imploring the Mercy of *God*, and often calling on *Jesus* and *Mary*. When behold, as the *Priest* stood aloft on the *Poop*, reading aloud Part of the *Gospel*, the Storm suddenly ceas'd, the Clouds were dispers'd, the Air grew Serene and Calm, and the Vessel got safe into Harbour. Upon this, they say, *Mahomet*, when he came ashore, took that *Priest* along with him, desiring to be instructed in the *Christian Belief*; making a Vow also, That he would renounce the *Law* of the *Mussulmans*, and embrace that of *Jesus*.

This is what such, as are Zealous for the Honour of the *Christian Faith*, relate concerning this *Princes Conversion*. However it be, it is certain, That he privately made his Escape from *Tunis* by Sea, and bent his Course directly for *Sicily*; where, in a few Days he landed, and was receiv'd by the *Vice-Roy*, according to the *Dignity* of a *Prince*. A while after, he was baptized by an *Arch-Bishop*, who

who gave him the Name of *Don Philippe*, by which he is called in all Places.

They say, he was a little scandalized at first, when he saw with what Freedom, the *Sicilian Women* appeared abroad in the Streets, and convers'd with Men; but, that afterwards, he took a great Delight in their Company, especially those that could sing well, or play on any Instrument of Musick, to which he is much addicted. And therefore, he chuses to frequent those *Temples*, where their *Service* is perform'd with Variety of excellent *Musick*, as it is in all great Cities. And for ought we know, the Character which the *Christian Priest* gave him, of this *Harmonious Manner of Worshipping God*, might have no small Influence, on a Man naturally affected with that *Science*. Certainly, *Musick* has a mighty Force on our Affections; and, it is a *Proverb* here in the *West*, *That he who does not love Musick, has no Soul*. One of the Ancient *Philosophers*, defined the *Soul* it self, to be a *Harmony*. And another, was so sensible of the various Effects of this *Science*, in raising Different Passions in Men, that he left it as an *Aphorism*, *Such as the Musick is, such are the People of a Commonwealth*. Whence, it was the Great Care of such, as took upon them to form the Manners of *Youth*, *That no Tunes should be played in their Hearing, which Naturally provoked to Levity and Wantonness; but Grave and Martial Strains, such as prompted Heroick Thoughts, and disposed them to Virtue*. The *Italians*, are

great *Masters* of this *Science*; and the *Airs* which they compose for their *Church-Service*, are very deep and ravishing. Which causes their *New Proselyte*, *Don Philippo*, to pass his Time very attentively, during the Celebration of their *High-Mass*, and their *Even-Song*. They report, that he will turn *Jesuit*.

He went from *Sicily*, loaded with *Gifts* and *Presents*, and came to *Rome*, the *Seat* of the *Christians Chief Mufti*, whom they call the *Pope*. He is much honoured and caressed by the *Holy Father*, and all the *Cardinals*, who have told him so many fair *Things* of the *Nazarene Faith*, and shew'd him so many *Sacred Reliques* of *Antiquity*, that he thinks himself already within the *Verge of Heaven*, and that *Rome* is no other, than the *Suburbs of Paradise*. There is something very charming and sweet, in the Conversation of the *Christian Prelates*, if they be Men of Learning, as most generally they are. And, 'tis no wonder that such Polite Company, should prevail much on the flexible Temper of a young *Princee*, who is as a *Pilgrim* in a strange *Country*, where he can hear Nothing, but perpetual *Eulogies* of the *Christian Religion*; nor see any Thing, but Objects, which serve only to confirm in his Mind, a Venerable *Idea* of that *Faith* he has embraced. Besides, they say, he is fallen deeply in Love with a young *Roman Lady*. So that there is no Hope, of rescuing him from the Power of so many *Enchantments*.

Therefore,

Therefore, giving him over as lost, let us pray the *Omnipotent*, to establish *Us* in his *Truth*; That neither Interest, Passion, nor an Erroneous Conscience, may ever be able to make us swerve from the *Law* written in *Heaven*; but, that we may adhere to *God* and his *Prophet*, with a Thousand Souls.

Paris, 5th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIV.

To Sala, Tircheni Emin, Superintendent of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople.

WE are all alarm'd here; with the News of I know not what boisterous Adventures of the *Cossacks*, and their Neighbours, that possess the Ancient Kingdom of *Colchis*. Had I not a firm *Faith* in the *Alcoran*, 'twould fill me with *Panick Fears*. But, no Attempts can prevail, against the Men fighting under the *Shadow* of the *Prophet*. He descended with a *Consummate Authority*, from the *Monarch* who commands ali Things. The *Mandate* of *Heaven*, will disperse the *Infidels*. The *Seven Vizirs* Above, were Witnesses to the Words, whose *Echo's* caus'd

D 3 Thunder,

Thunder, when the Prophet retir'd from the Steps of the Throne. Had not Moses given him warning (who remembred the Noise in the Mount) the Apostle had lost his Address, and been confounded before the Angels. But, encourag'd with the Whisper of the Man with Horns, he made no Default in his Congē: And, with little Loss of Time, arriv'd to the Ninth Sphere, where he proclaim'd the Ne-sirām; and, all the Inhabitants of that Orb, resorted to the Banner which he had in his Hands. The Prophet told 'em, 'Twas only for a Tryal of their Fidelity. They made O-beisance, and retir'd. From that Place, he made no Scruple, but that the Elect in Heaven and Earth, would obey the Divine Patent. He finish'd his Descent Triumphant, and pitch'd his Feet on Mount Uriel. Those that believe Hali, say, 'Twas on the Top of the Ragged Rock. But let Hereticks alone in their Infidelity. Be it where it pleas'd God, he spoke the Words that shall ne'er be Revers'd, when he display'd the Heavenly Silk, and said, *Whoever takes up Arms against this Banner, shall be reputed an Infidel; He shall be exterminated from the Earth.*

I often think on these Passages in the *Holy Memoirs*, the *Collections* of the *Life* full of *Wonders*. Then I comfort my self with this Thought, That if all the *Uncircumcis'd* in the *World*, should enter into a Combination, they would not succeed against the Men, fighting under the *Commission* with the *Seal*.

I have

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I have sent a Letter to the *Bassa* of the *Sea*, acquainting him with the News of this *Expedition* of the *Cossacks*. Since which I am informed, that these *People* are Headed by a famous *Pirate* in those *Parts*, a Man of a daring Spirit, and capable of the boldest Undertakings. The *French Merchants*, who have traded in the *Black Sea*, give him a High Character; and portend great Injuries to the *Ottoman Empire*, from the Success of his Arms: For, they say, he is a Good *Captain*, both by *Sea* and *Land*. I have heard several different Stories of his Birth and Education: But, this I am going to relate, comes from the best Hands, and seems most probable.

His Name is *Pachicour*, a *Circassian* by Birth, but bred up in a *Sea-Town* of the *Ukrain*, near the *Mouth* of the *Niester*. He left his *Native Country*, at the *Age* of *Twelve Years*, out of a *Desire* to see *Foreign Parts*; Embarking himself, unknown to his *Parents*, in a *Vessel* of *Podolia*, which then was ready to set sail from *Bala-Clag*. He carry'd with him a small Sum of Money, which he had purloyn'd from his *Father*, and serv'd as a Fund of his future Fortune: For, arriving at a certain Town in *Podolia*, he frequented the *Keys*, and offer'd his Service to several *Merchants*; one of which, observing in his Face the Marks of a Promising *Genius*, entertain'd him in his *House*. He liv'd with him *Seven Years*, and perform'd his *Office* so well, that he made him his *Factor* to *Constantinople*.

Pachicour discharg'd his Trust there, with much Profit to his Master, and Honour to himself. So that at his Return, several Merchants entrusted him with their Goods; and sent him to trade at Caffa, and other Towns on the Black Sea. His Judgment and Reputation encreasing with his Years, he became in Time famous in all the Trading Towns. And, such was his Credit in the Ukraine, that all the Merchants put their Vessels and Goods into his Hands: So that he sail'd many Times with a Fleet of Twenty Ships, having the Disposal of all the Goods, committed to his Management. He grew so Rich in Time by his Dealings, that he was able to drive a Considerable Trade for himself. And then it was, he began to lay the Foundation of a Design, which he has since executed. His Genius was too Active, always to be confin'd to this slow Way of growing Great: Therefore he was resolv'd at one Blow, to raise his Fortune to the Pitch he aim'd at. He was the only Broker, Banquier and Merchant, where-ever he came.

It was no difficult Thing, for a Man of so vast a Credit, to raise an extraordinary Stock; and Pachicour could easily silence the Alarms of Conscience. There happen'd also a Juncture, very proper for his Design. For, while he was at Isgaon, a Port of Circassia, Day and Night projecting how to exalt himself, a War broke out between his Countrymen and the Mingrelians. The Latter appear'd with a Navy at Sea, which alarm'd all the Maritime

time Parts of Circassia. Pachicour whose Invention was always busy, took a Hint from this, to accomplish his Plot. Expedition was his chiefest Game. Therefore he speedily made the utmost Use of his Credit, among the Podolian Merchants, and other Foreigners residing at Isgaou. And, when he had amass'd together prodigious Sums of Gold, for which he only gave them Bills of Exchange, he privately sends away this huge Treasure, with all his Jewels, Tissues, and other Rich Merchandise, to his Fathers House, who liv'd not many Leagues from this Town.

Within Two Days after this, the Mingrelian Fleet made a Descent at Isgaou, sack'd it, carry'd away Two Thousand Captives, and went to their Vessels again.

Pachicour, who knew how to make an Advantage of this Opportunity, privately fled after his Wealth, as soon as the Mingrelian Fleet appear'd before the Place. And it hap'ned, that most of his Creditors were made Slaves, and transported to Mingrelia. He had no Need to take any farther Care, but how to secure his Riches from his Pilfering Neighbours: For, the Circassians, are all Profess'd Thieves. He therefore makes haste to his Father; and having gratified him for his Trouble, he in a short Time purchas'd Four Men of War, with which he sets up for a Pirate, infesting those Seas, and Robbing all the Merchants, except those who had formerly entrusted him. His Bounty and Valour, charm'd all that serv'd him. And,

his Fame spreading with his wonderful Success, many Circassians put out to Sea, and joind with him: So that in a little Time, he made no small Figure in the Kingdom of Neptune. Seeing himself Commander of a Powerful Navy, he found out quickly the Mingrelian Fleet, and engaging with them, got a Glorious Victory.

Soon after, a Peace was concluded, and Pachicour was declar'd Admiral of all the Circassian Sea-Forces: To whom the Mingrelians were oblig'd by Treaty to join theirs, and to obey Pachicour's Orders. In a little Time, this fortunate General became so famous, that the Cossacks sent to him an Agent, and enter'd into a League; furnish'd out Three Hundred Vessels, and join'd the Circassian and Mingrelian Fleets.

This is the Bottom of the New Expedition, which makes so loud a Noise in these Parts.

Thou who art Master of the Arsenal, wilt know what Measures are fitteſt to be taken, against this bold Infidel, if he persists to break the Peace of the most Serene Empire. Yet, though he is an Enemy, let us not envy him the Praiſes, that are due to his Wit and Courage. He seems to ſurpaſs the Sneaking Thieves of his own Nation; and undertakes Nothing but Sovereign Cheats, and Noble Thefts, ſuch as would paſs for Vertuous Actions, in a Man of a Higher Birth.

I do.

I do not plead for *Robbery*, nor take the Part of an *Infidel*; but, if I had Time to tell thee, some *Heroick Passages* of this *Pirate*, thou wouldest say, he is worthy of a Generous and Favourable Usage, should he become a *Captive*. In another Letter, I will oblige thee with a Relation, which will not be unwelcome to a Man, who gives not Sentence with the Vulgar. I had more to say on another Subject, but I am interrupted. Pardon the Effect of my Duty to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 19th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XV.

To Melec Amet, Bassa.

There is News arrived here lately, of the Murder of the *English Ambassador* at the Hague. His Name was *Dorislaus*. He was sent by the *New Governors* in *England*, to make an *Alliance* with the *States of Holland*, and to satisfie them in Reference to their late Proceedings against their *Sovereign*. Tis said, his *Negotiation* would have had but little Success, in Regard the *Prince of Orange*, who is *President* or *Chief* over the *States*, and who married the Daughter of the *English King*,

King, takes to Heart the untimely Death of his *Father-in-Law*, and cannot be reconciled to his Murderers. Yet, 'tis to be thought, that *Princes* are no farther touch'd with one another's Misfortunes, than concerns their Interest.

However, on the 3d. Day of the 5th. *Moon*, some *Scots* enter'd into the Lodgings of the *Emassador*, and having dispatch'd him with several Wounds, made their Escape. It is not certainly known, who set these *Assassins* at Work. People descant variously, as their Affections byas them. Some reflect on it, as a Judgment *Justly* inflicted by *God*, though by an *Unjust Act* of Men, on one who had been a Notorious Promoter of his *Sovereign's* Death. Others censure it, as a most Impious *Sacrilege*, in Regard the Persons of *Emassadors*, are by the *Law of Nations*, esteem'd Sacred and Inviolable; and, the Injuries which they suffer, are interpreted, not only as done to their *Masters* who send them, but to all Mankind: As if *Human Nature* it self were wrong'd, in the Persons of *Publick Ministers*.

Indeed, there is no Method of establishing or conserving Friendships and *Alliances* between different *Nations*, if their *Agents* be not secured with an Immunity from *Affronts* and *Violences*.

The *French* relate a pretty Passage of one of their *Kings*, who before he came to the *Crown*, being *Duke of Orleans*, had receiv'd very ill Usage in his Travels from a certain *Italian Lord*, call'd the *Baron of Benevento*. After this Prince was possess'd of the *Kingdom*,

dom, the same *Italian Lord* was sent *Emassador* from the *Viceroy of Naples*, to congratulate his *Accession* to the *Throne* of his *Ancestors*. Some *French Courtiers*, who had been *Witnesses* of the *Injuries* this *Lord* had formerly done to their *Master*, now perswaded the *King* to *Revenge* himself, by causing some gross *Indignities* to be done him, whilst he had him in his *Power*. To whom the Wise *Monarch* reply'd, *It becomes not the King of France, to revenge on the Embassador of Naples, the Injuries which the Duke of Orleans receiv'd from the Baron of Benevento.*

'Tis said, the *English Nation* have demanded Satisfaction of the *Hollanders*, for the *Murder* of their *Embassador*; but were answer'd, *That they themselves, ought first to Expiate the Murther of their King.*

The *Scots* have Revolted from the *New Government* in *England*, and are yet in Suspence, Whether they shall set up the Son of the Late *King*, or Form themselves into an *Independent Republick*. The *Irish* are stedfast to the Interests of the *Crown*. And many *Islands* in *America*, subject to the *Kings* of *England*, have now deny'd all Obedience to the *New English Government*, which seems to tend towards a *Democracy*.

There is much Talk of one *Cromwel*, the *General* of the *English Forces* in *Ireland*. This Man from a Private and Obscure Estate, is ascended to the Dignity of a *General*, having purchas'd this Command, by his Conduct and Valour. The *French* extol him, for

for the Greatest Soldier of this Age: And, if Fame be true, he is no less Statesman.

As a Mark of the Respect I owe thee, thou wilt receive with this Letter, a Pistol of Curious Workmanship, which being once charg'd, will deliver Six Bullets, one after another. If thou acceptest this small Present, it will be an Argument of thy Friendship.

Paris, 19th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVI.

To the Venerable Mufti.

I Have often wondred at the *Lethargy*, where-in the Nazarenes seem to be drown'd. They forget what they read in their own *Bibles*: They there encounter with Expressions, which favour of the *East*. Every Page of the *Written Law*, relishes of the *Dialect* which is Pure and Lively; though the *Translators*, have cropt the Flower of the Sence. I have read their *Bible* in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*; but none of these *Languages*, express to the Life the *Original Hebrew*: Nor can it be expected. It is impossible to screw up the Dull *Phrases* of *Europe*, to the Significant *Idioms* of *Asia*. We may as well expect *Dates* to spring from a *Reed*: And for that Reason, it is forbidden

forbidden the *True faithful*, to Translate the *Volume of Light* from the *Original Arabick*: Which is no other, than *Hebrew* in its *Ancient Purity*.

This is the *Language* of those, who dwell above the *Seventh Orb*. 'Tis the *Dialect*, wherein God converses with the *Pages* of his *Divine Seraglio*: Wherein all the *Records* of the *Celestial Empire* are writ. And when he issues out *Orders* to the *Ministers* and *Bassa's* of *Heaven*, *Hasmariel* the *Secretary* of the *Immortal Divan*, uses no other *Character* or *Speech*, but that which is peculiar on Earth, to the Sons of *Ismael*, the *Inhabitants* of the *Region* on the *East* of the *Red Sea*. In fine, this is the *Language*, wherein the *Omnipotent* thought fit to discover his *Pleasure* to *Mortals*.

Believe *Mahmut*, when he tells thee with profound Submission, that he has taken some Pains to pry into those *Languages*, which have been the *Channels* of *Divine Knowledge*. I have been peculiarly ambitious, to study the *Anatomy* of *Oriental Words*: And it would be no *Hyperbole* to say, I have learn'd to dissect even the very *Syllables*: Wherein the various placing of Points and Letters, alters the Sence, or at least makes it *Ambiguous*. So Significant and Mysterious, are Our *Sacred Characters*.

I speak not this in Peevishness, or to vindicate my self, from the Contempt which *L-chingi Cap' Oglani* has put upon me. I have no Emulation in that Point. Nor can any little

little Spur of Pedantick Ambition, make me forward to contend with a Man, whose whole Talent consists, in knowing and rememb'ring other Mens *Works*; as if he had studied at *Athens*, only for this End, to learn the facetious Art, of turning his *Brains* into a Catalogue of Books: But I reflect on the Learned among the Nazarenes, who are chiefly to blame, having the Custody of the Book delivered to 'em from the Jews. And among them, the Translators of that Volume, are past Excuse; for, they have deflower'd the Original, and robb'd the Virgin Language, of its Beauty and Honour: While the Rest are Witnesses, and silent Abettors of the Rape, in concealing the Indignity has been done to the Letters Form'd by the Finger of God, and full of Divine Mysteries.

In thus accusing the *Christian Interpreters* of the *Bible*, I do not patronize the *Critical Whimseys* of the *Jewish Caballists*. They are exploded by all Men of Sence. Yet there is a *Medium*, between the *Excesses* of that affected Niceness, which has rendred the *One Ridiculous*, and of that study'd Carelessness, to which the *Obscurity* of the *Other* is owing. As the *Hebrews*, by pressing the Letters too close, have squeez'd out *Divine Chimera's*; so the *Christians*, in using too slack a Hand, have scarce gain'd a gross Draught of Common Human Sence, leaving the Genuine *Elixir* of the Writer's Meaning behind.

I will not lay much to the Charge of the Translators, employ'd by *Ptolemy Philadelphus*,

phus, King of Egypt. These were no Christians; nor yet in the Number of those, who Adored the Celestial Bodies and Elements: Nor did any of them, pay their Devotions at the same Altar with that Egyptian Monarch, who was a Worshipper of the God Serapis: But they were Jews, Seventy, or Two more in Number, as the Tradition goes. And, being every one Commanded severally to Translate those Manuscripts, which the Jews esteem'd the Oracles of God, without consulting with, or seeing each other; 'tis said, their Versions all agree'd to a Syllable.

This is the Story of the Jews, and seems to be Credited by the Christians: Yet some have found many Errors and Incongruities, in that Celebrated Copy. And, 'tis easy for an Impartial Eye, especially in the Head of an Oriental, to spy many more.

But the Latin, which they call the *Vulgar Translation*, is full of Mistakes. And the Pretended Saint who made it, should have gone farther than Palestine, for his Intelligence in Ancient Hebrew. His Name (if I mistake not) was Hieronymus. He pass'd many Years, in a Cell near the suppos'd Tomb of the Christians Messiah, in the Holy Land: Where, they say, he was *Inspir'd* with the Knowledge of Hebrew; and from thence, ventur'd upon a Translation of the Old Testament.

Thou wilt not expect a Certificate of these Things from Mahmut, who only tells thee what he has read in Christian Authors, whom they call the Historians of their Church.

But,

But, I can assure thee, 'twas no Spirit of the *East*, assisted this *Ecclesiastick* in his *Version*. For, he comes far short of rightly rendering the Lofty *Hyperboles*, Apposite *Similitudes*, Elegant *Figures*, and other *Ornaments of Speech*, peculiar to the *Writings* of those, who first see the *Rising Sun*. Such are all those, penn'd in the *East*: From which we must not exclude the *Manuscripts* of *Moses*, and the Rest of the *Hebrew Prophets, Poets, Historians and Philosophers*. Of these does the *Old Testament* consist; except one *Book*, writ by my Countryman *Jub*, who Five Times foild the *Devil*, in so many *set Combats before God*.

What shall I say then, of the *Translations* that have been made of their *Bible* in other *Languages*, not so Copious and Significant as the *Latin*?

Since the Division arose, between the *Roman-Catholicks* and *Protestants*, their *Bible* has been taught to speak the *Dialect* of all or most *Nations* in *Europe*. Yet, such is the Unhappiness of the *Franks*, that the more they tamper with the *Language of Great Purity*, the worse they succeed. Which has occasion'd some Learned Men, as I am inform'd, to mark above a Thousand Faults, in the *Last French Version* of that *Mysterious Book*.

What Room will they leave for the Censures of the *Mussulmans*, if the *Christians* themselves are thus Critical, upon the *Grand Patent* of their *Salvation*?

It would be an endless Task, to recount
all

all the Errors that may be discern'd in the Various *Traducts* of the *Bible*, by any Man that has Convers'd in the *East*. Neither will I entrench on thy Patience, to gain the *Character* of a *Critick*.

Permit me to glance only on the *Psalter*, or the *Odes* of *Sultan David*. How flat and dull are the *Measures* of the *Christian Translators*? How low have they sunk the Sence of that *Royal Poet*? He never begun to warble forth any of those *Divine Songs*, till first Inspired by a *Seraph*, whom he had lur'd down from *Paradise*, by the Melody of his *Harp*. That *Seraph*, was *Master* of the *Musick Above*, as the *Hebrew Doctors* teach. Every Time *David* play'd on his *Instrument*, *Ariel* (for so was the *Spirit* call'd) made his Descent, and sung with a Grace which cannot be express'd. The Docile *Poet*, soon learn'd both his Notes and Words. Seven Hundred Times, *David* touch'd his Harmonious Strings, and so often the *Angel* stood by him with the *Book* of the *Quire*. He taught him Seven Hundred *Sonnets*, that are Chanted by the *Lovers* in *Paradise*. But the *Devil* stole 'em from the *King*, whilst he was gazing on another Man's Wife, bathing her self in an adjoining Garden.

Yet there are above a Hundred *Hymns* remaining, which *David* compos'd by Memory out of the Former. But, some *Sects* among the *Christians*, have turn'd 'em to the *Ballads* of the *Vulgar*.

So have they dealt by that surpassing *Poem* of *Solyman*, taught him by the *Ethereal Tu-*
tor

tor of his Father. For Ariel was enamour'd of One of the *Virgins of Paradise*, at the same Time, that *Solyman* enjoy'd *Pharaob's Daughter*, and had newly built for her a *Seraglio of Cedar*. The *Heavenly Lover* therefore, to accommodate himself to the *Passion of the Mortal*, taught him One of the *Pastorals of Eden*, a *Song* peculiar to his Own *Amour*.

But the *Nazarenes*, have turn'd it to a dry and Insignificant *Allegory*, by their *Glosses*: Putting an Affront also upon *Rhetorick* and *Poetry*, in Wording their *Translation*.

If I should go on, and number the Mistakes they have made in the *Writings* of the *Prophets*, and other *Books* of the *Old Testament*, though it were but in this *General Manner*, I should tire thee out: But to recount the *Particulars*, would be a *Thirteenth Task* for *Hercules*.

Yet after all these Defaults of the *Learned*, neither *they* nor the *Ignorant* can be excus'd from Wilful Blindness, in shutting their Eyes against the Twilight, which appears in the Worst *Translation*, and is sufficient to direct any Man to the *East*, where *Wisdom* shines in her *Perfect Splendor*.

There are Expressions all over the *Scrip-tures*, which point to the *Laws*, *Customs*, *Habits*, *Diet* and *Manner of Life*, us'd in the *Regions* First Visited by the *Morning-Sun*. These are the same *Now*, as they were of *Old*. And the *Mussulmans* of this *Age*, observe no other Rule of *Life*, but what was practis'd by the *Patriarch Ibrahim*, above Three Thousand

sand Years ago, and by all the *Faithful* of those *Times*. Our *Marriages*, *Circumcisions*, *Funerals*, *Prayers*, *Washings*, and all other *Ceremonies*, of *Religion* or *Civility*, are the same *Now* as *Then*. There is Nothing added or diminished, save the *Faith* and *Obedience* we owe to *Mahomet*, the *Ambassador* of *God*, and to the *Volume* put into his Hands by *Gabriel*, *Prince* of the *Divine Messengers*.

Our very *Habits*, and the *Manner* of our *Building*; our *Salutations*, and whole *Address*, are the same at this Day, as the *Scripture* tells us, were in Use in those *Ages* next after the *Flood*, among the *Patriarchs* and *Prophets*, and among all the *True Believers*, the *Posteriority* of *Ibrahim*: Especially the *Descendants* by the *Right Line*, the *Stem* of *Ismael*, the *Eldest Son* of *him*, who entertain'd *Three Angels* at Once in his *Tent*.

Yet the *Infidels* will not consider it: But perswade themselves, they are the *Only Children* of the *Faithful Ibrahim*; pretending to practise, in I know not what *Figurative Sense*, the *Life* we lead in *Truth*: Cheating themselves with *Empty Symbols*, while we enjoy the *Substance*.

But thou, *Great Successor* of *Ibrahim* and the *Prophets*, vouchsafe to pray for *Mahmut*, That whilst his Duty to the *Grand Signior* obliges him to dwell here in the *West*, and to converse with none but *Infidels*, he may still retain the *Faith* of the *East*, the *Devotion* of an *Ismaelite*, and the *Purity* of a *True Believer*. Still crying in his Heart, even in the
Temples

*Temples of the Infidels; There is but One God,
and Mahomet his Messenger.*

Paris, 5th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVII.

To the Chiaus Bassa.

THE Peace agreed on last Year between the Germans and Suedes, is not yet fully establish'd and confirm'd. There has been a Cessation of Arms since that Time. And now the Duke Amalfe, on the Emperor's Side, the Duke of Vandort for the King of France, and he of Ersken for the Crown of Suedeland, are met at Norimbergh, to conclude a Final Ratification of the Articles.

During this Consult, the Swedish Army, are permitted by the Emperour's Agreement, to Quarter up and down in Seven Circles of the Empire, and not to be discharg'd, till all their Arrears are paid at the Cost of the Germans. 'Tis said, it will amount to Three Millions of Sequins. This War has lasted near Thirty Years; in which, above Three Hundred Thousand Men have lost their Lives.

As to the English Affairs, the Prevailing Party there, have declar'd that *Ancient Kingdom to be a Free State, and the Monarchy is Abolish'd*

Abolish'd by a *Publick Act.* Nevertheless, after *Charles* was beheaded, his Eldest Son was Proclaimed King, both in *England* and *Ireland*, by some of the *Nobles* and *Gentry*, that were Friends to that *Royal Family*. And in *Ireland*, a certain great *Duke* appear'd at the Head of a Numerous Army, in Behalf of the Young King's Interest, having laid Siege to the *Metropolis* of that Kingdom; which, with one other Town, were the only strong Holds, that resisted the King's Party. But in the 8th. *Moon*, the *Army* which the *English States* had newly sent over to that *Island*, engag'd with the *Forces* of this *Duke*, entirely routed them, killing Two Thousand Men on the Spot, and taking many Thousand Prisoners, with all their Ammunition and Baggage. This being seconded with other Victories, in a short Time, reduc'd that Kingdom, under the Obedience of the *English States*.

In the mean Time, I hear no pleasing News from the *Levant*. Vessels daily arrive in the *Havens* of *France*, who confirm each other's Relations, of a Dreadful *Naval Combat*, between Our *Fleet* and that of the *Venetians*; wherein they say, we have lost Seventy Two *Gallies*, Threescore *Merchant-Vessels*, and Eighteen *Ships of War*: That in this Fight, Six Thousand Five Hundred *Mussulmans* have lost their Lives, and near Ten Thousand were taken Prisoners.

I tell thee, these are great Breaches in the *Navy*, which, belonging to the *Lord of the Sea and Land*, has assum'd to it self the Epithet

ther of *INVINCIBLE*. These are Ble-
rnishes in the Ensigns of high Renown; Re-
proaches to the *Empire*, which we believe is
to subdue All *Nations*. I reflect not on the
Courage, or Conduct, of the *Captain Bassa*.
Neither am I willing to help forward the Ru-
ine of a Man, who cannot expect to be ho-
nour'd with a Vest, a Sword, or any other
Marks of the *Sultan's* Favour for his Service
in this Sea-Campagne. I am Naturally com-
passionate. 'Tis not in my Praise I speak it;
for, I believe this Tenderness, to be rather
a Vice of my *Constitution*, than to have any
Rank in the *Morals*, much less to be of Kin
to the Family of *Vertues*. I pity a Man falling
into Disgrace, on whom the Weather of the
Seraglio changes, from which he must expect
Nothing but Clouds and Storms. Those Tem-
pests will prove more Fatal to him, than any
that ever toss'd his *Fleett* on the Ruffled-Ocean.
In all Probability, he will suffer a Shipwreck
of his Fortune, if not of his Life. Therefore,
'tis with extreme Regret, I must say that
which may hasten his Fall.

But I am commanded, not to conceal any
Intelligence that relates to the Interest of the
Sublime Port; nor to spare the Son of my
Mother, if I know him Guilty of Criminal
Practices.

All that I have to lay to the Charge of the
Bassa of the *Sea*, is, a Private Correspon-
dence which he holds with *Cardinal Mazarini*. This I discover'd by the Assistance of
a *Dwarf*, whom I have often mention'd in
my

my Letters to the *Grandees* of the Port. I need not repeat to thee, what I have said already to them, of the Birth, Education and *Genius* of *Osmin*, (for, so is the little Spark call'd) nor of the Method I have put him upon, to wind himself into the Secrets of the *Publick Ministers*. Onely thou mayst report to the *Divan*, That this diminutive Man, continues to pursue his Advantages of Access to the Closets of the *French Ministers*, whereof I gave an Account last Year, in a Letter to *Chiurgi* *Mushamme Bassa*.

Thou mayst assure them also, that when he was Yesterday in the Chamber of *Cardinal Mazarini*, he cast his Eye on a Letter, which lay open on the Table; whilst the *Cardinal* was in earnest Discourse, with an Extraordinary *Courier* from *Rome*. He had not Opportunity to read more than the *Superscription*, and a Line or two of the Matter; which contain'd these Words :

*The Mild Commander, The humble Shadow
of the Bright Star of the Sea, Bilal Cap-
tain Bassa.*

To the most *Illustrious Prince* of the *King-
dom* of the *Messiaab*, Eminent among the
High Lords of Holy Honour, the Sub-
lime *Directors* of the People of *Jesus*,
Assistant to the Chair of Sovereign Dign-
ity, the Seat of the *Roman Calipho*, *Julio
Mazarini*, *Cardinal*, and our Friend.

May whose later Days, encrease in Happiness.

THIS affectionate Letter and Presents, were deliver'd safe to me, as I lay at Anchor with the Fleet under my Command, not far from the Island of Chios. And as a Mark of my Acknowledgment, and good Will to thee, and all the Nazarenes; I embrac'd in my Arms, the Noble Captain, Signior Antonio Maratelli, who had the Honour to be trusted with this Negotiation. I immediately disrob'd my self, and caus'd that brave Italian, thy Messenger, to be vested with my own Garment, as a Pledge of —

Before Osmir cou'd read farther, the Cardinal approach'd the Table, and took up the Letter, letting fall some Words to the Courier, by which the Dwarf was confirmed in his Suspicion of the Baffa's Perfidiousness, and that this Letter newly came from him. He post'd immediately to give me an Account of this Passage; believing it to be, as it is, of great Import. For, he has a singular Regard for the Family, which first exterminated the Greeks from Constantinople.

Thou know'st what Use to make of this Intelligence. I am not Cruelly inclin'd, but I must do my Duty. The Rest I refer to thy Prudence.

I will

I will only advertise thee of One farther Remark of *Osmyn*; who by comparing what he has seen now, with a Discourse he once before over-heard between *Mazarini* and a French *Noblement*, whilst he lay under the *Cardinal's* Table, (which I have inserted in one of my Letters) concludes, That the *Bassa* there mention'd by the *Cardinal*, was this same *Bilal Bassa*, who was at the Instance of the *Tanizaries*, made *Bassa* of the *Sea*.

I could not without making my self an *Accomplice*, conceal so foul an *Ingratitude* to the *Grand Signior*, and so Villainous a *Treason* against the *Empire*, which holds the *First Rank*, among all the *Dominions on Earth*.

Paris, 24th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

E 2 LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

WE have had a violent hot Summer in these Parts, with much Thunder and Lightning; which has done considerable Damage to the Farmers, in burning their Hay and Corn in their Granaries. Complaints arrive here daily from all the Provinces, That Heaven has consum'd their Harvests.

This the Court-Party interpret, as a Judgment on them for their Rebellions; causing it to be iudustriously spread about in all Companies, That Heaven is Angry with the Inhabitants of Guyenne, Bourdeaux, and other Provinces, for taking up Arms this Year against their Sovereign. I know not how far this Censure is Justifiable: But, 'tis observ'd, That the People of these Rebellious Provinces, have received more Apparent and Irreparable Injuries by the Lightning, than those of other Parts. Several Members of the Parliament of Aix, were found dead in their Beds, after a Tempestuous Night of Lightning. And, next Day, the Roof of the House where they Assembled, fell down and kill'd several.

In the Great Church of Bourdeaux, as they were Celebrating their Mass, a Ball of Fire broke in from behind the Altar, smote down several

several *Images*, and filling the *Church* with an Intolerable Stink, flew out at a Window, without doing any farther Harm. And a great Bank of Money, rais'd by this City to pay their Soldiers, was all melted down by *Lightning*, to the Astonishment of those who saw it ; for, it was done in the Day-Time, the *Grandees* of *Bourdeaux* being present. It would be endless, to recount all the Mischiefs that have been done in those *Parts*. We had no great Harm here, save that almost all the *Wine* in the City, was turn'd to a Kind of *Vinegar* in one Night. Which the *Philosophers* attribute to the Peculiar *Energy* of *Lightning*; which plays the *Chymist* with this Liquor, and in a Moment separates and drinks up its Vital Spirits, leaving only a *Mortuum Caput* behind.

The *Season* has been so hot during the *Dog-Days*, that the Air it self seem'd Combustible; and the very Winds, from whence we look'd for Refreshment, were like the Breath of a Stove : All Things seem'd ready to take Fire, as if the *Elements* waited for the *Grand Conflagration*. Heat was the Cry every where. Men's Bodies were scalded with Internal Flames; the Shade of Trees afforded no Relief; the Fountains could not allay their Thirst. All Nature seem'd to be in a *Fever*, ready to expire.

Now those Fervors are abated, and we begin to have Frosty Mornings. The Nitrous Air, restores Mens Appetites; Abundance of Rain, has new-moulded the gaping parch'd

Earth, and produc'd a Second Spring. The Husbandman comforts himself with the Hopes of Another Crop of Hay, to repair the Loss of the Former, which the Lightning robb'd him of. In the mean Time, the Winds are very busy, in diftressing the Trees, and scattering not only their Leaves, but also the Fruit that is not gather'd, on the Ground; whereby a Banquet is prepar'd for the Hogs in every Orchard, who claim as much Right to feed on what lies on the Common Table, as their Owners. And 'tis no Unpleasant Musick, to hear a Herd of Swine, set their Teeth at Work on the Wind-fallen Apples. At least, this Spectacle and Noise, is delightful to me, who have been without Appetite these Three Moons, and but just begin to recover my Stomach. I often ride out of Paris, on Purpose to take the Country Air, where my Bread tastes more favourly, than in the City. There appears something so Harmless and Innocent in the Faces and Behaviour of the Rusticks, as Effectually relieves my Melancholy. I cannot discern in them, any Signatures of Court-Craft and Villainy. Their Conversation, chears my Spirits. I love to hear them talk of their Rural Affairs. My Eye follows the Ploughmen with Envy. Then I could wish it had been my Lot, to have been bred up in some homely Cottage, where I might have tended Oxen, Sheep or Asses; all which, act Regularly according to their Nature: Whereas,

he

he that is the *Servant of Princes*, is compell'd to do many Things contrary to his *Reason*; which is the greatest Unhappiness can befall a Man. How sweet is the Sleep of the Husbandman by Night, and how void is his Mind of imbitteving Cares by Day? He rises with the *Lark*, and is as cheerful as that pretty Bird, saluting *Aurora* with a *Song* or a *Lesson* on his *Pipe*. He snuffis up the wholesome and fragrant Dew of the Morning, as he walks over his Lands. He beholds with Admiracion and Pleasure, the Gilded Clouds and Tops of Mountains, when the *Sun* comes forth of his *Bed-Chamber* in the *East*. He spurs himself on to his daily Labour, by the Example of that Active *Planet*, following his Work with Content and Joy. His Food is Pleasant both in his Mouth and his Belly; he feels no after-Pangs through Satiety; but well refresh'd and nourish'd with his Homely Diet, he lies down with the Lamb, and sleeps in Peace, never dreaming of *State-Intrigues*, or the *Plots* of the *Mighty*. Thus he passis his Life, in a Circle of Delights.

Tell me, Dear *Hali*, are not these proper Objects of Envy, to a Man in my Circumstances? Or, can't thou blame *Mahmut*, who has neither Health of Body, nor Peace of Mind, for wishing himself in a Condition, which would entitle him to both? I am entangled in a Thousand Snares: My Employment is a Perfect Riddle. I must say and unsay the same Things, as often

as Occasion requires. I must tell an Hundred Lyes, swear and forswear my self every Hour, if the Interest of the *Grand Signior* be at Stake. I must be a *Mahometan, Christian, Jew or any Thing* that will serve a Turn; Dissemble with God and Man, Blaspheme the *Prophets*, Curse the *True Believers*, and my self too, rather than baulk the *Cause* I am engag'd in. And yet, all this while they will perswade me, I am a Good Man, and shall go to *Paradise*. As if the *Mufti's* Dispensation, were available to cancel the Express, Positive *Law of God!* Do they think to amuse me with such Umbrages, and send me muzzl'd to *Hell* with my Eyes open? I tell thee, I have a *Conscience*, and such a *Conscience*, as will not let me be at Rest in this Manner of Life. It were better to die, than to live stain'd with so many Prevarications. I know not what to do, amidst so many Terrors: I feel my Body decay apace, and hastening towards its Dissolution; What will become of me, if I should die under the Burthen of so many Sins? What Answer shall I be able to make, to the *Two Inquisitors of the Grave*, the *Angels* who shall Examine me, Who is my *God?* and, Who is my *Prophet?* and, What is my *Faith?* The Darkness of that *Region of Shadows*, will not be sufficient to hide my Blushes, and the Confusion I shall be in at so pressing a Tryal.

All my Comfort is, that I have yet Friends left, to whom I may freely vent my Thoughts, and ask their Counsel.

If

If thou hast any Remains of that Friendship that has been between us, weigh my Case throughly, and tell me, Whether I am not lost for Ever, without a Change of Life? Flatter me not, neither use the Artifices of Civility, in palliating my Crimes. But, search my Wounds, and give me thy Advice without a Veil; and *Mahmut* shall esteem thee, the Physician of his Soul.

Paris, 24th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIX.

To Kenan Baffa, Chief Treasurer to
his Highness at Constantinople.

IF I have not addressed to thee before, attribute it to my Ignorance of thy Quality and Person. As soon as I heard of thy Advancement to this *Important Trust*, I resolv'd to salute thee, as becomes a *Slave* in my Post, and to wish thee all the Happiness thou canst desire. Yet, when I congratulate thy *Rise*, remember, I do but welcome thee to a *Precipice*, a mere *Pinnacle* of *Fortune*, where thou hast no Reason to expect secure Footing. The Blast of an Envious Mouth, will make thee totter. Thou breathest in an *Element*, full of *Tempests*. The fly Practices of a *Ri-*

E 5 *val,*

ual, may undermine thee; or, the more open
Towns of thy Sovereign, may call thee down.
Thou art ever liable to the Malice of the Vulgar,
and not a little in Danger of thy own Weakness,
the Inseparable Companion of Humanity. If
thou shouldest once look with Distrust on
those that are beneath thee, the vast Distance
and Height of the Prospect, may make thee
Giddy. Therefore, it will be good for thee,
to have thy Eyes always fixt on thy self. That
will prove the best Chart, by which to steer
thy Course, through the Rocks and Sands,
which on all Hands threaten the Life of a
Courtier. It will not be amiss also, to place
before thee, the Examples of Wise Men, thy
Predecessors. There is a greater Force in these,
than in the best Counsels; because, Matter
of Fact, leaves no Room for Distrust: Whereas,
Men are Naturally jealous of those who
pretend to instruct them. We are all fond
of our own Reason and Judgment; and are
apt to suspect him of some Design, who seeks
to perswade us, though to our Good. Be-
sides, there is a Species of Pride, a *Punitilio*
of Honour in Mortals, which will hardly per-
mit us to yield our selves in a Condition, to
need another's Advice: Whence comes the
Arabian Proverb, which says, *A Man pro-
fits more by the Sight of an Idiot, than by the
Orations of the Learned*. We all love to
make our own Experiments, and sooner trust
any sense than our Ears. Therefore, the
Lacedemonians caused their *Slaves* to be made
drunk in the Presence of their Children; that
from

from the Squalidness of the Spectacle, they might conceive a Hatred against that Vice, which by all the Instructions in the World, they would never learn to abhor.

The Crimes of some in thy Station, have more of Sobriety in them, but less Honesty. Wonder not at the Expression, nor accuse me of Impudence. I reflect only on the Wicked: Number not thy self among them.

Thou knowest, it has been an Ancient Custom for our Renowned Emperors, to divert themselves at certain Times, with the Sight of their Inestimable Treasury. I am no Stranger to the Ceremonies used at such Times. One would think it impossible, amidst so much Caution, that the Grand Signior should be defrauded of the least Part of his Wealth. I do not speak of the Chamber of Arms, or those others which make up the Imperial Wardrobe. The Bulk and Weight of those Rich Velvet Broccades, and other Furniture of Gold and Silver, discourages the Theft. But who can number the Robberies that have been committed among the Jewels, and Invaluable Rarities of the Mysterious Closet? It has been found easy to conceal and transport from thence, whole Beds of Diamonds and Chains of Pearl, undiscovered, I will not say unsuspected, at the Times when Anak-dar Aga^s gives Three Knocks, on the Cabinet of the Keys.

These are Hours of Manificece and Royal Bounty, when the August Lord of the Mines, is pleas'd to gratifie his Slaves with Gifts, and make

make them sensible they serve *Him*, who commands this *Upper World*, and that *Underneath*.

No Prince can discommend this Domestick Sport of our *Sovereign*, when he makes his *Pages* scramble for *Diamonds* and *Rubies*; since it gives him a Taste of his own *Hu-
manity*. Nothing being more agreeable, in Cases on this Side of Amorous Jealousy, than to let others partake of our Pleasures. And, tis the peculiar Delight of *Kings*, sometimes to lay aside their State and Grandeur, to be familiar with their Attendants; making them their Companions, or at least, their *Proxies* in many Enjoyments.

But, tis Pity this Favour should be abus'd, as it has been in the Instance I mentioned. Thou art no Stranger to the Records of the *Hesna*, which tell us, That when *Geleb Ch-
aus-Bassa*, was made *Chief Treasurer* in the Reign of *Sultan Mustapha*, the Lucre of the Glittering Jewels had tempted him to defraud his *Master*, to the Value of Five Hundred Thousand *Sequins*. Which, upon the Information of Three *Pages*, and a diligent Search, were found in his Trunks.

It has been whisper'd also, That few have enjoyed that Office, who have not purloyn'd Something from the *Imperial Coffers*. They say, tis an Hereditary Theft, deliver'd by Tradition from one to another. Every *Haf-
nadarbassi* being advanc'd to that Honour, by the Recommendation of his *Predessor*, for the Service he has done him in conniving

at

at these Practices, which cannot be hid from any of the Sixty who Guard the Royal Wealth.

Thou canst not blame me, for putting thee in Mind of these Things; in Regard I am commanded, to write with all Freedom to the *Sublime Ministers*, whatever concerns the Interest of Our Great Master.

I have no more to say, but to desire thee, in transmitting what Money is appointed for me, to be Timely and Punctual; to send *Duplicates* by different Posts, that if one should miscarry, I may not be at a Loss: For, there is no Credit for a *Mussulman* in Paris. *Eliachim* would supply me with what may suffice a *Dervich*; but, it belongs to thee to take Care, that I want not what is requisite for an Agent of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 2nd. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Pestelihali, his Brother.

I Unwillingly Concluded my last Letter, before I had vented Half my Thoughts on those *Oriental Subjects*, so full of Instruction and Pleasure. Thy *Journal* is become my Pocket-Companion. I carry it with me to the *Gardens* and *Solitudes*, and even to the *Libraries*, and *Churches*: To which Last, I am obliged to go sometimes, That I may avoid Suspicion.

The *Christians*, when they enter the most Delightful *Gardens* of *Paris*, spend their Time, and weary themselves, in walking forward and backward. They will measure Several Leagues, in traversing one *Alley*: Which vain Custom, thou knowest, is contrary to the Practice of the *Eastern People*, who love to solace themselves, in sitting still under the cool Shades, and feeding their Eyes with the Grateful Verdure of Trees, their Noses with the frequent Smell of Herbs and Flowers, and their Ears with the pretty Melody of the Birds: All which, serve as Helps to their Contemplation.

After this Manner, I many Times pass away some Hours in the *Gardens* of this City, whereof there are great Plenty. And, when I am cloy'd with the forementioned Pleasures, then I take out thy *Journal*, and fall to Reading;

ing ; which winds up my Thoughts afresh, like a Watch that is down: Nay, it opens new Sources of Contemplation, and serves as a Miraculous *Talisman*, to bring *China*, *India*, and all the *East*, into the Place where I am ; so Lively and Natural, are thy Discourses of those Parts.

When I am in the *Churches*, it serves me instead of a *Prayer-Book*: And, whilst Others are babbling over they know not what, or, at least, they care not what; I offer up to God the *First Fruit* of my Reason and Knowledge, which he has given me to distinguish me from all Sorts of Beasts; whether in Humane Shape, or not.

When I go to the *Libraries*, I compare thy *Journal* with the *Writings* of Others who treat of the same Matters ; and find, that thou agreeest with some, correctest the Mistakes of others, and in all, shewest a *Genius* elevated above all others of the Common *Historians* and *Travellers*, who seek rather to amuse the Reader with uncouth Stories and Adventures, than to Instruct him with what is really Useful and Profitable.

Thus thy *Journal*, is become the Companion of my Solitudes, the Object of my Studies, and the Help to my Devotions Abroad ; and, it is no less, the Diversion of my Retirement and Melancholy at Home. I am a great Admirer of *Antiquity*: And therefore an old Craggy Rock, o'er-grown with Moss, and full of gaping *Chasms*, is a more agreeable Sight to me, than the Flow'ry Meadows or Verdant

Verdant Groves; because the *Former*, looks like a *Relique* of the *Primitive Chaos*; whereas, I know the *Latter*, to be only the Product of the *Last Spring*. 'Tis for this Reason, thy *Narrative* affords me so vast a Delight, because it treats of the most Ancient Kingdoms and Governments in the *World*: And is not stuffed, with *Chimera's* and *Fables*, as most *Relations* of those Countries are; but, gives a sincere and true Account of whatever is Considerable, without touching on Imper-
tinencies.

But, above all, I am delighted with that Part, which relates thy *Travels* in *China*: That Country, being of so vast an Extent, so Rich, so Populous; the People so Industrious, Learned and Politick (besides the *Antiquity* of their *Empire*, which cannot in that Point be matched by any *Government* under the *Heavens*;) that the exact Knowledge of these Things, seems to me of greater Moment, than any other Discoveries whatsoever.

What thou sayest of the *Chinese* Letters and Words, shews, that thou hast made some Inspection into that *Language*. And, thy Remarks on the long *Succession* and *Series* of their *Kings*, is an Argument, That thou art no Stranger to their *Chronology*, which takes in many Thousands of Years before *Noah's Flood*. Thou art very exact in enumerating their *Publick Tribunals* and *Courts of Justice*; as also, in describing some Remarkable Bridges, Temples, Palaces, and other Structures:

Structures: Which serves to give the Reader a true Idea, of the Magnificence and Grandeur of the *Chinese Emperor*; and of the Ingenuity of the People, who seem to excel all others in Arts and Sciences. In a Word, it is evident, That thou didst not pass thy Time with thy Arms folded, whilst thou wert in that Kingdom. And, I know not how better to express the Esteem I have for thee, on the Account of the Pains thou hast taken, to Inform both thy self and me in Matters of so great Importance, than by giving thee an Account of what Progress the *Tartars* have made in the Conquest of that Empire, since thy Return to *Constantinople*. In my Last, I acquainted thee, with the *Coronation* of the *Tartar-King* at *Pekin*. Since which, Other Vessels are arrived from those Parts, which bring an Account, that the Young *Tartarian Conquerour*, soon pushed forward his Victories: And marching with an Army into *Corea*, (which *Kingdom*, thou knowest, borders on *China*) the King of that *Country*, made his Submissions; and entering into a League with *Zunchi*, held his *Crown* in *Fee* of that Victorious *Emperour*.

Afterwards, he hastened to subdue the *Provinces* which remained Unconquered. His Method in accomplishing this Great Work, was by swift Marches, like another *Alexander the Great*; and by laying Siege to the Principal City of a *Province*, which he never failed, either to take by Force, or compelled to surrender, that so they might escape Famine.

mine. And when this was done, he took Possession, both of it and the whole *Province*, summoning the Cities of Lesser Note to surrender; which they seldom refused, after they had beheld the *Fate* of the First. Thus in a little Time, he became *Master* of all that spacious *Empire*.

The Fame of his Success, quickly brought Innumerable *Tartars* out of their Native Country, to follow the Fortune of their Emperor. To these he gave the Chief Offices of his Army, and continued the *Chineses* in the Administration of Civil Affairs. And, as a Token of their Subjection, he commanded all the *Chineses*, to cut their Hair short, and to Cloath themselves after the Fashion of the *Tartars*.

They give a High Character of this Young Prince, who amidst so many Successes and Triumphs, discovers not the least vain Glory, but contains himself within the Bounds of a virtuous Moderation, ascribes all to the Decrees of Destiny, and, is not in the least puffed up, with any of his Glorious Actions; which is an Argument, of a Spirit truly Heroick. And yet, this Prince is an Idolater, as are all the *Tartars* of that Nation; or rather, they are Men of no Religion, which makes their Morals the more admirable. For, according to the Relation of those who came last from *China*, the *Tartars* are a very Temperate and Continent People, abhorring those Vices, which are but too common in other Parts of the World, and from which the True Believers

Believers them selves are not Free. They are Rigorously Just also, and punish all Manner of Fraud and Deceit, with Immediate Death. As for their Conduct and Courage in the Wars, there is no Nation surpasses them, Few are their equals. They are Passionate Lovers of an Active Life, spending most of their Time on Horse-back, either in Hunting Wild Beasts, or fighting with their Enemies. And their Horses are the best and most Courageous in the World. There is Nothing the *Tartars* so much despise, as the Sedentary Life of *Students* and Learned Men ; accounting them, the Burden of a *Common-Wealth*, Lazy Drones, fit only to be sold for Slaves. But Men of Service and Merit in the Wars, they have in great Esteem; never failing, to reward such with Dignities and Commands, proportionable to their Deserts and Capacities. Nay, such is the Martial *Genius* of this Nation, That the very Women Ride to the Wars with the Men, and perform Exploits above what is expected from that soft and delicate Sex. Both Men and Women, are habituated from their Infancy, to live in Tents or Waggons, there being very few Cities in all *Tartary*. There they are injur'd to Hunger, Cold, Thirst, and all the Methods of a Frugal and Hardy Life. This is that, which renders them Excellent Souldiers, and a Terroir to all the Nations round about them. This is that, which so soon Reduced all *China* to their Obedience ; the *Chineses*, among all their Virtues and Accomplishments, being the most Effeminate

Effeminate People on Earth. This, no doubt, thou hast observed.

Brother, I advise thee, to go to *Kerker Hassa, Bassa*, our Countryman, and present to him these Observations on the *Tartars*; which thou mayst easily do, by transcribing what is for thy turn, out of this Letter. He Inherits his Fathers *Genius*; who, thou knowest, was one of the Greatest *Hunters* in all *Arabia*, and had a Character, not much different from what I have here given thee of the *Tartars*. That *Bassa*, will take great Delight in these *Memoirs*, and will think himself obliged, to make thee some proper Acknowledgment. He is Generous and Great, and it lies in his Power to promote thee. I have writ to him already, and have given him an *Encomium* of thy Ability. I will second it with another Letter, in Answer to one I lately receiv'd from him, wherein he desires a farther Account of *China*. I will inform him therefore, of several Passages out of thy *Journal*. He, no doubt, to make a farther Tryal of thy Knowledge, will ask thee several Questions, relating to these Matters. So shalt thou have a fair Opportunity, of rendering thy self Conspicuous, and of gaining his Esteem. Follow my Advice; take Time by the Fore-Lock, and the Event shall prove Happy.

Paris, 8th. of the 11th. Moon, 1649.

LET

LETTER XXI.

To Kerker Haffan, Baffa.

I Received thy Commands, and am proud of the Honour thou hast done me, in requiring the smallest Service at my Hands; especially, one of this Nature: Which is an Argument, that my Former Relation of *China*, was acceptable to thee. This I account my Honour and Happiness, that I have a Brother, who has made such considerable Improvements in his *Travels*: For, 'tis to him, I owe the Knowledge I have of that Country, and the other *Parts* of the *East*. As for my Cousin *Isouf*, he would never vouchsafe to send me a Syllable, relating to his *Travels*, though he had rambled throughout all *Asia*.

I desired this Favour of him in several Letters, but have receiv'd no Answer; so that I know not, whether he be Dead or Alive. My Friends are very backward in writing to me: And, unless it be some of the *Ministers* of *State*, who sometimes honour me with a *Dispatch*, though very rarely, I hardly receive a Letter from my familiar Friends and Relations in Twenty *Moons*. Which makes me conclude, that Absence of so long a Date, has quite blotted me out of their Minds.

As to what thou desirest farther to know concerning *China*, my Brother says, That

Empire

Empire contains 4400 wal'd Towns and Cities; 3000 Castles and Towers of Defence on the Frontiers, wherein are always Garrisoned a Million of Souldiers, who are relieved at due Times, by others of equal Number. There are a Million also constantly kept in Pay, to guard the *Governours of Provinces, Embassadors, and other Officers of State.* The Emperour of China, maintaining Five Hundred Thousand Horse, to attend his Person. All this is, in Time of Peace. But, upon any Revolt or Invasion, the Forces are Innumerable. There are in *China* 331 Bridges, Remarkable for their Strength and Magnificence, beyond all others in the World. 2099 Mountains; Lakes and Medicinal Fountains 1472; 1159 Triumphal Arches and other Monuments, erected in Honour of Valiant and Learned Men; 272 Libraries, abounding with all Manner of Excellent Books. Temples 300000, and as many Priests, besides the Convents of their Religions. They reverence 3036 Male-Saints, and 208 Female. All which have Temples dedicated to their Honour, besides those which are consecrated to the Sun, Moon, and Stars, Fire, Air, Earth and Water, and to the Heavens which comprehend All, and to the Celestial Gods who rule All, and to the Supreme God, Creator of the Worlds. In these Temples, they celebrate the Praises of their Gods and Heroes, with Musick and Songs, Incense and Sacrifices; believing, that all Things which are conipicuous for the Excellency of their Nature, or from which

which Mankind receives any General or Extra-ordinary Benefit, ought to be worshipped with Divine Honours. In this, they differ not from the Ancient Pagans of Greece and Rome, who had almost as Many Gods and Goddesses, as there were several Creatures in the World; so that there was no Beginning nor Ending of their Superstitions: And, the most Learned, and Contemplative of their Priests, found the Ceremonies of their Religion, to be an Inextricable Labyrinth, where they were often lost. Certainly, happy are the Faithful Mussulmans, who Adore but One God, the Fountain of the Universe, without entangling themselves, in the Absurdities of Infidels.

The Chineses, are great Admirers of Themselves, and their Own Nation; believing, that no People can stand in Competition with them, for Learning, Wisdom and Riches. They have a very contemptible Idea of all other Countries, with their Inhabitants; Esteeming them, either as Ideots, or Monsters.

This Conceitedness, is owing to their Ignorance of the Rest of the World; for, they seldom or never, travel beyond the Limits of their own Empire.

I could say a great Deal more of this People; but, it will be better for thee, to hear it from my Brother, who has been there, and can give thee ample Satisfaction in all Things, relating to that Empire. I have wrote to him, to go and kiss the Dust before thy Feet. If thou makest Tryal of his Abilities, thou wilt

wilt find him improved by his Travels, a Man fit for Business, and one in whom thou mayst confide; Which is a Vertue, never enough to be prized in these corrupt Times.

In these Things however, mingle thy own Discretion, with the Kindness of a Country-Man, and the Affection of a Friend.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XXII.

To Chornezan Bassa.

WERE Ovid alive, the Events of this Year, wou'd afford him Matter for *New Fictions*. He would either tell us, that the Goddess of *Love* had set a Spell upon *Mars*, and charm'd him into Good Nature; or, that he had drank so large a Draught of *Nepenthe*, as had made him forget his Old Trade, of embroiling *Mortals* in *Wars*. However it be, *Hymen* seems to have the greatest Share in this Years Actions. For, instead of Battels and Sieges, the Nazarene Princes have been engaged in Encounters of a Softer Character, the Gentle Affairs of *Love* and *Marriage*.

In the First Moon, the New King of Poland, whom they call John Casimir, Married the Widow of his Deceased Brother. In the Ninth

Ninth, the Prince of Hanault, Espous'd the Duke of Holsteins Daughter. And the last Adam was Remarkable for Two Matches; One of the King of Spain with Anna Maria, the German Emperor's Daughter; the Other, of the Duke of Mantua, with Isabella Clara of Austria.

These are all brushing forward in the Crowd of the *Living*; they are busy in augmenting the Generations of Men: Whilst others of as High Blood, are gone to encrease the Number of the Dead; being enroll'd amongst the Ghosts, and made Denizens in the Region of Shadows.

The Empress of Germany, died in the Fifth Moon. The Duke of Braganza, in the Ninth. The Duchess of Modena, in the Eighth. And a certain German Prince, whose Name I have forgot, died in the Moon of October. Besides these, Death has also Arrested Ossolniski, the Great Chancellor of Poland; Wrangel, General of the Swedish Army; Frederick, the German Ambassador at Rome; Ferdinand, Elector of Cologne; and the Vice-Roy of Bohemia, who was by his Enemies thrown out of a Window, and had his Brains dash'd out. So that tho Mars may have seem'd to lie Dormant this Year, yet his Companion in Mischief, Old Saturn, has been very Active, as the Astrologers lay, who attribute all Events, to the Influx of the Stars. Some are also of Opinion, that the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon this Year, were Prefages of the Death of these Great Persons. They might as well plead,

That the Daily *Rising* and *Setting* of those *Luminaries*, Portended all the Tragical Events that happen'd on Earth; since it is not more *Natural* for them, to continue Unalterably Moving from *East* to *West*, than it is for them to be Obscur'd, at certain determin'd Stations, in their Journey, by *Interpositions* which happen of Course.

We are Strangers to the *Chronologies* of the Chinese and Indian Gentiles. Neither can any good Account be now given, of the Ancient *Egyptian* and *Affyrian Records*. They run many *Agés* back, beyond the Common *Epos*, of the Beginning of the World.

But the whole *System* of Known *History*, relates but Two Extraordinary or Preternatural Changes in the *Course* of the *Sun*, during these Six Thousand Years.

One, when that *Luminary* stood still in the Time of *Jehoshua*, General of the *Israelites*, to serve the *Ends of Destiny*, and prolong the Light of the Day to a double Proportion, till the Opposite Army was quite destroy'd, and not one of the Uncircumcis'd could escape the Swords of the Victorious Sons of *Jacob*.

That Day prov'd a long Night to their *Antipodes*. They turn'd themselves in their Beds, when they had out-slept the Usual Hours of Night, and said in their Hearts, *Surely the Sun is fallen Asleep*, or is *Banqueting with the Gods of the Sea*. Perhaps *Thetis* detain's him in her *Embraces*, whilst the *Tritons* fill his *Stomachs* with their softest *Musick*: Or Neptune regales

regales him in the Palaces of the Deep. Thus the Disconsolate Nations argued in their Chambers. They were alarm'd with Fears of Unknown Events.

Such as dwelt on the Borders of the Earth, and were accustom'd to mark the constant Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea, admir'd the Delay of the Usual Tides, and ask'd; What what was become of the Moon? for, that Planet also, stood still with the Sun.

The Light of their Souls was Eclips'd, and their Reason labour'd under a greater Darkness, than that which troubl'd their Eyes. They were Ignorant of the Works of God; and knew not, that the Celestial Orbs stood still at the Command of the Spirit which formed them, even at the Word of the Prophet Inspir'd from Above.

So in the Days of Hezekiah, King of the Jews, the Sun went back in his Circuit, and all the Frame of Heaven was Retrograde, to confirm the Prophet's Good News, when he told the Sick King, That Fate had prolong'd his Life for Fifteen Years. This was in the Days of Merodach Baladan, the King of Babylon, who sent Ambassadors to congratulate Hezekiah's Miraculous Recovery.

Besides these, nothing has happen'd to the Sun, or any of the Heavenly Bodies, beyond the Ordinary Course of Nature. A Man may as well Prognosticate from Cloudy Weather, the Calamities of Emperors and Meaner Men, as from the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon: Since, the One as well as the Other, obscures the Light

100 Letters Writ by Vol. IV.

or those Heavenly Bodies: And the Former,
quite hides them from us; which is the greater
Eclipse of the Two.

Let us pray Heaven, to grant us the continual
Use of our Senses, and not to Eclipse the
Light of our Reason; and we need fear no
Disasters, from the Common Appearances of
Nature.

Paris, 7th of the Moon Chaban,
of the Year 1649.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

VI to
(101)

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at PARIS.

VOL. IV.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Muhammed Eremit, *Inhabitant
of the Prophetick Cave, in Arabia
the Happy.*

Pardon my Importunity, if I this once trouble thee with an Address of Scruples, begging thy Counsel in the Affairs of my Soul. I seem to my self as a Traveller lost in a Wilderness of Doubts and Uncertainties, without Guide or Conduct. Not that I question the Truth of our *Holy Religion,*

ligion, or mistrust the Authority of the Sent of God. Certainly, I revere the Book of Glory, whose Sacred Versicles, are transcribed on my Heart. But, there is wanting to every Man, a particular Conduct in the Intricacies of this Life. I have not the Art of applying the General Precepts of the Law, to my Own Personal Occasions and Necessities. Infinite Difficulties arise from my daily Affairs. My Conversation with Infidels, and the Duty I owe my Great Master, entangle my Conscience. I am embarrassed on all Hands; and whilst I study to conserue Purity, I find my self still defiled.

I am no Heretick, nor in the Number of those who are Predestinated to be Damned, for the Injurious Love they bear to Hali; Injurious, I say, because it derogates from the Honour they owe to Omar, Osman and Ebu-becher, the True Successors of the Apostle of God.

As I firmly believe the Alcoran, so I give an entire Faith to the Book of Assonah, or the Agreement of the Wise; with the Writings of the Four Principal Imaums, Haniff, Schafi, Melechi and Hambeli. And I am resigned to the Sentence of the Mufti, as our Fathers were of Old, to the Oraculous Determinations of the Babylonian Califfs. I Curse the Kyzil-Baschi with as much Devotion, as I pray for the Health and Felicity of True Believers. I spit at the Naming of them, who deny the Chapter of the Covering, and the Versicles brought down by the Squire of Gabriel, in Honour

Honour of the Prophet's Wife. I never lifted up my Hand against any who descended from the *Divine Messenger*. And if in my Passion, I have ever curs'd a *Mussulman*, I took of the Dust under his Feet, and laid it on my Lips, before the Shadow of the Sun had advanc'd a Hairs-Breadth; and so I hindred the swift *Recorder* of our Words, from Registering the Imprecation. For, that Dust, I believe, has Power to blot out the Memorials, of our Evil Words and Works.

When I meet a *Santone*, or one of those Divinely Mad, I put in Practice the Lesson of *Orchanes*; and honouring the *Holy Frantick*, I fall down and Adore *Vertue*, in that Contemptible Disguise.

I neglect none of the *Purifications*, Commanded by Our *Holy Langiver*; but rather add those, that we *Arabians* have received by Tradition from our *Fathers*, the Sons of *Ismael*: Yet, I hope, in Case of Neglect, some Indulgence is allowable to a *Mussulman*, in a Country of *Infidels*. I use the *Washing* of *Abdeft* at all Times in my Chamber, where no Curious Eye can observe my Cleanliness; or Suspicious Apprehension, draw Conclusions of my being a *Mahometan*. But I cannot thus practise the *Washing* of *Taharet*; there being not such Conveniences for that Purpose in *Paris*, as in *Constantinople*. Yet, I am careful to supply this Want, by other Methods of Purity; otherwise, I should be an Abomination to my self. There is no Necessity, that I should frequent the *Bath*, who never touch-

ed a Woman: Yet, I often go into the River, taking a Boat with me for that End, and causing my self to be rowed half a League from the City, where in a little Bay or Creek, I wash my whole Body, that I may do something beyond the Obligations of the *Law*, to expiate the Involuntary Breaches of my Duty. Yet, after all this, I cannot call my self *Clean*.

I *Pray* at the Appointed Hours; Or, at least, if the Affairs of my *Commission* hinder me from complying with the *Law*, as to the exact Times of the Day, I atone for that Neglect, by *Watching* the greatest Part of the Night. And, to the *Oraisons* appointed by *Authority*, I add *Supernumerary Prayers* of my own, to evidence the *Sincerity* of my *Devotion*.

I *Fast*, and give *Alms*, according to my Ability. I bestow much Time, in Reading and Meditating on the *Autoran*. In a word, I do all that my Reason tells me is Necessary, to render me a Good *Musliman*; and yet, I have no Peace in my Mind. Methinks, I see Our *Holy Prophet* furrowing his Brows at me, and darting angry Looks from his *Paradise*. He seems to reproach me with Uncleanness and Infidelity. By Day my Imagination troubles me; and at Night, I am Terrify'd with Fearful Dreams. Which makes me conclude, That notwithstanding all my Obedience to the *Law*, and the strictest Care I take, to acquit my self a *True Believer*, yet I am far short of my Aim; and therefore, I number my self with those, with whom God is displeased.

It

It is impossible to express the Horror, which this Thought creates in me. I am overwhelmed sometimes, with Melancholy and Despair. And, because I am forc'd to keep my Grief to my self, without having the Privilege of Venting it to a Bosom Friend, it is ready to burst my Heart.

This is my Condition at Certain Seasons; which I esteem as bad, or worse, than those who are Doom'd to *Aaraf*. For as they cannot enjoy the Felicities of *Paradise*, so they are secured from the Torments of the Damn'd: Whereas, for ought I know, my Portion may be in *Hell*. Wilt thou know how I redress this Evil Temper of Mind, and what Method I take to cure my Melancholy? Receive it not as Flattery, when I tell thee, Thou art my Physician, and the *Idea* of thy Innocent Life, my Medicine. When I have rowl'd over Ten Thousand Thoughts, which afford me no Ease or Relief, no sooner do I fix my Contemplation on the Solitary of Mount *Uziel*, but a sudden Beam of Light and Comfort, glances through my Soul. I promise my self greater Satisfaction from thy Advice, than from all the *Imams* and *Mollahs* of the Empire.

Tell me therefore, O Holy and Pious Eremite, how I shall dissipate these Mists of Grief and Sadness, which envelop my Mind, and threaten to suffocate my Intellect.

If in this Darkness and Confusion, I should apply my self to the Disciples of *Albaraz* for Instruction, they will puzzle me with Intrigue.

cate Niceties, about the *Essence* and *Unity* of *God*: Whereas, I am too much troubled already, with distracting Speculations. I seek not to dive into that which is *Incomprehensible*, but to be Instructed in the Plain and Intelligible Way to *Happiness*. What Imports it, Whether *God* be *Good* by his *Goodness*, or by his *Essence*? This is, to throw *Metaphysical* Dust in my Eyes, and so leave me in a worse Condition than they found me.

No better Light, must I expect from the *Mamsconderan*: For, if they are strict Observers of the *Law*, so am I, where the *Precepts* are applicable to my Condition and Circumstances. But, I want a Direction in many Emergencies, for which the *Alcoran* seems to have made no Provision, but leaves every Man, to the Conduct of his own Prudence. And, I must confess, I dare not trust mine, in all Cases of this Nature. Besides, instead of Interpreting to me in a plain Style the *Statutes* of the *Law*, they will Confound me with High and Unintelligible Notions of the *Divine Attributes*, which are sufficient to dazzle the Intellect of the Brightest *Seraphim*. And, if they could once perswade me to be zealous for their Speculations, I might in Time turn such another Religious Fool, as was one of their *Followers*, the Poet *Namisi*, who being wrapt in his profound Speculations of the *Divine Unity*, and hearing an *Imam* pronounce the *Sacred Sentence*, *God is One*, gave him the Lye, and told him, That he multiply'd the *Divinity*, in assigning it any *Attribute*, though it

it were onely that which expressed his Unity.
For which Impudent Assertion, he was flead Alive.

In asbad a Condition should I be, if I ask'd the Advice of the *Muserin*, those *Infidels* in Masquerade, who under the Disguise of *Musulmans*, deny the *Being* of a *God*, aslert all Things to come by Chance, and live without Hope or Faith of Another Life. For, if this were true, that there were no Reward or Punishment of Good or Bad Works, I would either soon make my Way to Earthly Happiness, by not boggling at any Vice that would conduce to that End; Or, if I fail'd in that Attempt, I would not tamely wait for a *Martyrdom* from Men, but bravely rid my self of a Life, which was attended with Nothing but Misery.

Almost as bad as these, are the *Hairet*, those *Mahometan Scepticks*, who dare not trust their own Reason, but are ever Wavering and Irresolute. If I should seek for Instruction at their Hands, they would answer me, *God knows best what I ought to do*, and so leave me in the same Suspence as I was before.

Much Worse are the *Gnaid*, those Morose Interpreters of the *Law of Mercy*, who damn a Man Irrecoverably to *Hell*, for committing one Mortal Sin. This is enough to drive all Mankind to Despair.

Indeed, the *Morals* of the *Sabin* please me, who seem to be perfect *Mahometan Stoicks*, ascribing all Events to *Destiny*, and the *Influence* of the *Stars*. I could willingly embrace the

the Advice of *Philosophers*, who appear so void of Passion, but I could never join with them, in Adoring the Sun, Moon and Constellations of *Heaven*, because the *Alcoran* has expressly forbidden it. And, were there no such Prohibition, my own Reason would convince me, that I ought as well to Adore the Fire for warming me and serving my other Necessities, or the Water for quenching my Thirst and Purifying me, or my own Hands for feeding me, as to pay these Divine Honours to the *Celestial Bodies*; since the one, as well as the other, Act according to their Nature.

In a Word, of all the Innumerable *Seeds*, into which the *Musselman Empire* is divided, I cannot expect entire Satisfaction from any; for, if they appear Orthodox in Some *Tenets*, in Others they are manifestly *Heretical*. Yet, I cannot but set a higher Value on Some, than Others, as their Doctrines and Practices approach nearer to Reason and Truth. For, I am not yet such an *Academick*, as to ask that Mock-Question, *What is Truth?*

Doubtless, our *Fathers* knew it, and the *Messenger of God* was sent to Divulge it on Earth. But, if Ignorance, Superstition and Error have banished it from Courts and Cities, let us seek it in the *Desarts*. Perhaps we may find this Wanderer among the Rocks and Woods; or, 'tis possible She has sheltered her self in some Den or Cave, as hoping for greater Favour from the Wild Beasts, than from the Society of Men.

If

If Truth be no where to be found Entire, but has divided her self among the Different Religions and Sects in the World, then, rather than miss of this Divine Jewel, I will search for it in Fragments ; and whatsoever is Rational and Pious in any Sect, I will embrace, without concerning my self in their Follies and Vices.

After all, the *Munashis* seem to me, the only Orthodox and Illuminated of God, who declining the private By-Ways of *Schismatics*, walk in the High Road of Pristine Justice and Piety, following the Steps of the *Ancients*, and obeying the Traditions which know no Origin. Among these, thou appearest as another *Pythagoras*; confirming them by thy Example in an Innocent Life; enduring the utmost Severities of Abstinence, rather than be Guilty of shedding the Blood of those Creatures, which the Great Lord of All Things Created, to enjoy the Herbage of the Field, and to partake of the Common Blessings of Nature, as well as We.

To thee therefore I have Recourse, as to an Oracle. Tell me, O Sacred *Sylvan*, am I not obliged to obey the Inspirations of my Nature, or Better Genius, which tells me, 'Tis a Butcherly and Inhuman Life, to feed on slaughtered Animals? Did not all those who aim'd at Perfection, among the Primitive Disciples of the Prophet, abstain from Murdering the Brutes? 'Tis true, the Messenger of God, did not positively enjoin Abstinence from Flesh; yet he recommended it, as a Divine Counsel. And,

And, those to whom he Indulged the Liberty of Eating it, he ty'd up to certain Conditions. Do not all the *Religious Orders* Preach up *Abstinence*, both in their *Sermons* and *Lives*? I make no longer Doubt, but the Corruption of Manners, and Voluptuousness of Men, are the Causes, that this *Ancient Sobriety* is now disus'd and slighted. My own Experience confirms me in this Opinion, who have often attempted to live in *Abstinence*; but, by the Force of a Voracious Appetite, suffered my self to be carry'd back to my Old Intemperance.

Yet, in Eating Flesh, I have been precisely careful, to observe the Prohibitions of our *Holy Prophet*, so long as it was in my Power. I never Knowingly tasted of *Blood*, nor of any Thing Strangled or knocked down. But, it is Impossible for me to *Affuse* my self of this; or that all the Flesh I Eat, was kill'd, in Pronouncing that *Tremendous Name* which gave it *Life*. Neither could I Once escape a Necessity, of Eating *Swines Flesh*.

But, I abominate my self for this Involuntary Crime. And, to obviate the like Temptation for the Future, I will taste of Nothing, that has Breath'd the Common Air; being inclined to believe the *Metempsychosis*: Which, if it be true, I wish for no greater Happiness, than that in my Next Change, my Soul may pass into the Body of the *Camel*, which shall carry thee to *Mocha*.

Paris, 14th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Minezim Aluph, Bassa.

MY Intelligence from the *Imperial Port*, sometimes arrives late; either through the Neglect of *Kisur Dramelec*, to whom that Care is committed, or through the Badness of the Roads, which many Times are Impassable. Besides the frequent Stops and Interruptions of the *Posts*, in this Time of *War*. Which is the Reason, I do not always hear of the Alterations at the *Seraglio*, and the Changes that are made in the Governments of the *Shining Empire*, till many Moons are pass'd. Who is exalted, or who made *Mansoul*, are Things to which *Mahmut* is for a Time a great Stranger.

Therefore, thou hast no Reason to be offended, that I am thus late in sending to thee my Congratulatory Address. But rest confident, that I wish thee encrease of Happiness, like the Sprouting of the *Palm*.

As a Mark of my Duty and Affection, I shall now acquaint thee with News, which though it may seem of small Import to the *Divan*, yet has startl'd all *Europe*.

It is the Imprisonment of Three of the *French Princes*; not those of the *Ordinary Rank*, but Branches of the *Royal Stem*, whose Names are not unknown in the *Seraglio*, the *Residence of Fame*. They are, the *Princes of Conde*

Conde and *Conti*, Brothers, and the *Duke of Longueville*, Husband to their Sister. They are the Principal Subjects in this Nation; all Three, having the Majestick Blood of the Kings of France, running in their Veins.

They owe their Confinement to *Cardinal Mazarini*, or rather to their own Inartificial Conduct. The Prince of *Conde*, is a Passionate Man; and has never learn'd, how to conceal his Resentments. When he first return'd from the Battel of *Lens* in *Flanders*, whereof I formerly gave an Account, the Insurrection in *Paris* began. The Prince block'd up the City, and promis'd the *Cardinal* (against whom alone all this Storm was rais'd) that he wou'd either bring him back in Triumph to *Paris*, or die in the Attempt. He perform'd his Word; and the *Cardinal* rode through the Streets of *Paris*, in the same Coach with the King, Queen, and all the Royal Blood after the Siege was rais'd, and a Peace concluded. And the Prince, when he alighted out of the Coach, address'd himself thus to the *Cardinal*: Now, Sir, I esteem my self the happiest Man in the World, in that I have been able to perform my Engagement, in bringing Your Eminence back to *Paris*; and that by my Presence, the Hatred which the Multitude have for your Person, was repress'd whilst we pass'd through the Streets.

This too nearly touch'd the *Cardinal*. And indeed the Queen, with all the Rest, were sensible, that the Prince had too far over-shot himself, in this last Expression. However, the

Cardinal

Cardinal reply'd in a Kind of Modesty, not wholly void of Choler and Disdain; *Sir, You have not only oblig'd me to that Height, but have done the Kingdom so considerable a Service in this Action, That I fear, neither their Majesties nor my self, shall be ever in a State, to make you answerable Compensation.*

Those who stood by, and heard these interchangeable Discourses, were apt to interpret the *First* for a Reproach, and the *Second* as a Menace. Since it is not unusual for Great Men, to over-value the Services they do their King and Country; and for *Princes*, when they cannot duly reward an Eminent Performance, to turn their Gratitude into Hatred.

This is certain, that the *Prince of Conde* has presum'd much, on the Merit of his late Services; and, it was not easy for the *Queen* or the *Cardinal*, to invent such Acknowledgments as he expected. For he imagin'd, they ought to deny him Nothing, who had so often hazarded his Life for their Interest.

It was on this Ground, he thought he had a Right to interpose in a Marriage, which *Mazarini* design'd to make between one of his Nieces, and the *Duke of Mercœur*.

This *Duke* is of a *Family*, which has been a long Time at Variance with that of the *Prince of Conde*: And therefore, the *Prince* was jealous lest the *Cardinal*, by the intended *Match*, should fortifie his Interest among the *Prince's* Enemies; and so be in a Condition, not to want his Protection; the onely Thing he was ambitious of. For, cou'd he have once reduc'd

duc'd the *Cardinal* to this Necessity, he himself had been absolute Master at Court. Therefore, he oppos'd the *Match*, with all Vigor and Industry. This nettled the *Cardinal*. He complains to the *Queen*, of the *Prince's* unkindness. She intercedes, and uses her utmost Endeavours, to reconcile the *Prince* to this Marriage. But his Brother, the *Duke of Longueville*, had so possess'd the *Prince* with a Jealousy of the *Cardinal's* Proceedings, that no Arguments cou'd prevail on him, or overcome his fix'd Aversion for *Mazarini's* designed Alliance with the *House of Vendome* (so they call the *Family*, from whence the *Duke of Mercœur* is sprung.) He rails at the *Cardinal*, and lampoons him in all Companies. This begets ill Blood in the Supreme Minister of State, who secretly resolves the *Prince's* Ruin.

In this, his Policy and Malice, exceeded the petty Revenges of the *Prince*; who being of a frank, open Heart, contented himself with Railleries, and Satirical Expressions, whilst the *Cardinal* conceal'd his Anger, under the Masque of extraordinary Civilities; returning all the Contempts of the *Prince*, with a Respect, which seem'd to speak much Affection and Devoir.

He has been a long Time tampering with a *Faction*, which goes by the Name of the *Frondeurs*. These were his Enemies, not so much in Hatred of his Person, as out of a Zeal to serve their *Country*, which they imagin'd, was oppres'd under the the Conduct of this *Minister*.

These

These he has lately gain'd over to his Party, by representing to them the Prince of Conde, as the Author of all those Evils, which they ascrib'd to himselfe. Whilst at the same Time, he perswaded the Prince, that they had some Design against his Person. Thus he artificially blinded both Parties, and engag'd them in mutual Revenges; privately animating the Frondeurs against the Prince, and provoking the Prince, to seek the Ruin of the Frondeurs. By this Trap, the Prince was inveigl'd to consent, and give Orders for His own Imprisonment, whilst he was made to believe, the Arrest was design'd against his Enemies; and the People were satisfy'd, since they were perswaded, the Faction of the Frondeurs had a Hand in the Plot.

The 18th. of the last Moon, the Three Princes were taken into Custody, and sent to a Place, they call the Castle of the Wood of Vincennes, some Leagues from Paris. The same Day, the Queen sent for the Dutchess of Longueville to come to her; but, the wary Dutchess, wou'd not put herself into a Cage. She immediately fled in Disguise, to a Sea-Town belonging to her Husband.

Tis said, the Prince of Conde had Notice given him, of his Design'd Imprisonment; but that he wou'd not escape, projecting to himself some greater Advantages, from the Discontents of the People (who now behold him as a Patriot) than from a Clandestine, or Fugitive Liberty. This is certain, his Coach broke on the Road, between Paris and Vincennes;

and

and 'tis thought, his Friends might easily have rescu'd him? For, this Accident, occasion'd a Stop of Six Hours in their Journey; Time enough to have rais'd a Thousand Men to his Relief, being onely guarded by Sixteen *Cavaliers*. But it seems, he courts the *Cardinal's* Persecution, that he may have deeper Grounds for Revenge. I know not, whether his Policy is justifiable, or no: But if I were in his Circumstances, I shou'd hardly take this Method to gratify my Resentments; which in all Probability I shou'd not be in a Condition to accomplish, till the *Greek Calends*, that is, *Never*.

Paris, 4th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER III.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THE Devotees among the *Franks*, talk much of the *Jubilee* that is to be Celebrated this Year at *Rome*. They enrich their Phancies, with the Hopes of I know not what *Spiritual Treasure*, which the *Roman Mafis* or *Pontiff*, will distribute among the Pilgrims that resort to *Rome*, during this *Holy Year*.

This,

This, as I am told, is Celebrated in Imitation of the *Sabbatical Year*, formerly observed by the *Jews*, when they posseſſ'd the *Holy Land*. The *Hebrew Writers*, such as *Josephus* and others, call That also the *Year of Jubilee*. Their *Cabbalists*, like the *Pythagoreans*, pretended to derive Great *Mysteries* from certain *Numbers*: And the Number *Seven*, was had in particular Veneration by the *Hebrews*: Therefore they kept every *Seventh Day*, *Week* and *Year*, *Holy*. In the *Seventh Year* it was not *Lawful* to till the *Ground*, plant *Vineyards*, or sow any *Seed*. And when *Seven Times Seven Years* were expired, the *Year of Jubilee* was proclaim'd, being always the *Fiftieth*. They proclaim'd it by *Trumpets*, throughout the whole Country of *Paleſtine*, in the Forty Ninth *Year*. And the *Muezins* cry'd in the *Gates* of their *Cities* and *Synagogues*, at the Beginning of the *Jubilee*:
“ Let every Man return this *Year* to his Own
“ *Poſſeſſion* and *Tribe*, whether he be a *Slave*
“ or *Free*. He that has fold his *Houſes* or
“ *Lands*, if he was not before able to redeem
“ them, let him this *Year* take *Poſſeſſion* of
“ his *Inheritance*. He that is become another
“ *Man's Slave*, and neither himself nor his
“ Friends can redeem him, let him this *Year*
“ be dismiss'd, and ſent *Home* to the *Family*
“ to which he belongs; for, henceforth he is
“ *Free*, by the *Indulgence* of the *Law*. Let no
“ *Man* ſow the *Ground*, nor gather the *Fruits*
“ that grow of themselves this *Year*. But, let
“ the *Earth* as well as its *Inhabitants*, enjoy *Li-*
“ *berty*

" berty and Rest; for, this is the Year of Grace
" and Divine Bounty.

After this Manner was the Hebrew Jubilee Proclaim'd, and Observ'd. And, they say, from hence arose the Custom amongst the Christians, who in many Things may be stylid the Jews Apes. But others say, that the present Roman Jubilee, is deriv'd from the Secular Games, Celebrated by their Pagan Ancestors; In Regard, This was renew'd every Hundred Years at first, even as Those Games were. Whence it was, that the Cryer in those Days, at the Indiction of the Secular Games, said, "Come to the Plays which no Man Living has yet seen, nor shall ever see again. For, Man's Life being Generally so Short, they thought it improbable, that any Mortal should live to see this Solemnity repeated.

The Modern Jubilee, was first Publish'd by Boniface IX. Bishop of Rome, in the Year 1300 of the Christians Hegira. At which Time, he promis'd Full and Entire Remission of Sins, to all who should resort in Pilgrimage to Rome that Year. After him, it was Celebrated every Hundred Year, according to his Institution, till the Days of Clement VI. Who, at the Instance of the Roman Citizens, reduc'd it to every Fiftieth Year. Then Urban VI. another Pope, reduc'd it to the Thirty Third Year. And last of all, Paul II. contracted the Interval to Five and Twenty Years. Which Space of Time, has been observ'd by all his Successors to this Day.

If

If thou wouldest know the Reason, why they have thus alter'd the *Periods*; It is for Profit. For, in the Year of *Jubilee*, there is a vast Conflux of People, from all Parts of *Europe*: Who bring a far greater Treasure into the Roman Coffers, than they carry away from that City. Though the *Pope*, 'tis said, is very Liberal of that which they call the *Treasure* of the *Church*: Which is a certain *Fund* of *Merits*, and *Superabundant Graces*, left by the *Messiah* and his *Saints*, in the Custody of this *Prelate*, to supply the Defects and Infirmitie's of Sinful Men. And they believe, 'tis only in his Power, to dispose of this *Heavenly Wealth* to whom he pleases. They talk also of *Indulgencies* and *Pardons*, whereby the *Holy Father* can redeem Men from all Sin, and the Punishments that are due to it. And this Wonderful Prerogative, they say, does not only benefit the *Living*, but extends even to the *Souls Departed*; whom the *Pope*, according to their Persuasion, can free from the *Torments of Purgatory*, and at his Pleasure admit into the *Gates of Paradise*.

We that are *Mussulmans*, cannot declaim against the *Doctrine of Praying for the Dead*, since it is practis'd by all the *Faithful*. Neither have we Reason to inveigh against *Indulgencies*, or *Releases from Penance*. But that the Power of granting and dispensing these Favours, should be only reposited in the *Christian Mufti*, will not accord with the *Faith* of a *True Believer*. We know who swore by the *Hoofs* of his *Swift* and *Faithful Elborach*,

Elborach, which in One Night carry'd him a Journey of Six Moons, that from thenceforth the Key of *Araf*, or the Place of Prison, was committed to him. Doubtless, the Omnipotent can transfer his Commissions, when and to whom he pleases. If he once gave this Authority, of Remitting Sins, to the *Messiah*, and *Peter* his Lieutenant, does it follow, that all *Peter's Successors*, the Califfs of *Rome*, have retain'd this Privilege? There have been many Good Men in that Seat, and not a Few Wicked: Some Prophets, and some Magicians: A Catalogue interpers'd with *Saints*, *Martyrs*, *Butchers* and *Devils*.

But 'tis evident, they forfeited their Authority, when they declin'd from the Truth, from the unblameable Profession of the Divine Unity, and resisted the *Messenger of Heaven*, sent to correct their Errors, reform their Vices, and reduce Mankind to *One Law of Virtue* and *Light*.

I write not Partially, nor am I imbitter'd against the *Patriarch of the Romans*. He is a Man like others, subject to the Will of Destiny. The *Babylonian Califfs* and those of *Egypt*, Successively enjoy'd the same Power, transmitted to them from the *Prophet*, who seal'd up all the Former *Dispensations*. Yet in Time, through their Sins, they forfeited their Authority, together with their Empire, when the Bright *Osmans* Conquer'd All Things. Then was the *Prophetick Office* translated to our *Mufti*, the *Guide* of those who possess the Sepulchre of *Mahomet*. To him all the *World* ought

ought to have Recourse for Solution of their Doubts, Direction in their Lives, Absolution from their Sins, and for the Passport of Immortality, the Festa requir'd of all that enter the Gates of Paradise.

But all Mortals, are Naturally tenacious of whatsoever advances their Honour and Interest. Kings hug Empty Titles, that yield them no Profit. And the Roman Bishops, are unwilling to acknowledge themselves divested of the Privileges, which were once annex'd to that Chair of Peter. They shew the Keys, the Symbols of a Power, which they have lost. And the Credulous Nazarenes believe, that Heaven and Hell are Open'd and Shut at their Pleasure. On the Eve of the Messiah's Nativity, the Present Pope Knock'd Three Times with a Golden Hammer, at the Gates of the Principal Mosque in Rome. Which were then Open'd, to signifie the ensuing Year of Jubilee; when the Christians are persuaded, that Heaven is open to all that visit Rome in this Holy Time.

I wish thee a Life of many Jubilee's.

Paris, 9th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER IV.

To the Flower of High Dignity, the
Most Magnificent Vizir Azem.

WHEN I first heard the News of the Troubles that have been at Constantinople, the Deposition of Mahomet, the late Vizir Azem, and the Advancement of the Janizar-Aga to that Dignity, I imagin'd it had been Cassim Hali. But, it seems, that Brave Old Soldier, is elevated to a more Loftier Station : He has enter'd the Immortal Possessions, being translated to an High Seat : For, I understand, he has his Rest in Paradise. On that Hero, be the Mercies of the Supreme Indulgent : Whilst I turn my self to thee, his late Successor in that Military Honour, but now the Lieutenant of the Shadow of God, I touch the Earth Thrice with my Forehead, when I salute thee, Great Prince of the Vizirs, in Token of my Humility and Reverence ; and, in Remembrance of my Original : That I, who am but the Product of Dust, a meer Worm, may not commit an Indecency, when I address to the Bright Image of our August Emperor, who is the Type of the Sun.

In speaking to Persons of thy Immense Power, I strive equally to shun Flattery, and Disrespect ; endeavouring to deport my self with

with an Even Course, between those Two Extremes, as *Mariners steer between Scylla and Charybdis.* These are dangerous Places in the *Sicilian Seas.*

All Europe Celebrates thy Praises, and Extols thy Justice, for releasing the *Ambassador of Venice,* Imprison'd in the 4th Moon of this Year. They say, since thy Assumption to this Important Trust, the *Ottoman Port* is Reform'd, and grown more Civiliz'd: (For, the *Franks* esteem all the *Followers*, of the *Prophet* who could neither Write nor Read, as *Barbarians.*)

Here is much Talk, about the Defeat given to Our Forces in *Hungary.* The *French* spare for no *Encomium's* on the *Bassa* of *Buda,* who fought valiantly, till his Legs were shot off; and then caus'd himself to be carry'd up and down through the Army, to encourage his Soldiers. Neither do they diminish the Glory that is due to his Son, who receiv'd his Death, in defending his *Father,* at what Time the Old Captain was taken Prisoner.

But they blame the Conduct of him who Besieg'd the *Fort of Clissa,* in Regard he undertook it in the Wrong Season of the Year. The Defect of a General's Judgment in such Cases, is many Times Fatal to an Army. The *French* are the best in the World, at spying Advantages, and the most dextrous in making Use of them. Most of their *Campagnes*, are spent in their Trenches, or in light Skirmishes; seldom hazarding a Battle, un-

lets on some unequal Terms, to their own Interest; and then they never let slip the Opportunity. This commends their Policy, but is no great Argument of their Courage: For, true Valour never regards Dangers. *Adonai the Jew*, sends me Word, That the *Venetians* are put in great Hopes, of accommodating their Affairs with the *Mysterious Divan*, since the Release of their *Bailo*: Yet, both they and all the *Nazarenes*, resent highly the Strangling of his Interpreter.

They understand not the Measures of the *Sublime Port*, full of Wisdom and Justice; and, that by the Terror of such Examples, the *Ministers of the Righteous Throne*, seek to prevent future Wickedness.

In these *Western Courts*, a little Gold, or a great Friend, shall easily palliate and procure a *Pardon* for the *Greatest Crimes*. Their *Processes* here, are slow in the Execution of Justice: Being Strangers to the Impetuous Orders, and swift Performance practis'd in the *East*. Besides, this *Interpreter* sported himself to Death, by the Licentiousness of his Tongue. He delighted to play upon *Majesty*, and with an Insolent Lasciviousness of Speech, to deceive *Him*, whose high, sublime and remote Intellect, uses no other Expressions of his Wrath, but the Hands of his *Mates*. It does not become the *Emperor of the World*, to be profuse in Words, as the *Christian Princes* are, who take great Pains to

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to satisfy their *Kassals*, of the Justice of their Proceedings. They cannot Condemn the Wicked without a Formal Process, wherein various Wits shew their Skill in canvassing the Cause, which, upon sincere Evidence, may be decided in Two Words. This is the *Masquerade* of *Christian Justice*, a mere Trap for Gold, the Secret of the *Western Lawyers*, who enrich themselves, at the Price of other Mens Folly, and to the Disgrace of the *Monarch*, who there pretends to Command.

Should those *Men of Law* see this Letter, and know who wrote it, how would they not Circumcise and Flay the minutest Dash of my Pen, to find Arguments of Revenge against a *Mussulman*?

All Men are full of themselves, and their Own Principles: And the *Nazarenes* of the *West*, are so brimming with them, that there is no Room left for Instruction or Amendment. Like the *Chineſes*, they boast of their own Science and Wisdom, reputing all the Rest of the World Ignorant and *Blind*.

They are so Narrow in their *Tenets*, so Dogmatical in their *Decisions*, and so conceited of All, that it is difficult for a Man who has convers'd in a freer Air, to frame himself to their Rules.

By what I have said, thou may'st determine, That it is no Easie Task for an *Arabian Native*, bred in the *Seraglio*, to con-

form himself adroit, to the Humours and Fashions of France. Yet, I curb all the Natural Propensities of my Birth, Blood and Education, as much as in me lies, that I may serve the *Grand Signor*. I am *Incognito* in all Respects, save those wherein I cannot be hid. And, I would change my *Masque* a Hundred Times over, rather than fail of my Ends.

What can I say more to him, who only values a *Slave* for his Deeds?

I turn not my Back on thee, Sublime Idea of Absolute Power: but, retiring after the most Respectful Manner of the *Last*, I make a Thousand Obeisances, till the Antipode has cover'd me from thy Illustrious Presence.

Paris, 17th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Sedrec Al' Girawn, Chief Page
of the Treasury.

THOU wilt have Reason to wonder at
a Man pretending Acquaintance with
thee, whom thou canst not remember to have
seen. 'Tis from my Brother Pesselah, thy
former Master, I received the News of thy
late Preformers, who art thy self but Early
in Years. Yet no Time is Unseasonable, to a
Man Mature in Virtue and Wisdom.

I knew thee an Infant, in the Arms of thy
Mother, the Widow of an Arabian Souldier,
who served my Brother in the Wars of Persia.
There appeared then, such Evident Symptoms
of thy future Wit and Dexterity, as prompt-
ed thy Father's Captain, to take thee into his
Protection and Care; and thy Mother by her
Charms, soon found a Way to his Bosom.

I write not these Things, to Reproach
thee with the Meanness of thy Birth. Thy
Merits equal thee with those who are born
of Nobles. It is not the Custom of the East,
to Prefer Men for their Parentage, or because
they can shew the Dusty Statues of their An-
cestors. That is the peculiar Oversight of
the Infidels, to give that Honour to Names,
and Men of a Noisy Descent, which is only
due to Virtue. There are Families in Rome

at this Day, who boast of their Pedigrees, and that they spring from the Renowned Hero's, that are Recorded in the Histories of that Empire. But, they Glory in their Shame; since they are quite degenerated from the brave Qualities, which ennobled their Progenitors; and by their sordid Actions, are become a daily Subject for the Descants of Pasquin. This is an *Image* in a certain Publick Place in *Rome*, to which in the Night-Time, they affix the *Labels* which they dare not own: A kind of dumb Satyr, on the *Vices* of the *Grandees*; not sparing even the Chief *Musci* of the *Christians*, if he is Guilty of any Follies, which merit to come within the Verge of a *Lampoon*.

It was no Contemptible Jest, which was in this Manner put upon the present *Pope*, and one of his *Nephews*, at the latter End of the last Year. It seems, the Good Old *Father* had advanced this *Spark*, from a Poor Ignorant *Taylor*, to the Dignity of a *Roman Baron*; bestowing on him *Offices*, which brought him a *Revenue*, sufficient to maintain his *Title* and *Port*. All the Ancient *Nobility*, were disgusted at this: And some arch *Wag* was set at Work, to ridicule the *Pope's* Conduct, and the New *Baron's* Honour. Wherefore, on the Day which the *Nazarenes* Celebrate, with Great Solemnity, for the Birth-Day of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*; Early in the Morning, the forementioned *Image*, *Pasquin*, was observed to be Apparell'd all in Rags, and a very nasty Habit,

with

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with a Schedule of Paper in his Hand, wherein was writ, *How now Pasquill, what art thou in Rays at a Christmas-Day?* (for, so they call the Nativity of their *Messiah*.) And underneath was inscribed this Answer: *Alas, I cannot help it; for my TAYLOR is become a L O R D.*

Yet, notwithstanding the Obscurity of this Man's Birth, and the Menness of his Former Trade, he became an Eminent Statesman, after the Pope had exalted him to that Dignity; and lived with an unblemished Reputation, whilst he saw all or most of the Ancient Nobility, Pasquill'd every Day, for their Effeminate Vices.

By what I have said, thou may'st be assured, that I have not the Less Esteem for thee, because thou wast not the Son of a *Bessa*; since, had thy Father liv'd, his Fortune and Courage might have promoted him to that Honour, or a Command equal to it; and thou thy self art in a fair Way, to supply some Future Vacancy, in those Great Charges of the Empire.

I have no News at present to send thee, save that the Three French Princes, of whose Imprisonment I gave an Account to *Menzioz Alph*, are removed by Cardinal *Mazarini's* Order, from the Castle of *Pincienne*, to a Sea-Town called *Havre de Gract*, for Fear they should be rescued by *Marshall Turenne*, who is much Devoted to their Interests. The Princess of *Conde*, is retired to *Bourdeau*, a City at this Time in Arms against the King.

having also with her the Young *Duke of Enguier*, her Son.

The *Marshal de la Meilleray*, is gone with his Army to besiege this Place; and, 'tis said, the King will soon follow with the Whole Court. All Things seem to portend another Relapse of this State, into the Old Disorders.

But this is not of so near a Concern to us that are *Mussulmans*, as the Quarrels that I hear are broached between the *Zanizaries* and *Spahis*. They say, the whole *Ottoman Empire*, is warp'd this Way and that Way, into Contrary Factions; and that the *Seraglio* it self, is full of different Cabals, on the Account of these *Military Orders*. It afflicts me with extreme Grief, to receive Nothing but sad News from the Port, which is, or at least ought to be, a *Fountain of Joy to the Whole Earth*. I pray Heaven avert the Omen; for it looks with an Ill Presage, when the *Champions* of the *Divine Unity*, are thus divided against themselves.

If thou wilt take my Advice, enter not thy self into the Secret of either Party; but poising thy Affections with Prudence, stand Neuter to all Things, but the *Grand Signior's Interest*. In that be as Zealous as thou canst. As for the Rest, wait the Decrees of Destiny.

Paris, 29th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

Grathul Eben Shahenshah, the Arabian Philosopher has said it, and every Mans Experience confirms it, That no Humane Care can prevent the Accomplishment of what Heaven has Decreed. There are certain Moments of our Lives, wherein Fate delights to mock our Wit and Prudence, to baffle our strictest Caution, and ridicule all our Conduct; That we may learn the Lesson of Resignation, and not trust too much to our selves.

When I first saluted the Light of this Morning Sun, my Spirits were Serene and joyful: No melancholy Dreams, had left their Black Impressions on my Mind; no sadning Thoughts, possess'd my Soul: I awak'd cheerful and sprightly as the Lark. After I had Ador'd the Omnipotent, and perform'd my Accustom'd Holy Things, I began to reflect on my own Happiness, in that I had so many Years serv'd the Sublime Port, in this Station, full of Difficulties and Perils; yet by no Misfortune, had ever betray'd the least Secret of my Commission. It pleas'd me to think, I still pass'd for *Titus of Moldavia*, among the French, who are the most apprehensive People in the World; and even in the Opinion of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, like *Janus*, has

more

more Eyes than Two. I Embrac'd my self (if I may so speak) in the Conceit of my Good Success; concluding, I was born under *Fortunate Stars*, and that no Disaster could ever hurt me.

But I took wrong Measures of the *Ways of Destiny*, which are as Untraceable as the Winds. For before Mid-Day, my *Sun* was *Eclips'd*; the *Air* of my *Soul* ruffid with *Storms*, and all my *Joy* turn'd to *Mourning* and *Sadness*.

Wilt thou know the Occasion of my Grief? It was this. In the Year 1645, according to the *Style* of the *Nazarenes*, I received some particular Instructions from the then *Vizir Azem*, putting me in Mind of the Hazards I run in this Port, and giving me strict Charge, to bestow all my Letters in a securer Place, whether the Transcripts of those I write to the *Ministers* of the *Port*, (for I always retain'd a Copy of the Original) or the *Dispatches* I receive from thence.

That *Minister* was afraid, lest I might some Time or other be discover'd; and consequently, that my Chamber would be search'd. Therefore obeying his Hint, I immediately carry'd all my *Writings* to *Ezra ben Abim* the *Jew*; knowing his House to be free from any Jealousie of the *State*, and that the most Important Secrets in the *World*, might be there an *Age* unreveal'd.

The *Letters* of my *Writing*, were enclos'd in One Box, and those which I received from the *Invincible Port*, in Another. And this was

was my Constant Custom from that Time : As oft as I writ to the Ministers of the Divan, or had perus'd the *Dispatches* which came from them, I dispos'd of both in their proper Places, leaving all to the Care of Eliachim.

But, neither his Caution nor mine, were sufficient to prevent the *Resolves* of Heaven. It was determin'd Above, That we should lose some of these Papers. Eliachim came to me to Day, before the Hour of *Ulysses*, all in Passion, astonish'd, raving and staring like a Mad-Man. As soon as he enter'd my Chamber, he tore his Inner Vest, which was of Crimson Silk, fring'd round with Gold ; and cry'd, *We are undone, betray'd and ruin'd !*

I presently thought of my *Writings* ; and ask'd him, Whether they were safe. In a Word, he told me he had lost the Box, which contain'd the Letters sent from the Ministers of the Port to me, and that his Slave a Negro, whom he kept in his House, was missing. Thou mayst imagine, Sage Minister, that this News put me into no small Confusion. I presently suspected, that this Villain of a Negro, had got the *Writings*, and was gone to *Cardinal Mazarini* with em : But then recollecting with Cooler Thoughts, That this *African* understood not *Arabick*, in which *Language* alone Eliachim and I us'd to converse ; and, that consequently, he never could know our Affairs, or read the *Letters*, which might tempt him to such a *Treason*, I was at a Loss what to think of it : Neither am I better

better satisfy'd now, though I have ruminated on it these Twelve Hours. Only I think, if *Cardinal Mazarini* has these *Papers* in his Custody, he would have given Orders before this Time, to seize the supposed *Titus of Moldavia*. For, some of these *Letters*, take Notice of my having assumed that Name. But I cannot perceive any Attempt has been made in that Kind, or that any Body has been to enquire for me at my *Lodging*. For, I set *Spies* to observe, as soon as I departed thence with *Eliachim*, which was about Noon. We are now together in a Friend's House, where we shall continue till we hear farther of this Event. As yet, we are in the Dark, and full of Fears: But Time, which brings all Things to Light, will convince us, what we have to Trust to.

In the mean While, there is little News, save a Discourse of a certain *Convention* at *Norimbergh*, and the Great *Jubilee* which is Celebrated at *Rome*; where, they say, the Christians Chief *Mufti*, the Week before their *Beiram*, or *Easter*, wash'd the Feet of Twelve Pilgrims; and that *Cardinal Ludovisio*, entertain'd Nine Thousand of these *Devotees* at once, with a very Magnificent Feast. They say also, That the *Pope* will get this Year Two Millions of *Sequins*, by the Refort of Pilgrims to that City.

The King of Denmark's Resident at this Court, has received a Letter, which Certifies him, that his *Master* has declar'd Prince *Christian* his Son, Successor in the Throne.

They

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They talk also, of a Marriage lately solemniz'd between *Charles*, a German Count, and *Charlotte*, Sister to the *Lantgrave of Hesse-Cassel*.

But that which most takes up Mens Ears, and employs their Tongues and Thoughts, are the *Civil Wars* of this Kingdom; which is all in a Flame, by Occasion of the Imprisonment of the *Prince of Conde*, and his Brothers. The Citizens of *Paris* are very jocund, at the repeated News of the King's Ill Success: For, they wish not well to his Arms, whilst employed against the *Malecontents*.

Illustrious Old *Grandee*, I wish thee the Years of *Nestor*, and those Calculated by Full Moons of *Prosperity*. But I pray Heaven avert from thee, some of his Moments; wherein, they say, he was tormented with the *Gout*, as I am at this Instant. It is a Pain hardly to be supported.

Paris, 11th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To the same.

BY the God whom I Adore, and by his Shadow, I swear, There is no Disloyalty in *Mahmut*: Yet his Life is full of Temptations and Perils. The Box of Letters I mention'd in my Last, is irrecoverably gone, and laid up in the Bowels of the Earth; if we may believe the Confession of a Man, every Angle of whose Heart, has been search'd with exquisite Torments, even to Death.

Eliachim's Slave, the Negro whom I spoke of, mistook that Box, for one very like it, out of which he had often seen his Master take Jewels: For, this is the particular Merchandise of that Jew. And the Weight of each was not so Unequal, as to rectifie his Error. Lucre tempted him, and the desire of Liberty. Whilst the Darkness (for he committed this Villainy before Sun-rising) and his own Guilty Fears, conspir'd to baffle his intended Theft. The Boxes stood together (so Careful was *Eliachim* of the Sublime Secrets, as not to venture 'em in a Place less secure, than that of his Jewels) and the Villain hasty to be gone, and confounded for want of Light, took up that wherein were the Writings, instead of his design'd Prey, the Jewels. He went directly into the Fields, purposing to bury this suppos'd Treasure in the Earth,

in

in some private Place, where he might take it forth at Discretion. But first opening the *Box*, to supply himself with such *Stones* as he thought would be unquestionable Pawns for Money, to answer his present Necessities, that so he might the better provide for his Concealment; he was astonish'd, and his Heart became like Lead, when he found Nothing but Papers, full of Characters, to which he was wholly a Stranger. A Thousand Resolutions presented themselves to him, in that Agony of his Mind, and he knew not which to fix on. Sometimes he thought to carry the *Box* back again as he found it; and since his Design had been thus strangely baulk-ed, to Content himself till another Opportunity. But then he consider'd, 'twas too late to return before his *Master* would miss both his *Slave* and *Box*; for the Sun was now far advanced in our Hemisphere, and *Eliachim* is an early Riser. In a Word, therefore he thought it the safest Way, to bury it in the Ground, as he first intended had it been the *Box* of *Jewels*, and so shift for himself. Proposing to himself this Advantage, in hiding the *Papers* in a secure Place, That if they were of Value, he might at any Time make Composition with his *Master*, by discovering where they were.

All that I have here related, is drawn from his own Mouth in the Midst of Tortures. For *Eliachim* soon heard of his Fugitive *Negro*, who was seiz'd on the Rode to *Lyon*, by some Correspondents of this *Jew*. Who having

having Intelligence of it, took Horse immediately, and went to the Place. He did not think it safe to make a publick Busines of it, or to arraign him before the appointed Judges of the *Country*; But relying on the *Justice* of his *Cause*, and the *Right* of a *Master*, he privately put him to *Tortures* of divers Kinds, in a House where he cou'd command any Thing.

The stout *African*, at first deny'd that he had medl'd with any *Box*; saying, he escap'd purely for the Sake of *Liberty*. But when a Succession of divers *Torments* had quite overthrown his *Constancy*, he confessed all that I have already related. *Eliachim* still suspecting worse, and that he only fram'd this as a plausible Story to be freed from, or at least to respite the Pains he suffered, caus'd sharp Thorns to be thrust under the Nails of his Fingers and Toes; believing, that the Extremity of so sensible a Pain, wou'd extort the true Secret from him. But he cou'd get Nothing else from the poor excruciated *Negro*, though now almost ready to expire, than that he had hid the *Box* under-Ground in a certain Corner of a Field, out of the City: To which he knew not how to direct *Eliachim*, but promis'd to shew it him, if he wou'd carry him alive to *Paris*.

This was no hard Task to perform, in the Opinion of the *Jew*; it being but a Days-Journey to this City, from the Place where they then were. But he was deceived in his Hopes; and now all the Applications and Cordials they cou'd use, came too late: For, that very Night, the *Negro* breath'd out his Soul.

However,

However, when *Eliachim* came to *Paris*, he follow'd the Directions of his dead *Slave* as well as he cou'd, in searching every Corner of the Fields on that Side of the City, where this *Black* had been seen to go out. But all to no Purpose. He cou'd find nothing; nor have we any Hopes, ever to see that *Box* again. Yet I have many Qualms of Fear, lest some Time or other it should come to Light, to our Disadvantage and Ruine.

I desire thy Instructions, Sage *Gouvernour* of the *Capital* City, how I shall deport my self, if it be my Lot to be discover'd. As to the Remaining *Box*, which has in it the Transcripts of my own *Dispatches*, I have taken it Home to my Lodging. Believing it will be as safe here, as in the House of *Eliachim*; since that faithful *Jew*, is no more exempted from Contingencies, than my self: And I have no Servant to betray me.

This *Kingdom* abounds at present, in Treasons and Rebellions. The *French* spare not to massacre one another, for the Sake of a Passion: While the *Spaniards* make their Advantages of these Intestine Feuds. For, under Pretence of assisting the *Princes* of the *Blood*, they get Footing in *Picardy*, from whence it will not be easy to expel them. *Leopold*, Arch-Duke of *Austria*, is at the Head of the *Spanish Army*; and has taken several Towns, belonging to the *French King*.

When the Quarrels of these *Infidels* will end, I am not sollicitous; my Thoughts being ever taken up, in the Service which I owe to the Empire of *True Believers*. I can-

I cannot bid thee Adieu, Illustrious Kaim-cham, till I have assur'd thee, I am macerated with Zeal for the Grand Signor.

Paris, 23d. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman, Kuslir Aga, Prince of
the Black Eunuchs.

After I had perus'd thy Dispatch, where-with thou hast honoured the Slave Mahomet; as I was full of Joy for the continued Demonstrations of thy Friendship and Protection, so my Breast conceiv'd an Indignation at the Affront, which has been offer'd to the Sublime Port by the Cham of the Tartars, in presuming to demand the Tutelage of our August Emperour. It is an Indignity to the Ministers of Supreme Justice and Honour, Lights of the Imperial Divan, to whom is committed the Cognizance of all Human Events; The Illustrious Vizirs, who manage the Affairs of the Mighty and Invincible Sultan Mahomet, whose Throne may God fortify, till the Moon shall no more appear in the Heavens.

Those People have been ever thirsty of Rule; and 'tis number'd among the Vertues of their Ancestors, that they enlarg'd their Dominions by

by the keen Edge of their Swords. But in all the Registers and Archives of the Empire, it has not been found, that any of that Nation challeng'd a Right to Govern our Sultans, though during their Minority. It is sufficient, That they shall have the Honour (according to the Ancient Capitulations) to succeed in the Throne of the *Osman* Princes, if ever that Sacred Line shou'd be extinct: Which God avert, till the Final Consummation.

It is a Wonder, they demanded not also his Royal Brothers, the other Sons of Sultan Ibrahim; that so they might at one Blow, cut off the whole *Osman* Race, and take Possession of the Vacant Throne.

I have not heard any Thing these many Moons, what is become of those High-born Infants; whether they are alive, or sacrific'd to the Jealousie of the Sultan, as has been the Custom. Here are various flying Reports concerning them. Some say, that thou hast convey'd away Sultan Achmet, and that he is privately Educated in the House of a certain Georgian. The Blessing of Mahomet be upon thee, and refresh thy Heart, if thou hast taken this Care to preserve the Life of an *Osman* Prince, which is more precious than a Hundred Thousand of Common Birth.

As for *Solyman* and the Rest of that Sublime Race, the French give 'em over for lost; And I cannot contradict 'em, for Want of true Intelligence. Besides, I have Reason to fear it is too true: In Regard it has been the cruel Practice of all, or most of our late Emperors, either

either to slaughter their Brethren as soon as they ascend the Throne, or to put 'em to a more lingring Death and Martyrdom in a Prison.

'Tis true indeed, our present Sovereign is not yet arriv'd to those Years, wherein Children commonly lose their Native Innocence. I believe, he suspects none of his Brethren, nor harbours any unkind Thoughts against their Lives. Yet Cruelty may be insinuated into his Tender Years, by the Artifices of his Mother; especially against those of his Father's Blood, that did not also partake of hers. For Sultan Ibrahim, thou know'st, had Children by other Women, beside the Sultana Valede.

The Malteses think they have one of these Royal Infants in their Possession: Thou knowest the whole Story of thy Predecessor's Voyage toward Egypt, with his Beautiful Slave and her Son, whom these Infidels honour as the Off-spring of the Grand Signior. Thou art not Ignorant also, that this Infant with his Mother were Banish'd, out of Jealousy, by the Order of Her who bore in her Womb Sultan Mahomet, our Glorious Sovereign. The Remembrance of which makes me tremble, for the Sake of the Young Princes, if there be any yet remaining alive. It is in thy Power to certify me, and in doing so thou wilt rid me of much Anxiety.

I am but a Slave of the Slaves who serve the Grand Signior; and it is not decent for me to descant on the Actions of our most Absolute Monarch, whose Will is not to be controul'd.

But

But I am still a Man, and have some Share of Humanity and Reason. Thou also art my particular Friend, and wilt permit me to discourse with Freedom. Was it not a *Bloody Feast*, to which our King's Great Grandfather, *Mahomet III.* invited Nineteen of his Brethren, on the Day of his *Inauguration*? Was it not a cruel Act, to cause those *Royal Guests*, in whose Veins ran the *Blood of his Own Father*, to be strangled, before they departed from his Table? No less Inhuman was it of *Mahomet*, the late *Vizir Arem*, to guide the Hand of this our Present *Sovereign*, when but Six Years Old, and incapable of knowing what he did, to sign a *Warrant*, for the *Execution* of his *Father*. Well may the *Nazarenes* call us *Barbarians*, when they contemplate the *Empire of the Mussulmans*, supported by such *Unnatural Methods*.

Thou that hast the Superlative Honour, of being the Immediate *Guardian* of our Young *Emperour*, wilt pardon the Liberty I take. Ascribe all to the Force of my Zeal and Loyalty. Thou art valiant and wise. Protect thy Charge, as the *Crystal* of thine Eyes, which thou wilt not suffer to be hurt by the Dust of the Streets.

Paris, 14th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Gnet Oglou.

Notwithstanding all my *Philosophy*, I have not Command enough of my Passion, to conceal it from thee, who hast always been the Partaker of my Unequal Fortunes. What ever Magnanimity of Spirit I pretended to formerly in my Sicknes, 'tis at present overcome by the Desire of Ease. At that Time, I remember, some *Stoical* Considerations made me industriously hide from thee the tormenting Pains I felt. I endeavoured to disguise my Sufferings, and to paint my Misery in such Colours, that it could hardly be distinguished from Happiness. But now I have no Courage enough, to hide from thee my Fears and Apprehensions: And all *Seneca's Morsals*, are too little to hinder me, from complaining of the Uncertainty that we daily experience in Human Affairs. This is a *Theme* so Popular, that were not my particular Misfortunes very pressing, 'twou'd make me fick to say any Thing on a Subject, that has been in every Man's Mouth, since the Time that our *First Father* appear'd among the *Fris*. Therefore thou mayst be assured, I am not going about to make a *Declamation*, or play the *Orator*; to expatiate and make large Descants, on the *Instability of all Things*. What I have to say, refers to my self, and no body else, save

sake to those who are the Occasion of my Melancholy.

In the 10th. Moon of the last Year, I sent a Letter to Kenan Bassa, the New Hafnadar-Bassy. I have a Copy of it by me, as I always retain of whatever Dispatches I send to the Swalime Port, whether to the Publick Ministers, or my Private Friends.

I have perus'd this Letter several Times within these Eight and Forty Hours, and can find no just Ground of Offence, which that Grandee cou'd take thereat: Unless he was angry with me, for desiring him to be careful in transmitting my Money. As for the Rest, I only obey'd the particular Instructions, I received from Mahomet the late Vizir Azem: Who commanded me, not to spare the Greatest Minister of the Port, if I had reason either to counsel or reprehend him: For, said he in his Letter, *To this End art thou plac'd at such a Distance, that besides the Service thou dost our Sovereign in disclosing the Secrets of the Infidels, thou mayst also be free to write, whatever thou thinkest will conduce to his Interest, without standing in Fear of the Revenge of the Grandees.* These were the very Words, of the Prime Minister of the Ottoman Empire.

Now I only told him of some Miscarriages in his Predecessors, warning him to be wary in his Station. Either he was offended at this Freedom I took, or because I presum'd to advise him how to order my Bills. Be it which it will, I have had a severe Reprimand from the Red Effendi, whom I have the greatest

Reason in the World, to esteem my Friend. It wou'd never have vex'd me, had he wrote plainly, and not disguised his Sentiments. But all was obscure, saving One blunt Expression, which convinc'd me, That the real Ground of all this Anger, was my Letter to Keenan, wherein I desir'd his Care as to my Money. Can that Minister blame me, for being apprehensive of Want in a Foreign Country, a Region of Infidels, where I have no other Commerce, but with Courtiers and Strangers; where if I shou'd be in the least suspected, they wou'd presently put me in Prison, which wou'd hazard a Discovery of the Sublime Secrets? Does he not know, That Money commands all Things; and that the Greatest Potentates, obey the Power of Gold? It cannot be imagin'd, but that a Man in my Post, has a Thousand pressing Occasions for Money, which tis troublesome to express. And I have had very wrong Notions of my Employment, if I deserve on this Account, to be reprov'd and threaten'd with such Politick Circumlocutions: For, the Secretary charges me, with Unwillingness to continue in the Service of the Ever Happy Port: As if he thought my Fidelity were corrupted, or that I had an Inclination to the Nazarene Interest.

I tell thee, my Gnat, Perfidy I ever abhor'd. This appears to me, the most terrible and odious of all Vices. I cou'd bear the Guilt and Reproach of a great many Crimes, which have less of Malice in their Constitution. I am not ashame'd of many Venial Extravagies, which

which I daily commit, though the Law is severe against them. But, could any Man accuse me of Willful Treachery, and Ingratitude, I would pray instantly, That the Luminaries of Heaven might be extinguish'd, and that no Terrene Substance, might henceforth have in it the least Potential Light: That so I might neither be capable of seeing my self, or of being expos'd to the Eyes of Others. And the better to escape the Confusion, which wou'd attend that Horrid Guilt, I would not only avoid Human Society, but if it were possible, I wou'd run away from my self.

After all this, methinks such a Temper need not be suspected, as averse from the Interest, to which he has so solemnly sworn.

I wou'd not have troubled thee with the News of any other Affliction; but, to be suspected of what I never was Guilty of, and to be menac'd in dark Mysterious Terms, not by an Enemy, but by my Friend, and one who has in his Keeping the Immortal Records of my Zeal and Integrity; This cuts me to the Heart. And I had no other Way to ease my self, but by venting my Anguish to thee.

If any of the Ministers will charge me with Weakness, or want of Ability to act in this Station, I should have no Reason to repine: Since none of them can think so meanly of Mahmut, as he does of himself. I boast of Nothing, but a Loyalty to my Trust, incapable of being corrupted.

But I forget that I am a *Mussulman*, and therefore ought to be resign'd to the *Will of Heaven* in all Things, without Complaint or Murmur. Besides, I am infinitely oblig'd, in many Regards, to the *Rais Effendi*; and therefore, he may be allow'd to take his own Advantages. Perhaps his Reproofs may be Just, and 'tis my own Peevishness that hinders me from discerning it. However, I cou'd wish he woud henceforth express his Resentments with less Obscurity, and not give me Grounds to apprehend the Loss of his Friendship.

For, where I once love, I hate a Change. And if thou beest of the same Mind, We Two shall continue our *Friendship*, to the *Other Side of the Grave*.

Paris, 30th. of the 11th. Month,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER
albeit the author who has
had occasion to write to
you concerning your late
and sudden departure
from Paris, has told you in
his last Letter, how
soon he will be ready to
travel, and when he
will be at your service.

LETTER IX.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IF thou wilt permit me to learn Something from *Husbandmen*, They say, 'tis not profitable to plough the Fields whose barren Glebe brings forth Nothing but Briars and Thorns. Such are the Grounds of Passion and Anger among Friends. Let 'em lie Fallow for ever. Perhaps, thou wilt call it Presumption in me, to challenge such a Relation between us. Or, if thou ownest the Title of a Friend, thou wilt claim a Right to reprove me. Be it how it will, Reproofs make the best Impression, when they are given with Mildness and Moderation. Especially they ought not to be founded on a Mistake, or false Apprehension. For they appear like Arrows discharg'd in the Dark, which being shot at Random, may by giving on undeserved Wound, make an Enemy of a Friend, or at least fender a Friend suspected to be an Enemy.

But I tell thee, I will not blow up the Embers of a Fire, whose Flame is extinguish'd long ago, and whereof by this Time, I hope, there remains not the least Smoak. I never lov'd to add Fuel in such Cafes: Otherwise, had I return'd an Answer to thy angry Letter, in the Heat of my Resentments, I might

have play'd the Incendiary : For I had both Matter enough, and Passion sufficient, to ventilate the already kindled Sparks. And, of this, I know thou art sensible.

Well! to make the best Construction of it. The *Hafnadarbasy* was affronted, I believe, at the Freedom I took in advising him; not knowing that I had Positive Orders to do so, even to the *First Minister of State*, if I saw Occasion. And to vent his Choler, he mis-represented the Business to thee, hoping by thy Means, to awe me into a fawning Acknowledgment of my supposed Crime. If this was thy Intention in writing that sharp Letter, I smile at his Mistake; but am sorry for thine, because I esteem thee my Friend. 'Twas but an Oversight in you both; and so let it pass.

Thy Friendship I court, and refuse not his, nor that of any Officer of the Seraglio. I honour all the *Bassa's* and *Ministers* of the Imperial Port: I shew to every one the Respect that is due to his *Quality*: But I am commanded to write with Freedom to all, and not to speak, as if I had the Bearded Head of a Barly-Stalk on my Tongue, which is apt to slip down a Man's Throat, and threatens to choak him that speaks whilst it is in his Mouth. This Charge I first receiv'd from the late *Vizir Arem, Mahomet*, and it has been since renew'd with fresh Instructions from others of Great Authority. They all tell me with much Assurance, That one chief End of my being plac'd here, is, that being

out

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out of the Limits of the Ottoman Empire, yet holding a constant Intelligence, I may freely and without Fear, reprove the Vices and encourage the Virtues of the Greatest Governors and Princes among the *Musulmans*. Nay, I am threatened with Punishment and the Sultan's Displeasure, if I neglect any Opportunity of this Nature, or appear Partial and Timorous in my Reprehensions.

For, it seems, this is judged the most ready and effectual Method, to reform the Corruptions that are crept into Court, Camp, and City: Since every Man is oblig'd to communicate the Letters which he receives from me: And they are all Registered by thy Care: Whereby the *Grandees* are compell'd, either to live within the Limits of Justice, and their Duty, or else to be the Discoverers of their own Faults: Which will unavoidably bring them into Disgrace, if not to the Loss of their Liberty and Lives; or at least put them to the Expence of costly Presents, to make their Attonement. And, thou knowest, some Men would almost as willingly part with their Lives, as their Money, which is their God.

After all this, I hope thou wilt not be displeased, if I perform my Duty. It is not for me to be frightned with Menaces, or soothed with Bribes. My Integrity is Proof against the Pride of the one, and Baseness of the other. Yet I have a great Esteem for the *Treasurer* and thee, with other *Ministers* who are my Friends. I could, to serve such, freely hazard my Liberty, Fortune, and any Thing

but my Honour, which I value at a far higher Rate than my Life.

Thou mayst Register it for a Truth, That an English Ambassador was in the 6th. Moon of this Year, murder'd by Villains in his Chamber at Madrid, the Capital City of Spain. There has been also a Great Battle fought in Scotland, between the Army of that Nation, who maintain their King's Interest, and the Forces of the New English Common-Wealth; wherein the Latter obtain'd a Signal Victory, having kill'd Three Thousand on the Spot, taken Nine Thousand Prisoners, Fifteen Thousand Arms, Two Hundred Ensigns, and all their Cannon and Baggage. These are Prosperous Beginnings of that Republick, and redound much to the Honour of the English General, Oliver, whom every Body extols for a Gallant Man. And I can assure thee, these Western Nations are not barren of Heroes.

Principal Scribe of the Mussulmans, I wish thy Heart may be a Transcript of the Best Copies.

Paris, 1st. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Solyman Aga, Principal Chamberlain of the *Womens Apartments* in the Seraglio.

These Tartars, of whom I spake to thee in my last, are a strange Sort of People in their Manner of Life. But we must not censure 'em, because we are of Kin. I speak not of my self: For, though I am an Arab, yet the greatest part of those who serve in the Armies of the Grand Signior, are descended from the Crims. I mean, the Spahis and Timariots. Thou know'st the Originals of these Military Orders, and that they are more Honourable than the Janizaries; who being Strangers by Blood, are brought up to the Lust of the Seraglio. They know neither Father nor Mother, (I speak of the Tributary Youths) nor have they any Partial Fondness for their Native Country. They are Educated in a perfect Resignation to the Grand Signior, and his Chief Ministers: Yet often disobey both, and not seldom put 'em in Hazard of their Lives. How many Vizirs, have been sacrificed to a cunning Janizar-Aga; who to prevent his own Ruine, has tempted those under his Command to Mutiny, and accept of no Attonement for their pretended Grievances,

vances, less than the Life of the First Deputy. The Rigid *Fuse* of Sultan Osman, Uncle to our present Sovereign, will not be forgot by those who love the Ottoman Family better than these *Bastard-Hectors*. Shall the Empire of True Believers, be ruin'd by Renegades? Besides, their Discipline is extremely corrupted; they marry, and follow Mechanick Trades, repugnant to the Austere Manners of the Primitive Guards, who were wholly attentive to *Martial Exercises*.

Were this to come to the Hands of a Janizary, he would curse me to the Pains which have neither *Adedium* nor *End*. Yet I had once a Friend of that Order, Cassim Hali, the Chief Aga, a brave Man, and of the same Sentiments as my self. He sought to reform that Disorderly *Militia*, but was oppos'd by the Wise Men in Power. He wou'd freely have sacrific'd his own Grandeur and Interest, for the Good of the Musselman Empire; but was over-aw'd by those, who had no other Interest, but in its Ruine.

Thou know'st who I mean; Neither am I a Stranger to the Heroick Bravery of the Faithful Solymans, when he bearded the Bostangi Aga on that Account. That Gardiner was of the *Faction*, being the Son of a Janizary, and train'd up in all the Practices of the Sedition. It makes me afriad, when I hear the Infidels upbraid the *Wise* of the *Wise*, the Supreme Monarch on Earth with Folly, for permitting this Insolent and Mutinous Soldiery, to continue in the Empire. And I tremble

to think, That one Time or other, the Renown'd Off-spring of Erzogrie, will owe its Ruine and Catastrophe, to these Diloyal Vipers, whom it cherishes in the Seraglio.

Much more affur'd is the French King of his Guard of Switzers; whose Fidelity was never stain'd, with the least Infamous Brand of Perfidiousness, in taking up Arms against their Master, whose Bread they eat. These are Mercenary Soldiers, who travel out of their Native Country, to serve Foreign Princes; and will shed the last drop of their Blood, rather than betray their Trust. Therefore they are admitted into the Palaces, and nigh the Bed-Chambers of the Pope, and the King of France, with full Confidence of their Valour and Integrity.

As for their Country, it is barren and poor, consisting chiefly of Rocks and Desarts: Which occasions the Youth, who are generally very strong and hardy, to seek their Subsistence abroad, by serving in the Guards and Armies of Neighbouring Monarchs and States.

Some Regiments of the Switzers, now serve in the Wars of Candy, under the Standard of Venice.

There are Vessels arriv'd lately in some of the French Harbours, which bring News of the ill Success of our Arms in the Siege of Candy, the Chief City of that Island. They talk, as if above Two Thousand Mussulmen were blown up in the Ninth Month, and that Chusaein Bassa, discourag'd by this Loss, and with the Inconveniences of the approaching

ing Winter, was forc'd to raise the Siege, in the Moon of October.

The French magnify the Valour of the Knights of Malta, who signaliz'd themselves by many brave Actions, during this Siege. And if all be true, that is related of these Christian Champions, we cannot in common Justice deny 'em their due Character, and number some of them at least among the Heros.

Otherwise, we shou'd come short of these Western Nazarenes in Generosity, who with no less honourable Expressions, extol the repeated Courage, and Invincible Constancy of the Illustrious Chusaein, and the Alacrity of all the Mussulman Soldiers, in the Service of our Great Master.

Yet they cannot forbear reflecting on the Cowardise of the Janizaries; who after that fatal Blow, had they stoutly maintain'd their other Posts, that brave Bassa wou'd not so soon have quitted the Siege of this Important Place.

As for other News, I have little to acquaint thee with, save a seeming Calm at present in this Kingdom of France, which has for the greatest Part of the Year, been harrass'd with Civil Discords and Slaughters. Bourdeaux, the Chief City which held out against the King, is now reduc'd to Obedience, the pacify'd Monarch retir'd, and an Appearance of Peace.

The Queen of Sweden, we hear, was solemnly Crown'd in the Tenth Moon of the last Year,

Year, having declar'd for her Successor, *Carolus Gustavus*, Prince-Palatine, and her Cousin.

In the same Moon, died the Prince of Orange; and soon after, the Count d'Avaux, a French Grandee, and Minister of State.

In the mean Time, I rejoice to hear, that my old Friends are Alive and Flourishing; and, that the Knot is not loosen'd, which was ty'd in our Youth. May it continue firm, to the Day of the Earthquake, and to a Term Unlimited.

Paris, 29th. of the 1st. Moon,

of the Year 1651.

LETTER XII.

To Kisur Dramelec, Secretary of the Nazarene Affairs, at the Port.

IN the Name of God and his Prophet, what Occasion hadst thou to send me such an angry Letter? Thou that art thy self but a Slave, as I am, to the Slaves of him, whose Throne is above the Flight of the Eagle! Dost thou think to frighten Mahmut into a sordid Compliance with thy Ambition, whom Nothing can terrify, so long as he preserves himself free from any Stain of Disloyalty? I tell thee,

I'm

I'm another *Achilles*, Invulnerable all over,
Save the Soles of my Feet, which are the Emblems
of our most tender Affections. There
thou may'st wound me, with the soft Arrows of pretended Friendship. But if once
thou appearest, with the Naked Face of an
Enemy, I'm presently on my Guard.

Thou accusest me of many Crimes, whereof
of I was never Guilty; loadest me with a Thousand undeserved Reproaches, and all to
vent thy Choler: Threatning me with Revenge,
because I once excus'd the Lateness of my Ad-
dress to *Minezim Alnph Bassa*, then newly
Vested by our Munificent *Sultan*, by laying
the Blame on the Badness of the Ways, or the
Insolence of Soldiers by whom the *Posts* are
often intercepted in Time of War: or, in
Fine, on thy Neglect in not supplying me
with more early Intelligence. Wherein tis
easie to discern, That thou wert the last I
wou'd accuse to that *Minister*, though thou
wert Principally in the Fault. For I was after-
wards inform'd, That the *Posts* were neither
retarded by any *Impassable* Roads, or stopp'd
by the Orders of *Military Men*, but arriv'd
here at their accustom'd Seasons. Where-
fore thou hast no Reason to be offended at
me, unleis it be for the Shortness of my Ac-
cusation, and that it was defective in Malice.
Thou wouldest take it ill, if in my own
Defence I shou'd complain to the *Peyz Azem*,
of thy frequent Neglects in this Kind. But I
scorn to vindicate my self, at the Price of a-
nothor Man's Disgrace and Peril. Only I
advise

adviseth thee, to forbear threatening. It is a Reflection on thy Prudence, to menace a Man who has no other Resentments of thy Passion, than to own himself oblig'd to thee, for so open a Discovery of it. Woud'st have the very Spleen of my Humour? I smile at thee. Thou hast made me as Jocund as *Democritus*. If thou know'st not who I mean; He was a pleasant sort of a *Philosopher*, to whom all Human Actions, were Objects of Mirth. There was another Whining *Sage*, that perpetually wept. The most Comical Passages, and such as mov'd all Men to Laughter, drew Floods of Tears from his Eyes. His Name was *Heraclitus*. It is hard to determine, which of these Two was in the Right. But I think I am not much in the Wrong, to be a little pleasant with thee. Perhaps, it may put thee into a better Humour. However, I wou'd not have thee be displeas'd with thy self, for being of so peevish a Disposition. 'Tis observ'd, That Passionate Men are always best Natur'd, and free from secret Malice. Choler is as necessary as our Blood. Without the *Latter*, we cou'd not live; and if we were void of the *Former*, our Lives wou'd be as *Unactive*, as that of Snails and Oysters. We shou'd be absolute *Drones*.

Hippocrates, the famous *Physician*, says, This *Complexion* is the most Noble of all the Four, transforming *Men* to *Heroes*, and refining our *Earthly Mold*, to a Constitution like that of the *Immortal Gods*; whose Bodies, according to the *Poets*, consist wholly of an *Ethereal Flame*. Therefore.

Therefore be not disengaged, neither vio-
lent at a Temper, which ranks thee among
those, to whom *Sacrifices* are made. On the
other Side, take it not amiss from *Mahmut*,
if he tells thee, he has not Devotion enough,
to become thy Voluntary *Victim*.

Yet if I cannot be so Obsequious as to throw
my self away, by acknowledging Crimes where-
in I was never concern'd, and for which I have
a Natural Abhorrence; rest satisfy'd at least,
That I will serve thee as far as I can, without
entrenching on the Duty I owe to the *Grand
Signior*. And be assur'd, I will do thee no
Harm, so long as thou observest that Rule.

In fine, I advise thee to order thy Steps,
like a Man that is walking in the *Bogs* of *Egypt*, where if he observe the *Track* of those
who have gone before him, he may be safe;
but if his Foot slips, he Sinks in the *Mire*.
Such is the *Life of Courtiers*.

Paris, 18th. of the 2d. Moon,

of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Minezim Aluph, Bassa,

IN the Beginning of the last Year I sent thee a *Dispatch*, wherein I acquainted thee with the *Imprisonment* of Three *Princes* of the Royal Blood of France. Now thou shalt receive the News of their *Liberty*.

They were releas'd by an *Order* from the King, on the 13th. Day of this *Month*, and arriv'd in this City on the 16th, which was Yesterday, attended by a numerous *Cavalcade*, consisting of some *Princes*, divers of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, and one wou'd think, of *Half* the *Citizens* of *Paris*. Even those who triumph'd last Year, and made *Bonfires* for their Confinement; Yesterday throng'd out of the City, to welcome them Home with Acclamations of Joy, and to congratulate their Release. So fickle and inconstant a Thing is the *Multitude*, driven hither and thither, with every Artificial Declaration of *Statesmen* or *Pretence of Faction*.

But there were divers *Princes* and *Noblemen*, who from the First Hour of their being seiz'd, resolv'd not to leave a Stone unturnd, to procure their Freedom. The *Grandees* that were their Friends, retir'd to their *Governments*, and rais'd *Rebellions* in the *Provinces*. All the *Kingdom* was harass'd with *Civil Wars*. The *Parliaments* decreed against the

the Court: And there wanted not Cabals of Seditious Couriers, even in the Palace of the King, to undermine the Royal Authority; which the Cardinal Minister thought to establish, by the Imprisonment of the Princes. In all Places, the King's Interest ran Retrograde.

Thou wilt not wonder at this when thou shalt know, that the Princes of France are not Slaves to the King, like the Bassa's of the most Serene Empire, who owe all their Greatness, to the sole Favour of our Munificent Sultans. These Princes, enjoy all that and more by Inheritance, which our Grandees acquire only by their Merits, and the Smiles of their Sovereign. Hence it is, that their Interest is rivetted in the Hearts of the People, who revere the Blood Royal, in whatsoever Channels it runs.

Therefore thinking Men blame the Cardinal's Conduct in this Affair; saying, There was neither Justice nor Policy in it. Indeed, if a Mans Wit is to be measur'd by the Success of his Contrivances, the Censure of these People is true. For the Cardinal seems to have made a Trap for himself.

As soon as he perceived the King was prevail'd on by the Importunity of his Uncle, the Duke of Orleans, and the Parliament of Paris, to release the Princes, and that they had at the same Time earnestly begg'd of him, that this Minister might be remov'd from the Court, he suddenly pack'd up his Moveables, and withdrew privately towards the Place, where the Prin-

ces were Confin'd: Hoping, that though he had lost his First Point, yet he might make an indifferent After-Game, by going in Person to the Royal Prisoners, and assuring them, twas to him they ow'd their Release; since it was in his Power to carry 'em away with him, as also those who brought 'em the King's Mandate. For, he travell'd not without a considerable Gaard.

'Tis said, the Princes receiv'd him with seeming Compliments and Addresses of Civility; promising their Friendship to the Cardinal, now a Voluntary Exile, and in a worse Condition than themselves.

It is very strange that so great a Minister, who Inherited all that Absolute Power, which his Predecessor Richelieu had at this Court, should thus on a sudden abandon his Fortune. But it is thought, he is not gone to pick Straws.

However, he has by this timely Flight, avoided the Displeasure of seeing himself compell'd to depart by an Arrest of Parliament, which was publish'd within Two Days after he was gone; commanding him to depart the Kingdom, within Fifteen Days.

The Wise Minister, foresaw this Disgrace approaching, and therefore thought it more becoming his Honour, to depart of his own Accord: Having still the Advantage, to reproach the State with Ingratitude, in that they have redued to such Streights, the Man by whose Auspicious Conduct, France had been elevated to an Extraordinary Grandeur in Europe.

By

By this thou mayst comprehend, Illustrious
Bassa, that there is no Stability in *Human Greatness*; but that the *Wheels* of a *Courtier's Life*, run through *Unequal Tracks*, often sticking in the *Mire* of the *Valley*, and not seldom threatening to overthrow a *Man*, and cast him Headlong from the *Precipice* of a *Mountain*. Against these *Inconstant Turns* of *Fortune*, I advise thee to be arm'd with *Moderation*; since no *Man* can avoid his *Destiny*.

Paris, 14th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XIV.

To Isouf, his Kinsman, at Fez.

I Am glad to hear thou art alive. Thy Letter came in a good Hour; for I bear a true Affection to those of my *Blood*, and have been particularly anxious for thee these many Years. The Sun has Nine Times measur'd the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, since I received thy last Letter before this, or heard any News of thee. It seems, thou hast travell'd a great Part of the Earth, during that Time.

It was kindly done of thee, to remember thy sick Uncle's Request, when thou wert at *Alger*, in making *Oblations* for his Health

to

to Sheigh Bonbac, the Santore; and distributing Corban to the Poor, in Honour of Syntana Fissa.

Thou hast sent me a large and satisfactory Account of thy Observations in Asia: Yet I am sorry, thou hadst not Time to penetrate into the Religion and Secrets of the Indian Bramins. I am more ambitious, to pry into the Wisdom and Learning of those Philosophers, than into any other Species of Knowledge whatever. Methinks, 'tis pity the Records of so vast an Antiquity, shou'd be conceal'd from the Rest of the World, and onely known to those Happy Priests. I protest, 'tis impossible for me to think of it without Envy. But perhaps, it is the Will of Heaven, to lock up those Mysteries in the Remotest Provinces of the East, as a Reward of their Constancy, in adhering to the Traditions of their Fathers, which know no Origin; and as a Reproach to all other Nations, who in Matters of Religion, have been Mutable as the Winds.

I have convers'd with several Jesuits and others, who have been in the Indies; but they seem to relate all Things Partially, out of a Natural Aversion for the Manners of the East. And I knew not how to disprove 'em, till my Brother Pestelibali undeceived me. He has also visited those Parts, and resided a considerable Time in China. It is a difficult Thing for a Traveller, to keep himself within the Bounds of Truth in his Relations; but I believe, he has not exceeded. Thy Journal touches but lightly the Indian Affairs, and ha-

having Leisure, as thou tellest me, to observe much. However, thou hast made Amends in thy Relations of *Persia, Tartary, and the Land of the Cards.*

I depend much on thy Promise of sending me a *Journal* of thy Travels in Africk. To that Quarter of the World, I am much a Stranger; not having met with any Authentick Relation, of the Regions in the South.

It seems, thou hast been in *Abyssinia, Nubia, Egypt;* and, in Fine, all over the *Tropic Zone.*

Historians tell Wonderful Things of these Parts. Herodotus mentions a Sort of People in Africk, whose Bodies were more Venomous than Serpents. These affronted once at the Winds, for driving the *Sands of Libya* into their Country, and filling up all their Wells and Streams, entered into a War against the Kingdom of *Polus*; but the South Wind met em in their March, and bury'd em under Mountains of Dust.

I do not represent this to thee as a Truth, though related by that Learn'd Greek. Thou mayst repute it for a *Fable*, as I do. But let this Passage be a Hint, that I expect from thee none but Solid Remarks.

It would please me to be inform'd of one Thing, which perhaps thou hast heard of when thou wast in Barbary. Very credible Authors report, that when the Phoenicians were expell'd by the *Israelites,* and driven into this Corner of Africk, they set up *Two Pillars of Marble,* whereon they Engrav'd these words,

as a Lasting Monument of their Expulsion,
WE ARE A REMNANT OF
THOSE, WHO FLED FROM
THE FACE OF JOSUA, THE
ROBBER, THE SON OF NUN.

The First Invention of Ships, is by some ascrib'd to these People, whom Necessary taught to seek Rest on the Inquiet Ocean; since the more Turbulent Sons of Jacob, wou'd not permit them to enjoy any Repose on the Land, having haraid 'em from one Place to another, till at length they drove 'em to the very Borders of the Earth. But, thou know'st, the Chinese pretend to the Use of Ships, many Thousand Years before this Depredation of the Israelites. Every Nation aims to be esteem'd the most Ancient. And when there was formerly a Dispute between the Egyptians and Scythians on this Point, it was adjudg'd in Favour of the Latter; but the Chronologies of the Chinese and Indians, far exceed all others in the World. For they seem to out-strip Time it self in Antiquity; at least, they transcend the Common Date of the World's Creation.

I have heard a Traveller assert, That as he was journeying through the Deserts of Lybia, he discover'd an Altar of Stone, with this Inscription on it, in Grecian Characters, I.P.O.
LYSTRATUS OF ATHENS, HAVE
CONSECRATED THIS ALTAR
TO ALL THAT IS GOOD IN
HEAVEN; AND IF THAT ALL
BE BUT ONE, AS SOME SAY,
MAY

**MAY THAT ONE ACCEPT MY
VOWS.**

I desire thee to inform me, Whether thou hast ever seen or heard of such an *Altar*, when thou wert in those *Parts*. You Travellers, must expect this Kind of Trouble from your Friends. Every Body is Naturally Inquisitive, and Desirous of *Knowledge*.

Twill be acceptable also, to send me an *Abstract* of the *Present State* of *Fez*. I should be glad to hear of the Health of *Abdel Meler Muli Omar*, the *Superior* of the *Magnificent Colledge* in that *City*, built by *Al Habu Ennor*, King of the *Country*. They say, it cost him Two Hundred and Forty Thousand *Sequins*.

Tis added, That in *Fez* there is a *Mosque*, near Half a League in Circuit: In which are as many *Gates*, as there be *Days* in the *Revolution* of a *Moon*. And that the Number of the *Pillars* which support it, is equal to the *Year of the Hegira* wherein it was Founded; being encompass'd also, by Seventeen *High Minarets*; besides Innumerable *Domes* and *Terrasses*. Having also 900 *Lamps* burning in it by *Night*, and 300 *Windows* to let in the *Light of the Day*. The *Revenue* of this famous *Mosque*, is said to be 36500 *Sequins* a *Year*. They relate many other things of *Fez*, and the *Provinces* belonging to it. Of all which, I desire thee to send me a *Diligent Account*.
I had almost forgot one Passage, which I have read in the *Arabic*, concerning a cer-
tain

tain subtle *African*, whose Name was *Psaphon*. This Man had train'd up a *Parrot*, to repeat very frequently these Words, *Psaphon is a Great God*. When the Bird had perfectly learn'd his Lesson, he let it loose; which being accustom'd to a Domestick Life in a Cage, fled not presently to the Fields, but perch'd on the *Temple* of the Town, where it was heard by the People, to utter the aforesaid Sentence aloud, and very often. They Ignorant of the Quality of *Parrots*, and led with *Native Superstition*, esteem'd it an *Oracle from Heaven*. Wherefore immediately flocking to the House of *Psaphon*, they offer'd *Sacrifice* to him, and in all Respects treated him as a *Divinity*.

Whether this Story be true or no, 'tis certain, *Idolatry* had no better Foundation, than *Artifice* and *Lyes*: Unless we shall conclude with the *Poet*, *That Fear made the First Gods in the World*. Cousin, let there be a frequent Intercourse between us. It will be profitable to thee and me.

Paris, 5th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LET.

LETTER XV.

To Kerker Hassan, Baffa.

IT IS a Custom in the Court of Rome, that every Nation of the West, has a Protector among the Cardinals there, who are Princes of the Roman Church. Such I esteem thee, in the most Exalted Court of the East.

Arabia gave thee thy first Breath: But thy own Merits have lifted thee up to the Dignity of a Baffa, a Prince of the Ottoman Empire, whose Limits far exceed those of Modern, or even of Ancient Rome.

Tis from hence, our Countrymen address to thee, as to their Patron, using thy Power and Mediation with the Grand Signior, in all their Necessities.

Among the Rest, wonder not that the humblest of thy Slaves, Mahmut, the Son of thy Father's Neighbour, falls at thy Feet, in a Time of great Distress; in the Agonies of his Spirit, the Hazard of his Fortune, and Peril of his Honour, which he values more than his Life.

I complain not of the many repeated Abuses and Contempts I have receiv'd from some in the Seraglio, to whom it belongs not, to meddle with Things out of their Sphere, much less to discourage the Faithful Agents and Missioners of the Grand Signior. Yet the Persecutions I have felt from their Hands, are such as wou'd drive another Man, less patient of Injuries, either to Revenge or Despair.

They

They have vilify'd all my Conduct in this Station; reproach'd my best Actions, with the odious Characters of Imprudence and Disloyalty; and misrepresented the smallest Peccadilloes (for which also, I have the Master's Dispensation) under the ignominious Title of Infidelity and Atheism. In a Word, they thirst after my Blood: Nothing will satisfy their greedy Malice, but my Life.

I never was afraid to die, since I perfectly understood what it is to live. Nor can I be fond of protracting my Breath, when my Great Master shall please to call for a Surrender of it, for whose Service onely it was given me. But it would render the Scene of my Death Tragical, and strew my Passage into the Other World with Thorns, to be sent out of This, under the Notion of a Traitor, who have acted my Part, without a real Blot.

Kingi, that Learn'd Tutor of the Royal Pages, was the first that broach'd this Enmity against me; (for I have forgot the Prevarication of Shashim Isham, the Black Eunuch, since the Time he acknowledg'd his Fault with much Candor and Ingenuity.) Twas that Athenian Sophist, who debauch'd the Integrity of my Cousin Solymus; and persuad'd the Unwary Youth, to enter into a Conspiracy against his Uncle. But I reprehended my Kinsman's Folly in one Letter; and his Answer, though late, convinc'd me, That he was not guilty of Malice, so much as of Rashness and Credulity. I was extreamly oblig'd to the Kaimacham, for his Be-

nignity and Friendship in this Affair. The good old Minister had a real Kindness for me, and took no small Pains to penetrate into the Causes of my Cousin's eager Passion, and Malice against me. At length he found it to be only the Practices of *Ikingi*, who took Advantage of *Solyman's* Temper, equally Loyal and Flexible; insinuated into his Youthful Mind, Monstrous Ideas of me; and, in fine, set him a railing at me with a fierce kind of Liberty, wherever he came. The wise *Bassa* soon open'd my Kinsman's Eyes; brought him to his Sense; and the Issue of all was, that *Solyman* writ me a Letter of Apology.

But since this, the Master of the Pages has laid new Tralls for me, and drawn a great many more to his Party. He has corrupted *Moustapha Guir*, an *Eunuch*, and *Page* to the *Old Queen*; with whom I once held a Correspondence, and, as I thought, had contracted a Familiarity and Friendship. But, it seems, it was only an Appearance, without Reality. I could give thee a long List of those, whom this Academick has taught to slander *Mahmut*: But I will not appear so Revengeful. Besides, this is not the only Grievance of which I complain.

Shall I remonstrate to thee, most Excellent and Serene *Bassa*, the true Cause of my Un-easiness? I am weary of living among *infidels*. Favour me with thy Assistance and Intercession, that I may have leave to retire from this Place, and vindicate my self before the

Faces

Faces of my Enemies. And having had that Honour, rendering also a just Account of the Affairs wherewith I am entrusted, I may visit my Native Country, and spend the Residue of my Days in Arabia, the Scene of all our Prophet's Great Actions; the Place where I first drew my Breath. I languish for the Aromatick Air of Admoim, the Crystal Fountains, and Cooler Shades of that Happy Province. I long to see the Groves which encompass the Village of my Nativity, the Turrets of thy Father's House, and the Mosque of Hesen the Prophet. For, tho' I took no Notice of these Things in my Infancy; yet having once seen 'em in my Riper Years, when I were able to make more lasting Reflections, I shall never forget these delightful Objects, so long as I live.

If this be an Infirmity, pardon it, Illustrious Arab, since it is Natural to all Men. Thou thy self, hast enjoy'd the Pleasure of revisiting that sweet Region: Pity Mahmut, who burns with Desire to taste the same.

Or, if this shall be thought too great an Indulgence, to the poor Exil'd Mahmut; yet it will be easy for thee, who art a Favourite, to obtain of the Grand Signior, that I may at least be recall'd from this Employment, and some body else substituted in my Place. There are those among my Enemies, who are Ambitious of the Fatigue; and Likingi, my Old Friend, would exchange all the Honours he is possess'd of in the Seraglio,

for this Obscure, yet Hazardous Post. 'Tis Pity but such a Man's Thirst of Perils, should be gratify'd.

But if after all that I have said, my *Superiors* shall think fit expedient to continue me here, I am resign'd : Only desiring, that from henceforth my Slanderers may be suspected, as Men ill affected to the *Sublime Port*, for traducing a Man that has waded through a Thousand Difficulties, Temptations and Perils ; and serv'd the *Ottoman Empire* in this Station, fourteen Years, without making a false Step, or Transgressing the least Point of his Instructions.

I hear that *Chusaein Bassa*, is made *Vizir Azem*. The French have a very great Opinion of his Valour. They are generally *Impartial Criticks* in *Martial Affairs*, scorning to deny a *Brave Enemy* his *Due Character*.

We are at present barren of other News, save a New Arrest of Parliament against *Cardinal Mazarini*, and all his Kindred and Creatures; whereby they are declared *Enemies* to the *State*, and charg'd with a long Catalogue of Crimes, whereof perhaps they were never Guilty.

Here are also some flying Reports of the *Cardinal's Death*: who, they say, has poison'd himself for Grief of his ill Success in this *Court*. But I esteem this, only as the Froth of his Enemies Malice, who really wish him Dead; and, to discourage his Friends, give it out that he is so.

Serene Bassa, I commit my Affairs to thy Protection, beseeching thee, to do the Office of a Countryman and a Friend, to the betray'd for God.

Paris, 26th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XVI.

To Chusaein Bassa, the Magnanimous Vizir Azem, and Invincible General of the Ottoman Forces in Candia.

I Am not much above Forty Three Years Old, yet have seen Great Changes in the World, mighty Revolutions in Kingdoms and States, and the Death of many Sovereign Monarchs, Illustrious Generals, and Wise Statesmen. Doubtless, all Sublunary Things, are subject to Vicissitude. There appears Nothing Constant and Settled, but the Heavens and Stars. They indeed persevere in their Immortal Courses, never change their Orbs, nor start from their Eternal Posts. The Sun rises and sets at his accustom'd Hours, and the Moon exactly observes the determin'd Periods of her Increase and Wane; These vary only, as the Seasons of the Year, with Equi-

site Regularity, and Constant Returns.

But here below, there is an Universal *Transmigration* and *Metempsychosis* of States, and *Forms of Things*: A Perpetual Flux and Reflux of Human Events. Men die hourly, and others are hourly born to supply their Places. One Age treads close upon the Heels of another. And we who live at present, as we walk in'the Steps of our *Fathers*, so shall we follow them down to the *Grave*, where our *Flesh*, by a new *Metamorphosis*, shall be turn'd into the Bodies of *Worms*, *Insects* and *Serpents*: And what shall become of our *Souls*, is Uncertain.

I was born in the Reign of *Sultan Achmet*, from whom our present *Sovereign* is the Sixth *Emperour*, that has ascended the Glorious Throne of the *Ottomans*. May God grant him a Long Life, and a Series of Years bless'd with Continual Health, and Victory over his Enemies. I pray *Heaven* also, to perpetuate thy New Office, to the last Period of the *Sultans* Life; and in wishing this, I say all that can be expected.

But when I reflect on the frequent and bloody *Tragedies*, that have been acted in the *Seraglio* since I can remember, and the many *Sacrifices* that have been made of *Sultans*, *Vizirs*, *Bassa's*, and *Principal Ministers* of State, besides the Massacres and Butcheries of Meaner Persons; It makes me melancholy, amidst the Joys I conceive for thy late *Exaltation*; and fills me with Fears, lest my good Wishes to the *Grand Signier* and Thee, who art his Right Hand, shou'd by some

some sinister Decree of Fate, be almost as soon disannul'd as pronounce'd. I pray Heaven avert my melancholy Presages.

The Death of the Old Queen (the News of which is lately arriv'd at this Court) does but revive and encrease my Apprehension, of Greater Tragedies to come: Because one Act of Cruelty, still propagates another. Revenge is Prolifick, and Mischief is never at a Stand. 'Tis true indeed, as it is not decent to insult o'er the Ashes of Illustrious Persons; so neither has a Loyal Mussulman, any great Reason to mourn for the Fall of a Woman, by whose Connivance her Royal Son, and our late Great Master, Sultan Ibrahim, fell a Sacrifice to the *Mufti's* Indignation. 'Twas an unnatural Part in a Mother: And we may say, the Divine Justice has overtaken her, in making her Grandson sign the Warrant for her Death, with the Consent of that very *Mufti*, at whose Instigation she had consented to the Murder of his Father.

Yet after all, may not she have left behind her a Party in the Seraglio, or at least in the State, who will study to revenge her Fall; or, however, do some Mischief to prevent their own? Let me not seem to contradict my own Argumets; and whilst I plead against Revenge and Cruelty, appear an Advocate for those Inhuman Passions. I do not mention the surviving Creatures of this Unhappy Queen, to excite in thee, false Sentiments of Justice, suspicious Chimera's of a possible Conspiracy, and so stimulate thee to punish them

by Anticipation, for Crimes of which perhaps they never will be Guilty. I rather suggest these Things, that after so many *Tragedies* in the *Royal Family*, a Stop may be now put to future Mischiefs; lest, whilst Men pursue a particular and self-Interest'd Revenge, the Contagion shou'd spread, and *Cruelty* become Universal, and Infinite.

Let it suffice, that no less than Three of our *Sultans*, have been Depos'd and Strangl'd within these Thirty Years: Not to mention the *Deluge* of Royal Blood, that has overflow'd the Private Chambers of the *Seraglio*, the Prisons of the *Ottoman Princes Brothers*, or Sons to the *Emperours* formerly Reigning.

These were Barbarous Cures of untimely Jealousies; and it is Pity that such Royal Massacres, shou'd ever be repeated again. Why shou'd the *Posterity of Ottoman*, be in this Regard the only *Unfortunate Princes* on Earth? Were it not much more Noble, and equally Wise, to take the Measures of *Ethiopian Policy*, where, to prevent Sedition and Discords about *Succession*, the *Princes of the Blood* are confin'd indeed, but to a very Pleasing Liberty: Whilst they have Palaces, Parks, and Large Fields at Command; are serv'd by a *Princely Train*, and deny'd no Lawful Pleasures, within the *Pale of their Restraint*: For there is an exceeding high Mountain in the Country, the Top of which is very Spacious, containing large Tracts of *Ground*, many beautiful *Seraglio's*, furnish'd with whatsoever can contribute to the Enjoyment of these *Princes*, or

at least to compensate for their Want of greater Liberty. This Mountain, is environ'd with a high and strong Wall, having but one Entrance, and that guarded by Soldiers; so that no Man can go in or out, who has not the Emperor's Warrant, or at least a Permission from the Prime Minister of State: For he, upon the Death of the Emperor, immediately calls a Council of the Supreme Officers, who from among these Imprison'd Princes, chuse him whom they think most worthy to succeed. The rest, who never felt the Appetite to Reign (for they are carry'd so this Place in their Infancy, and kept in perpetual Ignorance of State-Affairs) pass away their Time without Envy, or Repining at the Exaltation of their Brother. Addicting themselves wholly to the Innocent Delights of that Rural Life, or to the Study of Books, whereof they have great Plenty in their Libraries, and thoso altogether treating of Matters of Divine or Natural Speculation. Whereby, though they know nothing of State-Artifices, and Intrigues of Courts, yet they become able Philosophers, and vers'd in all the Liberal Sciences.

Wou'd to God our Ottoman Princes (I mean the Younger Brothers) had but half this Liberty granted them. Then the Infidels wou'd have no reason to call the Exalted Port, a Nest of Vulturs. But we must not find Fault with the Actions of our Sovereigns, though they tend to the Scandal and Ruine of the Mussulman Empire. Yet I know to whom I write these Things; having often heard thee declaim against

gainst this *Barbarous Custom*, of shutting up the Royal Off-spring in a *Dungeon*, without Light or Comfort during their Lives; which many Times are also Cruelly shorten'd, by the Hands of the *Executioner*.

But, turning our Eyes from the *Tragedies* of the *East*, let us fix 'em on the Affairs of the *Nazarenes* in the *West*.

The chief Discourse at present is, about a *Matriage* lately solemniz'd between the *Emperour of Germany*, and the *Duchess of Mantua*. She is his Third Wife successively; for *Polygamy* is not allow'd, even to the *Sovereigns*, in these *Parts*, where the *Priests* bear all the *Sway*.

The Posts from *Sweden* inform us, of the Death of *General Forstenson*, of whose Exploits in *Germany* thou hast often heard. That *Empire* is very Unfortunate, spending its Time and Vitals, in Unprofitable *Assemblies* and *Consults*, whilst her Active Enemies, take whole *Provinces* from her with Ease: But this need not grieve us.

Great *Atlas* of the *Mussulman Empire*, I wish thee the *Continence* of *Scipio*, the *Fortune* of *Alexander*, and the *Temperance* of *Cato*; who when he was marching through the *Sands of Lybia* with his *Army*, all ready to expire with Thirst, and one of his *Soldiers* brought him his *Helmet* full of Water, as a rare Present in that General Distress; gratify'd the Soldier for his Gift, but spilt the Water on the Ground, saying, That since there was not enough to satisfy the Whole *Army*, he wou'd

would not taste a Drop, and that he was unworthy to be a General, who wou'd not endure as much Hardship as the meanest Soldier.

Paris, 26th. of the 5th Moon,

of the Year 1651.

LETTER XVII.

To Nassuf, Bassa of Natolia.

Praise be to God, Lord of the Seven Heavens, and of all that is within their Circumference : These Western Nazarenes, are always a quarrelling. They are resolved to do their Parts toward the fulfilling the Mussulman Predictions, and those of their own Prophets. It makes me smile, to see these Infidels employing their Arms against each other, contending about Petty Rights and Possessions, whilst they neglect the General Conservation and Defence of Christendom, from the Impetuous Torrents of our Invincible Armies.

The Elector of Brandenburgh, is enter'd into the Dutchy of Mons with considerable Forces, pretending to adjust, I know not what Differences, between those whom they call Catholicks and Protestants.

It would be too tedious for a Letter, to run back to the First Original of this War, and

and trace it down from above a Hundred Years ago to the present Time. Besides, 'tis of no Import to a *Mussulman*, to hear a long Story of the Marriages, Deaths, Heirs, and Law-Disputes of these Petty Infidel Princes. Yet, that thou mayst know something of it, I will relate the whole Business as briefly as I can.

In the Year 1546. William Duke of Mons, Juliers and Cleves, marry'd Mary the Daughter of Ferdinand I. Emperour of Germany, and by this Match obtain'd of the Emperour (whom they call Casar, as they did the Ancient Emperours of Rome, whose Successor he pretends to be) some Privileges, touching the Succession of his Children, and their Right to his Dominions: and particularly, that this vast Estate should not be Divideth, but rest in the entire Possession of One Heir-Male, or in Default of that, it should descend to the next Female, which, as I am told, is a Custom in Germany; that so the Grandezza and Authority of Princeely Families, may be supported.

I will not trouble thee with the Particulars, which would take up a Volume. But in short, it appears, that notwithstanding all the strict Provision that was, or could be made; this great Estate, after it had remain'd Sixty Years United, was at Length Divided between Two Princes, both claiming an Equal Right to the Whole; Yet to prevent Wars, and Effusion of Blood, each was contented with Half. These were Wolff gang,

gang, Duke of Newburgh; and Ernest, Marquess of Brandenburgh. In whose Families, the Parted Succession has continued to this Day.

The Occasion of the present Quarrel, is their Difference of Religion; the Duke of Newburgh being a Catholick, and he of Brandenburgh a Protestant. It seems, the Brandenburghers had formerly made Inroads on those of Mons. and Juliers, carrying away Captive their Priests and Dervises from their Altars and Convents, and detaining them in Servitude, for many Years, contrary to certain Articles that had been drawn up between 'em. They also used them with great Cruelty, and committed a Thousand Infoldencies on the Roman Insams, wherever they got 'em in their Power.

Thus their Affairs continu'd, till the late Agreement at Munster. Since which Time, the Duke of Newburgh endeavoured to free his Subjects from their former Calamities, and restore things to their Ancient State.

The Elector of Brandenburgh, making this an Occasion of War, has now invaded the Dominions of the said Duke. He is not gone in Person, but has sent a good Soldier, whom they call Otho Sparr, with Four Thousand Men to begin the Campaign; who, 'tis said, will be follow'd by a greater Army.

But before he took the Field, the Elector of Brandenburgh had an Interview and Conference with the Duke of Saxony about this Affair, who is also a Protestant: So that 'tis thought,

thought, no small Disturbance will arise in the Empire. All Joy and Peace to True Believers!

He of Brandenburgh, has caus'd a Declaration to be spread abroad full of Specious Pretences, that so his Conquests may be the more easy. He talks of nothing, but restoring the People of *Flanders* and *Mons* to their Ancient Liberties and Rights, both in *Civil* and *Religious* Matters; promising the fairest Things in the World, to those that obey him, and receive his Armies with Friendship. On the other side, threatening to treat those who resist him, with the utmost Severity that is due to Traytors and Rebels. And all this, for the Sake of Two or Three Insignificant Ceremonies and Opinions, wherein they differ; mere Trifles, Litteral Whimsies, the Sport of their Doctors, the Spawn of Wanton and Luxuriant Brains. For, no greater was the Original Difference between the *Lutherans*, and those of the *Roman Church*. One will be sav'd by the Strength of his *Phancy*, which he calls *Faith*, without doing any *Good Work* toward it. The Other toils all his Life-Time to merit *Heaven*, and thinks he can never do enough to obtain his End. He wears out the Pavement of *Churches*, and makes the Skin of his Knees like that of a *Camel*, with perpetual Kneeling, and Praying to *Images* and *Pictures*. And after all, they may be both damn'd, for ought I know, for their Ill Lives. They tear and devour one another like Wild Beasts, and think to gain *Paradise* by their Unnatural Zeal.

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The Duke of Newburgh has publish'd a Manifesto against the Proceedings of Brandenburgh, and sollicited the Duke of Lorrain's Aid, as also that of Leopold, Arch-Duke of Austria. What will be the Issue, no Man knows; but oft-times, a small Spark kindles great Fires: And it is not impossible, that this little Feud, may set the whole Empire in a Flame.

Mighty Bassa, I pray Heaven bless thee with Peace, Health, and thy due Reveneue. If these be not enough to make thee Happy, I wish thee an Increase of Honours, and all the Glorious Fatigues which Mortals court as their Way to Bliss.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Useph Bassa.

Suspect me not : I have an equal Esteem for thee, as I have for the other Bassa's and Ministers of the Divan. But I find it difficult to please any. They are Captious, and every one woud have all my Letters address'd to himself : As if I were plac'd here to serve Particular Interests, and not the Publick. However, I cannot but acknowledge the tacit Honour they do me, in being so covetous of poor Mahmut's Correspondence. I wish I were in a Condition to be more Partial : Then I would quickly make thee and some others sensible, which are the Persons, for whom I have a peculiar Regard.

But as the Case is at present, I must observe the Instructions I have receiv'd ; and, by Turns, write to All.

Wherein, if I fail of Arithmetical Proportions, I will make Amends by the Rules of Geometry : If I write but seldom to some, I desire that the Length of my Letters, and Solidity of the Matter, may be accepted as a proper Supplement.

But, thou hast no Reason to complain on this Score, unless it be of thy self, for travelling into Remote Countries, whither I knew not how to follow thee with Letters, or any other

other Way. Besides, the former Friendship that has been between us, is a sufficient Counterfarp against all Suspicion of Neglect on my Part, who am a Thousand Times obliged to thee for so many repeated Favours. For the sake of God therefore, and All that is Good, wound my Heart no more with these Undeserv'd Reproaches : But believe stedfastly, That *Mahmud* can never be ungrateful and false.

Thy Letter is a Miscellany, of Friendly Complaints and Compliments. Thou givest me a Character, to which I do not pretend. 'Tis true, indeed, and I thank God and my *Good Stars* for it, that I was not born Blind, Deaf, or Dumb. *Nature* gave me my *Senses* free from any Manifest Defect ; and I have an Indifferent good *Memory*. When I was Young, I had an Inclination to read *Books*; and Fortune has since favour'd me, with many Opportunities for that Purpose. But I found the most profitable *Study* to be, that of *MY SELF*, to which all the Laborious Pains of the *Schools* and *Academies*, serve only as a certain Gradation and Discipline. Nay, without these, a Man may attain all the Knowledge that is Necessary to the Accomplishment of his *Nature* ; For so did the First *Philosophers*, before *Books* or *Letters* were extant. If thou wilt be perfectly Wise, read the *ALCORAN*, and the *UNIVERSE* ; After that, peruse *THY SELF*. Thou wilt find, Matter of Wonder and Improvement in *Each* ;

Each ; but most of all, in the Last : For, *Man* is a *Medley of all Things*.

Were this Lesson well learn'd and practis'd in the *Court of France*, there wou'd not be so many little Quartels among these *Infidels*; or at least, such *Petty Originals*, wou'd not produce so many *Fatal Consequences*.

From the first Time the *Prince of Conde* with his Brothers, were releas'd from their *Imprisonment* (whereof I have given an Account to *Minczim Aluph*) there appear'd much Coldness in the *Queen's Reception* of 'em, and their Addresses to her. On both sides they were at a Loss, how to behave themselves : For, all their Civilities were forc'd. Tis true, there was a Splendid Umbrage of Reconciliation ; but it soon vanish'd. Their suppress'd Passions, discover'd themselves by Degrees, and at length broke out into open Enmity.

The *Queen* appear'd full of Condescensions, and Favours : But Young *Conde*, is as full of his *Merits* and brave *Exploits* ; rememb'reng what *Services*, he has done to this *Crown*. Besides, he is not void of Suspicion and Jealousie, lest all those Excesses of Royal Kindness are strain'd, only to render him more secure, and so entrap him a second Time with greater Advantage. The Horror of his First *Imprisonment*, is yet fix'd in his Mind; from whence it will not be easy to efface it. Three Principal Servants of the *Queen*, were Banish'd, to remove his Fears : For, he imagin'd them to be Instruments of Correspondence between the *Queen* and his old Enemy,

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my, *Cardinal Mazarini*. Yet she publish'd a *Declaration*, signifying, That the Cardinal should be for ever *Banish'd*, not only from the Court, but from the Kingdom.

And this *Moon*, the King being come of Age, invited the Prince to the Ceremonies usual on such Occasions: Which *Cardo* apprehended as a *Snare*, and so fled out of Paris.

The Event of these Emergencies, is yet in the *Secret Pages of Destiny*: But in all Likeli-hood, a *Civil War* will follow. People are whispering, caballing and making *Parties* on both Sides. All the Powder in *Paris*, is engrossed and gone; but no body knows by whom. Some say, the *Prince* is posted into *Flanders*; others report, that he is retir'd to his own *Government*, there to raise an Army. The most knowing averr, That wherever he is, he has Two Hundred Thousand *Sequins* in Bank, to give Life to his New Deligns, let them be what they will.

Think not this News of small Importance, Serene *Bassa*: But when thou hearest of the *Civil Wars* among *Christians*, especially in the Realm of *France*, the First and most *Victorious Empire of the West*, look on thy *Right Hand* and on thy *Left*; for our *Holy Prophet*, or his *Herald*, is near at Hand.

Paris, 22d. of the 9th. *Moon*,

the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To Solyman, his Cousin, at Constan-tinople.

THOU seeſt, what thy *Libertinism* has brought on thee. For my Part, I am Sick in reading thy Letter, full of Melancholy, and the worſt Kind of *Enthusiasmo*.

Hadſt thou follow'd my Advice, or if that be contempn'd, hadſt thou but obey'd the Precepts of thy Father, an honest Man, and one that went down to the Grave in Peace, thou wouldſt have Liv'd as happily as other Men; but now thou art overwhelm'd with *Hypochondriack Vapours*, and Dreams of a sickly Brain. I counſel thee, to purge thy ſelf with *Hellebore*; for thou haſt more Need of that, than of Books. In all my Life, I never heard ſuch Religious Nonesence from a *Muſulman*, as thy laſt Letter is stuff'd with.

I haue not Patience to make Repetitions, or anſwer every Particular *Whimsie* of thine. But in God's Name, what makes thee fright thy ſelf with ſuch a Wrong Notion of Hell? It is a Common Maxim in Nature, That Nothing Violent, is Permanent. Either therefore, the Pains of the Damn'd are not Infinitely Intense, or else they are not Eternal in their Duration. Thou wilt fay, The *Alcoran* it ſelf afferts the Eternity of those Torments.

ments. But dost thou understand the *Figure-tive Manner* of *Speech* us'd in that *Divine Book*, and in all our *Eastern Writings*? Is it not Common to call a very High Mountain, the *Mountain of God*? As if all the Mountains and Valleys of the Earth, were not equally his. So, to express an Uncertain Length of Time, 'tis Customary to use the *Epithet [Eternal.]* Thus, we in ordinary Conversation say in *Arabia*, *I love You Eternally, I will serve You, fight for You, &c. Eternally;* and the same of the *Contrary Passions*: And yet we all know, we shall live but a few Years.

But, granting that the *Alcoran* speaks in a *Literal Sence*; it does not follow, That those Pains are without *Intervals of Rest*. We read of the Tree *Zacon*, which grows in the *Center of Hell*: But who will interpret, what is understood by this *Plant*?

Cousin, make use of thy *Reason*; and practise the *best Things*. As for our Condition after this *Life*, trouble not thy self; for no Man knows, what will become of him when he goes Hence. However, we cannot believe, the *Supremely Merciful Delights in Cruelty*.

There is a *Path*, which the *Eagle* has not winged, nor the *Serpent* trac'd, though 'tis obvious to both. But their own Rashness blinds them, and they cannot discern the *Way of the Wise*. There are Men of towering Speculations, and others very Crafty; yet neither one or 'tother, can grope out the *Direct Road to Bliss*. If I may advise thee, let *Nature*

ture be thy Guide. Do nothing, but what Humanity prompts thee to: 'Tis this alone, distinguishes thee from other Animals. Honour the Memory of thy deceas'd Parents, love thy Friends, and be generous to thy Enemies: Do Justice to all Men: Observe the Purifications and Prayers prescrib'd by the Law: But give no Credit to the Fables of Infidels. It is common here among the Christians, to paint Hell with Horrid Flames, and Devils flying up and down with red-hot Prongs, to toss the Damn'd from Fire to Fire. And their Preachers make long and direful Harangues, on the same Subject: When all the while, neither they nor we know, *What* or *Where* Hell is, or after what Manner the Wicked shall be Chastis'd.

Only the Illuminated of God have this Standard of Truth; That both our Pains and Pleasures after this Life, shall be Exactly proportion'd to our Virtues and Vices. There is no Malice or Injustice, in the Good Creator of All Things.

Cousin, once again, let thy Sences be awake, and suffer not thy Reason to dream of Things, which have no Existence. For assuredly, God is the most Impartial Judge of the Universe.

Paris, the 22d. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Enden Al' Zadi Jaaf, Begler-beg of Dierbekir.

I Have not the Honour to know thee in Person, but have heard of thy Fame. So Mortals are unacquainted with the *Secrets* of the *Fixed Stars*; yet we observe their Lustre and Rank, and the Figure they make in those *Remote Worlds*.

Thy Exploits among the *Cards* and *Georgians*, are not unknown in these *Parts*. The *Franks* that travel in the *East*, have transported hither such a Character of thy Magnanimous Actions, as makes all Men of Honour in Love with thee: And I have conceiv'd a particular Veneration for thy Virtues. May God encrease them with thy Hours, and grant thee a *Monopoly* of *Bliss*.

Thou art plac'd in an *Eminent Seat*, and may'st with Reason be call'd *Lord of Lords*, as thy *Title* imports; for thou art *Poffessor* of the *Terrestrial Paradise*, if we may give Credit to the *Tradition* of the *Ancients*. They tell us, that for a Time *Adam* dwelt there, with his *Second Wife*, and that the particular Place of his Abode was an *Island*, encompass'd with the Rivers *Euphrates*, *Tigris*, *Pison*, and *Gihon*. From whence it was call'd *Mesopotamia* by the *Greeks*; Which

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signifies,

Signifies, *A Region environ'd with Rivers.*

All the *West* of *Asia*, have a profound Respect for this Country. And the *Jews* relate strange Stories of a *Tree* in *Dierbekir*, which grew Five Hundred Miles high, in the Days of *Adam*; which they say, was cut down by an *Angel*, lest *Man* should climb to *Heaven* by it before his Time. For, it seems, *Ambition* was a *Vice*, early as our Nature; and *Adam* was no sooner sensible that he was a *Man*, but he aspir'd to be a *God*, or something like One: So great a Charm there is in Honour and Authority.

They say also, that *Abraham* was born in this Region. However, 'tis certain, if there be any Certainty in *Records* and *Histories*, that he resided there a considerable Time. But thou knowest best, what *Traditions* thy Subjects have of these Things.

The *Chinese* and *Indians* laugh at all this, as a *Romance* of *Later Date*, than their *Chronicles*; which make those Extremities of the *East*, to be the *Stage* of the first *Mortals*. Instead of *Adam* and *Eve*, or *Aileth*, they assert the *Names* of the *Original Parents* of *Mankind*, to be *Panzon* and *Panzona*: Whose *Off-spring*, they say, continu'd Ten Millions of Years; but at length, were all destroy'd from the *Earth*, by a *Tempest* from *Heaven*. After whom, they tell us, God created *Lontizam*, a *Man* with *Two Horns*, each as big and tall as a *Tree* in that Country, which they call the *Plant of God*, being the Largest and First of all *Vegetables*. This *Man's* *Horns*

Horns being Prolifick, according to their Tradition; out of the Right, sprang a Thousand Men every Day for a Hundred Years; and as many Women out of the Left, in the same Space. From whom descended all Mortals of both Sexes to this Day; tho' we are much diminished in Bulk, through the General Decay of Human Nature. For, these People affirm, That the First Race of Men, were all Gyants: But that through Intemperance and other Vices, their Off-spring shrunk by degrees into smaller Dimensions, till at Length they arriv'd at the present Stature, and appear'd like Pigmies in Comparison of the Primitive Sons of Loutizam. In Confirmation of this the Indians shew to Travellers, some of their Temples hewn out of vast Rocks, with the Images of those Gigantick Men, who they say, were employ'd in the Work. These they honour, as Hero's or Demi-Gods.

I do not relate this for Truth, but only to divert thee, in representing the different Opinions of Men. God only knows, how to separate the Truth from Falshood in Histories.

But to return to Dierbekir: This Country is Famous for the Tower of Babel, built by Nimrod and his Followers; at what Time, the Languages were confounded, as Moses relates. Tis Remarkable also, for the Battel fought between the Parthians and Romans at Harran, and for the Death of Caracalla, the Son of Severus, Emperour of

Rome, who was Murdered by Macrinus, the Roman General. These Emperors were all call'd *Cesars*, as the Kings of Egypt were call'd *Pharaoh's* and *Proloymies*. It seems, the Word *Cesar*, was first apply'd to *Julius* the Roman Dictator, for that his Mother dying under the Pains which were to give him Life, her Belly was ript up, and he drawn forth from her Womb by the Hands of a Surgeon. In Memory of which, he and all his Successors were call'd *Cesars*; that Word signifying [drawn forth by Violence]. But, whatsoever the Manner of his Birth was, this is Certain, that he and Forty of his Successors, were bury'd out of the World, by untimely Death: For, they either laid Violent Hands on themselves, or were Murder'd by Traitors.

If thou wou'dst have any News out of these Parts, the Chief Discourse at Present is, of a great Victory obtain'd by the Polanders against the Cossacks and Tartars. And I cou'd wish this were all: But the Nazarenes are continually made joyful, with the Success of the Venetians against the Arms of the Invincible Empire. They beat us by Sea, and baffle all our Attempts by Land. We have not got an Inch of Ground in Candia, during the last Campaigne, but lost many Thousands of Men, and brought the Name of the Sublime Port and Victorious Mussulmans, into Contempt and Scorn. Where the Fault lies, God knows. 'Tis too Melancholy a Theme, to insist on Particulars.

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Don Juan of Austria, has also besieged Barcelona by Sea and Land.

Several Arrests of Parliament, are here publish'd against the Prince of Conde and his Adherents; and, 'tis reported, the King will recall Cardinal Mazarini from his Banishment.

Illustrious Prince, and Gouverneur of a Happy Region, I beg thy favourable Construction of this Address. And thus in Reverence I desist, full of Dutiful and Affectionate Vows for thy Prosperity.

Paris, 19th. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

The End of the Second Book.

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LETTERS

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and also the other day I had a T
message to the same effect.

At this time I am

not able to get any information

about the man who was

seen near the place where he

was found. I have not been able

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(199)

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at PARIS.

VOL. IV.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Abdel Melech Muli Omar, President of the College of Sciences at Fez.

THOU hast formerly received a Letter from me, wherein I mentioned the *Tenets* of a certain *French Philosopher* who maintains, That the *Earth* moves like the Rest of the *Planets*, and the *Sun* stands still, being the *Center* of this our *World*: For he asserts, that there are *Many*.

The Name of this Sage is *Des Cartes*, Renowned throughout the World for his Learning and Knowledge. He lays as a Basis of all his *Philosophy*, this short *Position and Inference*, *I THINK; THEREFORE I AM*. In this alone he is *Dogmatical*, allowing a Lawful *Scepticism*, in all the Uncertain *Deductions* which may be drawn from it.

Pardon me, *Oraculous Sage*, if I expose before thee my Infirmitieſ. I am Naturally distrustful of all Things. This Temper puts me upon Perpetual *Thinking*. And that very Act convinces me, of the *Truth* of my *Being*, according to the Method of this *Philosopher*. But *What I am, I know not*. Sometimes I Phancy my self, no more than a *Dream* or *Idea* of all those other Things, which Men commonly believe do Really Exist: A mere Imagination of Possibilities. And, that all which we call the *World*, is but One Grand *Chimera*, or *Nothing in Masquerade*.

At other Times, when these wild Thoughts are vanished, and my Spirits tired in the Pursuit of such Abstracted Whimſies begin to flag, and that my Lower Sence awak'd by some present Pain or Pleasure, rouzes my sleeping Appetites: When I am touch'd with Hunger, Thirst, or Cold, or Heat, and find experimentally, I am Something that cannot be a mere Thought or Dream, but of a Composition which stands in Need of Meat, Drink, Garments, and other Necessaries: Then, rather than fret my self with Vain and Endless Scrutinies,

Scrutinies, I tamely conclude, I am that which they call a *Man*, I lay the *Sceptick* aside, and without say farther Scruples or Doubts, fall roundly to eating, drinking, or any other Refreshments my Nature craves for.

But no sooner have I tasted these Delights, when my Old Distemper returns again. I then consider my self as a *Being*, capable of Happiness or Misery in some Degree, as I shall possess or Want those very Delights I just before enjoyed. This is a sufficient Damp to a Thinking Man, when he knows, that he stands in Need of any Thing out of himself. But 'tis far greater, when he will take the Pains to number all the Train of his Particular Necessities, which he is not sure he shall always be able to supply.

This makes me presently conclude, That as I am Indebted to Other Creatures for my sensible Happiness, so I owe my very *Being* to Something beside my self. I examine my *Original*, and find I am born of Men and Women, who were in the same Indigent Circumstances as my self: And that it is not only so with my Particular Family, but with all Mankind; our whole Human Race, being born *Natural Mendicants* from the *Womb*. As soon as we breath the Vital Air, we Cry; and with those *Inarticulate Prayers*, beg for Help and Protection from others, without whose generous Aid we could not subsist a Moment: So poor and beggarly a Thing is *Man*, from his Birth. This is the Condition

of all : Neither is a King any more exempt from this Common Character of Mortals than the Slave who sweeps the Streets.

If I could have rested in this Thought, I should have been happy : For it would have had this Influence on me, either to convince me, that I ought to be content with the Condition to which I was born, or to rid my self out of so despicable a State by Death.

But alas, one Thought produces another : And from the Contemplation of our present Misery in this Life, I fall to thinking what will become of us after Death. For, as we know not *What*, or *Where* we were before we came into this *World* ; so there is no Human Certainty, *Whither* we shall go, or in *What Condition* we shall be, when we leave it : And therefore, it would be an unpardonable Madness, to throw my self headlong into a State of which I have no Account : And, to avoid the Little Miseries of this Life, which must have an End one Time or other, cast my self down a *Precipice* (for ought I know) of *Intolerable Torments*, which has no Bottom.

I hear the Philosophers talk of *Immortality*, the Poets of *Elysium*, the Christian Priests of *Heaven*, *Hell*, and *Purgatory*; the Indian Bramins of *Transmigration*. But I know not what, or which I have Reason to believe, of all these.

I speak

I speak after the Manner of Philosophers; for, if we come to *Faith*, the Case is altered. Think not, I beseech thee, that I call in Question the Sacred Oracles, the Revelations of the *sent of God*. But I only acquaint thee, how my *Natural Reason* hatters me with Doubts.

I see Men every where professing some Religion or other; paying Divine Honours to some Superior Being, or Beings, according as they have been Educated: Which many Times tempts me to think, that Religion is Nothing but the Effect of Education.

Then I wonder, how Men when they come to Years of Discretion, and their Reason is able to Distinguish between Things probable, and mere Romances, can still retain the Errors of their Infancy. Tis Natural for Children, to be wheaded or aw'd into a Belief of what their Parents, Nurses, or Tutors teach them. But when they come of Age, they soon rectify their misled Understandings, in all Things, save the Affairs of Religion. In this they are Children still, tenacious of the Sacred Fables of their Priests, and Obstinate in maintaining them, sometimes even to Death.

It puzzles me to find out the Cause of so strange an Effect, That Men otherwise endu'd with Mature Judgments, and an extraordinary Sagacity in all Things else, should yet be Pools in Matters of Religion, and believe Things Inconsistent with the Common Sence and Reason of Mankind.

I could

I could never give Credit to the *Histories* of the Ancient *Pagans*, which acquaint us with the devout *Adoration* they paid to the *Creatures* of the *Painter* or *Carver*, did not I see the same practised among the *Christians*: Or, that those *Wise Men* of Old, cou'd swallow the *Forgeries* of their *Priests* concerning their *Gods* and *Godesses*, were I not an *Eye-Witness*, how bigotted the *Modern Nazarenes* are to the *Legends* of their *Saints*, and the *Jews* to those more *Ridiculous Figments* of the *Talmud*.

It perplexes me, to see *Mankind* generally labouring under so great a *Darkness*, not so much the *Effect* of *Ignorance*, as of *Superstition*: To behold Men well vers'd in *Sciences*, and all kinds of *Humane Learning*; yet *Zealous Assertors* of manifest *Contradictions* in *Matters* of *Divinity*, rather than oppose, or so much as examine the *Traditions* of their *Fathers*.

When I behold *Mankind* divided into so many innumerable *Different Religions* in the *World*, all vigorously propagating their own *Tenets*, either by *Subtilty* or *Violence*, yet few or none seeming by their Practice to believe what they with so much *Ardour* profess; I could almost think, that these various *Ways* of *Worship*, were first invented by *Politicians*; each accommodating his *Model* to the *Inclinations* of the *People* whom he design'd to *Circumvent*.

But when on the other side I consider, there appears something so *Natural* and *Undisguis'd*,

guis'd, in the *Furious Zeal*, and *Unconquerable Obstinacy* of the Greatest Part; I am as ready to Joyn with *Cardan*, and conclude, That all this *Variety of Religions*, depends on the Different *Influence* of the *Stars*. This was a famous *Philosopher* in *Europe*; and held, That the *Religion* of the *Jews*, ow'd its *Original* to the *Force* of *Saturn*, that of the *Christians* to *Jupiter*, and Ours to *Mars*. As for the *Pagans*, he assigns to them many *Constellations* and *Aspects*.

Thus there is so equal an Appearance of *Truth* and *Falshood* in Every *Religion*, that I should not know how, in *Human Reason*, to fix on any.

Superstition renders a *Man* a *Fool*, and *Scepticism* is enough to make him *Mad*. To believe *All Things*, is above *Reason*; to give Credit to *Nothing*, is below it. I will keep the *Middle Path*, and direct my *Faith* by my *Reason*.

That *Faculty* tells me, that if I were inclined to *Adore* the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars* for their *Beauty* and *Influence*, I might on the same Ground *Worship* my own *Eyes*, without which I could not behold their tempting *Splendors*: Or, I might as well pay *Divine Honour* to that more *Intimate Sence*, my *Feeling*, or any of my other *Sences*, which only render me capable to know the *Vertue* of these *Luminaries*. The same may be said of the *Elements*, and of all *Visible Beings*.

What then shall I *Adore*, or to whom shall I return Thanks for all the *Blessings* I enjoy (for, even in this *Miserable Life*, I taste some Happiness?) To *that Being*, I say, shall I address my *Vows* and *Supplications*, for all the Good that I possess and want? Is it to any Thing that I have seen or can see, or that I can represent to my self under a Figure? Is it to any Part of the *Universe*, or no? To the whole *Complex* together? No. I have a Thousand kind Thoughts for the Sun, Moon and Stars, for the Elements, and many other Compound Creatures. My *Soul*, and *that of the World*, are *Unions*. But 'tis the *Profound Depth of Eternity*, the *Infinite* and *Immortal*, who is the *Diapason*, and makes perfect *Harmony*.

To that *Being* which has no *Resemblance*, neither is *Divided* into *Parts*, nor *Circumscrib'd* with *Limits*; whose *Center* is *every where*, *Circumference* *no where*; Who hath neither *Beginning* nor *End*: To the only *Omnipotent*, from whom all other Things flow, and to whom they all return; To him I owe all that I have, and will pay what I can. And something by his *Determination*, I am *Indebted*, and will discharge to thee, *Orient Light* of the *Moresco Mussulmans*; that is, the *Duty* of an *Humble Slave*, in begging *Pardon* for this *Presumption*.

Paris, 14th. of the 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Kalmacham.

"Twas the Contemplation of *Iouf Eb'n Hadrilla*, an Arabian Philosopher, That all Men were at First Created in a State of War: For this Sage, gave no Credit to the Writings of *Moses*, the Jewish Historian and Prophet; neither cou'd any Arguments perswade him to believe, That all Mortals descended from *Adam*. Twas an Article of his Faith, That in the Infancy of the World, Men were Form'd of the Prolifick Slime of the Earth, Impregnated by the Vigorous Warmth of the Sun, and that all other Animals had their Original in the same Manner: But that in Proces of Time, the Richness of the Seminal Soyl being exhausted by a continual Spontaneous Production of Living Creatures, there was no other Way to perpetuate the Various Kinds of Beings, and multiply the Individuals, but by the Ordinary Method of Generation. For which Reason, Nature seems to have subdivided every Species into Two Sexes.

Hence, this Philosopher concludes, That at First there was no nearer Relation between Man and Man, than there is now betwixt a Lyon and a Sheep, or any other different Kinds of Animals: Saving onely, that as these are distinguish'd by their Forms, into Four-Footed Beasts, Fowls, Fishes, and Creeping Things;

Things; so Men assum'd to themselves, the Character of Rational Creatures: And a Principle of Self-Preservation, was the First Ground of a Tacit and Common League between Men, against the Rest of their Fellow-Animals: Especially against those, which made a more frightful Figure on Earth than we do, and seem'd more Rapacious and Inclin'd to Mischief; such as Dragons, Tygers, Bears, Lions, &c.

But notwithstanding this General Association of our Race, against the more Salvage and Fierce Troops of Beasts; yet one Man still stood upon his Guard against another. And all the Sons of the Earth, endeavour'd to maintain the Posts, which Nature had allotted each Man; That is, the Place where he was first Form'd, and drew Breath. But Things cou'd not last long in this State: For, either by Instinct or Reason (call it which you will, says this Author) Men being streightened for want of Fruits, or spurr'd on by some secret Desire of Novelty, soon went out of their Bounds, and encounter'd each other, more by Chance than Design: Whence arose, the First Occasions of Actual War. For, every Stranger, appear'd like an Invader: They Naturally startl'd and suspected each other. Reciprocal Passions of Choler sprung in their Breasts; and every Man to prevent the Effect of his own Fears and Apprehensions, rush'd on his Neighbour, who was on the same Ground as ready for an Assault ashimself. Thus, an Universal War Commenc'd in the World which

which by various Methods of Improvement,
was carry'd on by the Succeeding Generations,
and continu'd to the Present Times.

As for the *Original* of *Governments*, the
Particular Time cannot be determin'd; but
it may be supposed, That Men Generally find-
ing the Inconveniencie of these private Per-
sonal Combats, and by Degrees arriving to grea-
ter Maturity of Experience, form'd them-
selves at First into little *Societies* and *Friend-
ships*, or as they dwelt near one another, or
as they agreed in some Common Inclina-
tions, Principles, and Interests. From
which Small *Associations*, they gradually spread
into Larger *Communities*, living under cer-
tain Laws and Obligations of Mutual Peace,
Justice and Assistance toward each other, and
of Defence against their Common Enemies:
Some living under the Form of a *Common-
Wealth*, Others of a *Monarchy*; each Body
of Men, setting up such a *Model*, as best
suited their own Interests and Necessities.
From hence sprung the Distinction of *Na-
tions*, *Kingdoms*, and *Empires*. Thus far the
Arabian Philosopher.

But without enquiring into the Truth of
his *Principles*, one wou'd think, that some of
these *Western Nazarenes* were his *Disciples*.
And indeed, all *Civil Dissentions*, seem to
be grounded on the same *Maxims*: Whilst
Men on the least Discontent or Jealousie, lay
aside the Obedience they owe to their *Sovereigns*, claiming I know not what *Natural
Right*, to defend themselves against the En-
croachments

croachments and Illusurations of others.
Thus, no sooner was it suppos'd here, that
the King intended to recall *Cardinal Mazarini* from his *Exile*, but the *Parliament of Paris*, who are secret Friends to the *Prince of Conde*, publish'd an *Arrest* against the *Cardinal*, whereby all Persons are forbid to contribute toward the Return of this *Minister*; and Ordering, That his *Library*, with all his Moveables, shou'd be sold to raise a Sum of a Hundred and Fifty Thousand *Livres*, which is promis'd as a Reward to those who shall either take him Prisoner, or kill him. They also Petition'd the *Duke of Orleans*, to make the utmost Use of his Authority against the *Cardinal*. Who, thereupon rais'd Considerable Troops, and gave the Command of them to the *Duke of Beaufort*.

In the mean Time, the *Cardinal* is not Idle; but with what Forces he has, performs some Considerable Actions, in his own Defence. He has taken *Prisoner*, an Eminent *Councillor of Parliament*. The *Parliament* sent a *Trumpet* to demand his Release. This Messenger was rejected. Whereupon, the *Parliament* are taking New Methods.

The *Prince of Conde* has sent a Letter and Request to the *Parliament*, desiring them to suspend the *Execution* of the *Arrest* publish'd against him; since the Time given him to lay down his Arms, was not yet expir'd, and that the *Cardinal* was returned into the *Kingdom*, contrary to a *Prohibition*, sign'd by the *King*.

But

But, notwithstanding all these Traverses, Mazarini is come again to the Court, which is now kept at *Poitiers*; Where he was receiv'd with Infinite Respect and Caresses, by the King, the Queen, and all his Friends. Animosities daily encrease between the different Parties. Private Grudges are improv'd to Publick Factions: An Universal Peevishness, has possess'd the Hearts of the French Nation: They are alarm'd and offended, at one another's Looks. If a Man smiles too much or too little, in conversing with his Friend, 'tis enough to give him the Character of an Enemy, or at least to render him suspected. So that he who wou'd live peaceably here at this Juncture, had need to be well skill'd in all the Secrets of *Phsyiognomy*, and make frequent Use of his Looking-Glaſs; lest any Oblique Cast of his Eye, or Satyrical writhing of his Nose, shou'd be Interpreted for Symptoms of Hidden Malice. For now they'll spy *Treason*, in every Feature of a Man's Face.

As for me, when I go abroad, I conform to all Companies; yet alter not my Address. I neither play the *Ape*, nor counterfeit a *Statue*: But observing a *Medium*, I pay a Civil Respect to all, without being Courtly or Rude: For this Carriage, best Suits with my Circumstances. Hence it is, that no Body suspects the plain, deform'd, blunt, Crook-back'd *Titus* of Moldavia, to be what I am really, *Mahmut the Slave of the Exalted Port*.

Paris, 14th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LET-

LETTER III.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THE Prince of Conde's taking up Arms, has more puzzl'd the Counsels of the King of France, and more embarrass'd his Affairs, than any Occurrence that has happen'd since the Death of his Father.

I have already inform'd the Kaimacham and others, of all Passages hitherto, relating to these Intestine Broils. Since which they seem to be improv'd into a War, wherein Foreign Nations take a Part. After the Return of Cardinal Mazarini to this Court, the Prince of Conde was driven to great Streights, being compell'd by the swift Marches of the King's Army, to retire to Bourdeaux. Where, considering that it would not be so much his Interest to keep this Place, as to encrease his Forces, he sent Envoys to the King of Spain, and Arch-Duke Leopold in Flanders, to desire their Assistance.

The Former immediately dispatched away Orders for a considerable Body of Men to approach the Confines of Gascoigne, where the Prince had a great Interest; And the latter lent him Eight Thousand Men, to act on the side of Flanders and towards Paris, as Occasion offer'd.

The

This is the particular Game of the Spaniards, to take Advantage of the Civil Wars in this Kingdom, that so by assisting the weaker Party, they may balance the Contesting Powers of the Nation, and keep 'em in a perpetual Quarrel: Whilst in the Interim, they gain Ground; recover the Places which the French took from 'em in Time of Domestick Peace, and so pave the Way to New Conquests.

In the mean Time, the Parliament sent Deputies to the King, beseeching him to remember his Royal Word, by which he had for ever banish'd Cardinal Mazarini; and representing to him the Fatal Consequences, which were like to proceed from his Return. But the King, instead of complying with their Requests, caus'd an Edict of Council to be Publish'd, which justify'd his Conduct in this Matter.

He also writ a Letter to the Parliament, full of Complaints, that they had not yet publish'd any Order, to hinder the Entrance of a Foreign Army into the Kingdom. But all signified Nothing, to Men passionately bent, to maintain the Prince of Conde's Quarrel against their Sovereign. He has but few trusty Men in that Senate, and they are overaw'd by the Rest. Besides, the Duke of Orleans bears a strange Sway both in the Parliament and Country.

At the Instigation of the Prince, the Citizens of Orleans shut up their Gates, when they heard the King was coming that Way in his

his return to Paris. Yet the Country was open for the Prince of Conde, a Subject: He travell'd up and down the Provinces, to make New Interests, and confirm the Old; leaving the Command of his Army in Gascoigne, to his Brother the Prince of Conti.

There have been many Skirmishes and Encounters, between the King's Forces, and those of the *Male-contents*; and one fierce Combat, wherein the Prince of Conde defeated the Vanguard of the King's Army, as he was marching to this City. Whereby getting the Start of his Sovereign, he arriv'd here, and was receiv'd in the Parliament, whilst the Monarch was forc'd to lie encamp'd in the Field.

The Prince found a different Reception, according to the various Humours of People. The Greatest Part favour'd him, and he receiv'd infinite Caresses from the Citizens of Paris: But met with some Opposition from Persons of Higher Rank, and more stedfast Loyalty to the Crown. The Duke of Orleans is his greatest Friend, and one for whom the Parliament have a great Deference: Not so much in Contemplation of his Wit and Policy, as for the Sake of his near Relation to the Crown; he being Uncle to the present King: Whereby he has a Right to assume more Authority than others, in regulating the Disorders of the Court; among which, the greatest is esteem'd, that of Cardinal Mazarini's Return.

In a Word, both Parties serve themselves of those who have the greatest Interest, and are most likely to compose the Quarrel. The Exil'd Queen of England, and her Son, who have taken Sanctuary in this Kingdom from the Persecutions of their Own Subjects, make it their Busines, to mediate between the Court-Party, and the Faction of the Princes.

The Prince of Conde also, sent Deputies to the King to represent to him, That the only Means to give Quiet to the State, was to banish the Cardinal-Minister; And as they were delivering their Address, Mazarini came in; at the Sight of whom, they aggravated their Charge, and said to his Face, That he was the Cause of all the EVILS, which the Kingdom suffer'd. The Cardinal Interrupting them, turn'd to the King, and said, Sir, It will not be just, that so Flourishing a Kingdom, and, to whose Grandeur I have contributed all that lay in my Power, should ruin it self for my Sake: Therefore I humbly entreat your Majesty to grant, that I may return to my own Country, or whithersoever my Fortune shall call me. No, no, reply'd the Queen (not without some Passion) This cannot be granted; The King had never more need of your Counsels, than at this Juncture. We cannot consent, that so Serviceable a Man should be Banish'd, only to humour his Enemies. Therefore, let us hear no more of that.

The *Deputies* perceiving nothing of Hope return'd to *Paris*. Then the *Parlement* deputed others to go to the *King*, and Remonstrate the Deplorable State of the *Realm*. This was done a few Days agoe.

In the mean Time, we have been alarm'd here in this City, with daily Insurrections of the Multitude. The Occasion was, some private Orders which the *Duke of Orleans* had given to the *Provost* of the *MERCHANTS*, relating to his Charge, and the Welfare of the City. This being misunderstood by the People, who have not the Sence to distinguish the Good Offices of their *Governours* from Injuries, put 'em all into a Tumult. They assaulted the *Provost* in his Coach, as he was passing the Streets: And had he not escaped into an *Apothecary's Shop*, they wou'd perhaps in their Fury, have torn him in Pieces; For so they serv'd his Coach, as an after-*VenGE*.

I am weary of beholding the Malicious Quarrels of these *Infidels*. But when I consider, that their Discords will be Instrumental to the Future Conquests of the *True Believers*, I am Patient and Resign'd.

However, 'tis one Comfort to me in this Thorny Station, that one Time or other, instead of the perpetual jangling of Bells in *Paris*, I may again have the Happiness, to hear the *Muezins* cry on the *Minarets* in *Constantinople*, There is but One God, and Mahomet his Prophet. Or, if I shall not live to enjoy this Wish; yet, in the *Invisible State*, I shall

shall hear the same Cry, and shall be past Doubt of those Things, whereof I have no Certainty in this Life.

Paris, 29th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER IV.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the
Grand Signior.

THE Christians seem to have too proud an Opinion of themselves, and set a greater Value on *Humane Nature* than suits with Reason. They assert, That all Things were made for Man, and style him *Lord* of his *Fellow-Creatures*; as if God had given him an Absolute Dominion over the *Rest* of his *Works*, especially over the *Animal-Generations*; and that all the Birds of the Air, Beasts of the Earth, and Fish of the Sea, were Created only to serve his Appetite and other Necessities of Life. I remember a Letter I formerly sent to thee, wherein I discours'd of the *Cartesian Philosophers*, and their Contempt of the *Beasts*, in denying them *Souls*, or the *Use* of *Reason*.

Give me leave to entertain thee now, and divert my self with some farther Remarks on this Subject. 'Tis a Refuge from Melancholy,

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when

when I can thus freely discover my Thoughts to a Friend, who I know will not be Partial to the Truth.

I have been long an Advocate for the *Brutes*, and have endeavour'd both to abstain from injuring them my self, and to inculcate this Fundamental Point of Justice to others. This is owing to the *Example* and *Philosophy* of *Mahammed*, the *Eremite* in *Arabia*, that *Light* and *Glory* of Religious Men. And were it not that my Humour is to be doubtful in all Things, the Influence of his Conversation would make me a profes'd *Pythagorean*, a *Disciple* of the *Indian Brachmans*, a *Champion* for the *Transmigration* of *Souls*.

The last Letter save one I writ to that *Solitary*, was upon this Subject: Such an one as would divert him in his *Cave*. It contain'd an Account of the Primitive Manner of Life practis'd by the *Ancients*, a Narrative of the *Golden Age*, a *History* of *Human Innocence*, and the Steps which Men first took to use *Violence* and *Cruelty* to their *Fellow-Creatures*. Now I will present thee with some Additional Observations, some Remnants of Antiquated Truth, glean'd from *Philosophers* and *Historians*, and winnow'd from the *Chaff* of *Error* and *Superstition*.

Who wou'd not believe the *Beasts* to be endu'd with *Reason*, when he beholds them perform all the Actions of *Rational* Creatures, with more Caution, tho' less Pride than Men? They are more Provident than We, and much more subtle in avoiding any Affliction or Danger.

Danger. Witness *Thales* the *Philosopher's* *Mule*, which he often employ'd to carry Salt to a certain Market; but the Cunning *Beast* finding herself over-loaded, when she was passing through a River lay down, whereby the Water penetrating into the Sacks of Salt, melted it away and lightned her Burden. And this was her Constant Practice; till the *Philosopher* perceiving himself thus outwitted by his *Beast*, was resolv'd to circumvent her another way. Wherefore, instead of Salt he loaded her with Wool, which he knew would grow heavier by being Wet. But the wary *Mule*, sensible of the Difference of her Burden, wou'd couch no more in the Water; but seeing no other Remedy, went forward on her Journey.

Who will not admire the Wisdom of the *Fox* in *Cold Countreys*, which the Inhabitants use as a Guide when they would pass over any Frozen Lake or River. For this Creature going before them, lays her Ears close down to the Ice, and listens to try if she can hear any Motion or Noise of the Water running underneath: Which if she does, she will not venture on the Ice; but if all be still, then by a *Logical Deduction* she concludes, The Ice is thick enough to bear Passengers; and so she leads the Way, whilst the Men follow.

When a *Dog* is hunting in the thick Woods, and by chance comes to a Place where Three Paths meet, he first Scents the *One*, then the *Other*: And perceiving that the Game is not

gone by any of thole Two Ways; he throws himself swiftly forward in the Third, without such a particular Application of his Nose. Which is an evident Argument, that he makes use of the like Case we our Selves should do.

And now I have mention'd this Creature, I cannot forbear celebrating their Virtue and Fidelity: Whereof we have daily Experience; and there are many pleasant Examples, recorded by grave Historians.

Such is that of *Hircanus*, a Dog belonging to *Lysimachus*, who would never depart from the Body of his dead Master, but following it to the Funeral Pile, leapt into the Fire, and was burned for Company.

But the Gratitude of a *Lyon* to a certain Slave in *Rome*, is beyond all Parallel. This Slave was one of those, who were appointed to combat with Wild Beasts in the Amphitheatre, according to the Custom of the Ancient Romans, in the Publick Shews which were exhibited to the People. As soon as the Lyon was let loose in the Pavement, he ran furiously at the Slave, but coming nearer, he stop'd on a sudden, as one astonished: Then he came gently toward the Slave, fawning upon him, and licking his Hand, which caus'd all the People to give a Shout. The Emperour being present, and taking Notice of the seeming Friendship and Acquaintance that was between the Slave and the Lyon, sent for the Slave, and enquired the Occasion of so strange an Accident. To whom the Slave made the following Relation: .

" My

" My Name, said he, is *Anaredus*, and I
" am Slave to a certain *Proconsul*, who ha-
" ving determined to Kill me, I made my
" Escape, and hid me self in a Cave: Where
" I had not lain long, before this *Lyon*, which
" you now see, came in, being very lame of
" one Foot. As soon as he spy'd me, he came
" limping toward me, and stretch'd forth the
" Paw that was Wounded, as tho' he begg'd
" of me to ease him. Affrighted as I was,
" I took his Paw in my Hand, and pull'd out
" a great ragged Thorn, which stuck fast in
" it. Then I wash'd the Wound with my
" own Water, whilst he lay very patiently
" till I throughly dress'd it. The Ease he
" found by my Application, made him fall a-
" sleep; and when he wak'd, he lick'd my
" Hands, and shew'd other Signs of Affection
" and Gratitude. I liv'd with him thus, Three
" Years in that Cave, and every Day he brought
" me a Share of his Prey, on which I su-
" stain'd my Self. But at Length Tyr'd with
" this Manner of Life, I took my Opportu-
" nity, when he was gone abroad, to make my
" Escape. I wander'd up and down Three
" days, when a Company of Soldiers meeting
" with me, and knowing to whom I belong'd,
" took me and brought me hither to my *Old*
" *Master*, who has Condemn'd me to this
" Cruel Death. But it seems, *Fortune* so or-
" der'd it, that this *Lyon* should be taken a-
" bout the same Time, and appointed to be
" my *Executioner* this Day. Yet you see, he
" refuses to perform his Office, out of Grati-

"tude to me for my former Kindness.

The *Emperour* astonish'd and pleas'd at this Passage, gave the *Slave* his Life and Freedom, bestowing also the *Lyon* on him, which brought him in a Constant Livelyhood, by shewing him to all People; who having heard of this Wonderful Accident, were desirous to see both the *Lyon* and his *Tenant*: For so they styl'd the *Slave*; and some call'd him, the *Lyon's Physician*.

I should think I had said enough already to tire thy Patience, and make thee forswear reading my Letters for the future, were I not well acquainted with thy Genius, and know that thou delightest in Relations of this Nature, being no Enemy to the harmless Brutes.

Whatever thy Sentiments are towards these, I dare be sure, thou art my Friend, and wilt bear with my Importunity, when I strive to convince all Men, and confirm my self in this Truth, That the *Wild Beasts* are not void of Reason and Moral Virtue.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. Moon,

of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Captain Bassa.

IN the Name of God, Superlatively Indulgent and Benign, Lord of Armies which cannot be Number'd, Conservator of the Empire founded on his Own Unity; Praise be to him, that has neither Beginning, nor End! What is the Reason, that we are always Baffl'd by the Infidels? Every Year our August Emperour sends out mighty Armies by Land, and our Fleets by Sea are term'd *INVINCIBLE*, yet they are still overcome by the Christians. Where the Fault lies, is best known to thee, and the Generals to whom the Command of all is committed.

My Spirit is disquieted about these Things, and I am uneasy by Day, neither does the Night accord me any Repose. This hot Weather, I go up to the Terras of my House at the Hour of Sleep, thinking that the Coolness of the Air would incline me to Rest; but I can find none. I turn my self on the Leads to the Right-Hand and to the Left, yet all Postures are alike. Sleep has abandon'd my Eyes. My Zeal for the Empire of the Faith, ful will consume me.

One Night I made Solemn Preparations to welcome the First Appearance of the Moon, after the Manner of my Countrymen. I

L 4 sprinkl'd

Sprinkl'd Water on the Floor of the Terrass, and with a New Besom swept away all Uncleanliness: I fill'd a Lamp with the most precious Oyl I could get in Paris, which having lighted at the going down of the Sun, I plac'd directly on that Part which is nearest to Meccha. Then I fell on my Face, and pray'd the Eternal Source of Lights, "That at the Moment, when the Moon first Ascended our Horizon, an Intellectual Splendor might shine in my Breast: That I might there, as in a Mirror, behold the Future Fate of the Mussulmans, and the Events, which as yet, were hid in the Dark Womb of Possibility.

My Petition was granted: The Night was in her Shady Course; the Stars on their Watch, and Time, as from a Limbeck, distill'd the Silent Minutes, till the Moment wherein the Neighbour-Planet, first peep'd on the Tops of Mountains. At that Instant I saw, and heard Things (or at least I thought so) which I never so much as dreamt of before, neither can I remember the Thousandth Part.

Believe me, Supreme Commander of the Marine, I do not boast, or Joy in this. For, I think there can be no greater Affliction, than to be once made Partaker of such a Bliss, and then to lose it, almost as soon as gain'd. Yet there are some Footsteps of the Vision remaining on my Memory.

"Methinks I beheld Armies of Mussulmans (for I thought 'em to be such by their Turbants) making several Descents on the Shores

" Shores of *Italy*: Methought I saw them
" prostrate themselves on the Ground, and
" after a considerable Space of Silence, the
" Air eccho'd with the Sound of *Allab, Allab,*
" much like the Noise of great *Cascades*, or
" Falls of Water.

" Then they seem'd to disperse themselves
" all over the Countrey in divers Bodies. The
" Inhabitants of *Rome*, appear'd all in a great
" Consternation. The Chief *Musti* of that
" Place, went forthwith into the Streets, fol-
" low'd by his *Cardinals*, and *Dervises*, ac-
" companied by an Innumerable Multitude of
" People. They carried their *Gods* of Gold
" and Silver along with them; and being ap-
" parell'd with Garments of coarse Hair, they
" sprinkled Ashes on their Foreheads, in To-
" ken of their Humility, and to pacify the
" Indignation that was kindled against
" them.

" But, *Heaven* was deaf to their Clamo-
" rous Vows, neither could all the Pomp of
" their *Superstitious* Solemnity, dazzle the Eyes
" which are a Thousand Times brighter than
" the *Sun*, penetrating into the darkest Corners
" of the Heart. In a word, these *Infidels* seem'd
" a while after to be in a great Confusion and
" Hurry, running this Way and that Way
" to hide their Goods, and save themselves
" from the Victorious *Strangers*. In fine, I
" saw the *Crosses* taken down from the *Mi-*
" *narets* of the *Mosques* in *Rome*, and *Cre-*
" *scents* advanc'd in their place.

I do not relate this, as it I gave Credit to *Visions* and *Trances*: Perhaps all this might be but a *Waking Dream*. Yet such *Visionary Entertainments*, happen of Course to our Countrymen, when they observe the foresaid *Ceremonies*. But I tell thee, I am not asleep at this Moment; and yet it appears to me a very Probable Undertaking, for the *Mussulmans* to fit out a Mighty *Fleet*, which having a sufficient Army of Land-Men aboard, might deliver them with little or no Opposition, on some of the Wealthy Shores of *Italy*: And if it is not thought worth the Labour to make New Conquests, which would be difficult to maintain; yet at least our Soldiers by plundering only the Rich *Temples* and *Convents* of the *Nazarenes*, might carry away Inestimable Treasures.

I wrote formerly to one of thy *Predecessors* about the same Matter, proposing the Surprise of *Loretto*, as a very easy Attempt, and that the Booty wou'd infinitely surpass the Expence and Trouble: But *Mahmut's* Advices are never regarded, till 'tis too late. We squander away Thousands of Men, and Millions of Money to purchase little insignificant Islands, which are defended indeed with seeming Vigour by the *Christians*; but 'tis rather to amuse us, than out of any real Value they have for those Places.

It is only a *Maxim of Western Policy*, thus to give Diversion to the Arms which are destin'd to subdue *All Nations*. They sport themselves, to see the Flower of the *Eastern Militia*

Militia consum'd in their Trenches, before the Impregnable Fortress of *Candia*, which if won will not quit the Cost of so tedious a Siege. Whereas, in half that Time, our Invincible Forces might have over-run all *Italy*.

Thou wilt not think this an Impracticable Enterprize, when thou shalt consider the Divisions of the *Italian Princes*, the Universal Security and Voluptuousness of the Inhabitants, and yet the Oppressions and Tyranny they live under, being fleec'd and poll'd of all their Substance, to maintain the Grandeur of their *Governors*, and the Pride of the *Clergy*; which renders 'em equally disgusted, at their present Slavish Manner of Life, and desirous of a Change. It is not hard to surmise after all this, that a Conquest wou'd be easy to the Victorious *Mussimans*; or at least such Depredations, as would mighty enrich them.

The most proper News that I can send thee, is of a Combat lately fought at Sea, between the *English* and the *Dutch*. The Generals on both Sides, are said to be brave Men. He of *Britain* is call'd *Blake*, the Other's Name is *Trump*. Which had the best on't, is not certainly known. Men speak as they are by-ass'd. Yet the *Dutch* lost Two Ships in this Engagement, tho' their Fleet was far more Numerous than that of the *English*.

If I were worthy to advise my *Superiors*, I would propose some Notable Exploit by Land; for God has given the Earth to the

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*the True Believers, but the Sea to the
Christians.*

*Paris, 14th. of the 6th. Moon, or
of the Year 1652.*

LETTER VI.

*To the Kiaya Bey, or Lieutenant General
of the Janizaries.*

I HAD once a great Intimacy with *Cassim Hali*, the brave *Aga*, who now is no more on Earth. That Honest Old *General*, merited all Men's Love: Follow thou his Example, and in Time his *Post* will fall to thy Lot. Thou art already in the last Advance to it; let no Airy Vice make thee Giddy, and give thee a Fall. 'Tis a Common Aphorism, *That Health, long Life, and Honour descend from Above*. But if they do, I tell thee, 'tis like the Rain, which only then does good, when it penetrates the Earth, and moistens to the Root. An *Humble Heart*, is like a kindly *Mold*, receiving the *Dews of Heaven* with Advantage and Profit: but *Pride* is a *Rock*, which spatters away the *Blessings* shov'd down on it.

Perhaps thou will be affronted at my blunt Way of Writing. Yet assure thy self, I honour thee more than a Thousand Flatterers.

I am.

I am not sent hither to study Nice Expressions, but to serve the *Grand Signior* with Integrity. Besides, I know thou hast not been accustom'd to the soft Entertainments of Ladies Chambers, but the Rough Dialect of War. It is thy Honour to be unacquainted with the Delicacies of Discourse, Diet, or Dressing; Things only fit to enervate a Man's Courage, and change his Heart into that of a Woman. Thou know'st how to handle the *Curiass* and *Lance*, the *Sabre* and *Shield*, the *Bow* and *Gun*; and art perfectly vers'd, in all the Military Terms of Art. A Discourse of Sieges and Campaigns, storming of Forts, and plundering of Camps, is more agreeable to thee, than all *Tully's Oratory*, or the finest Strains of the *Persian Poets*. I am therefore confident, thou wilt not take it ill, that I address to thee in a Style void of Artifice, yet full of Real Respect and Love.

If I counsel thee, 'tis for thy Good; and I am commanded to express my Sentiments with Freedom. Besides, I have a Personal Privilege to advise thee, the Right of a Friend: Which thou wilt acknowledge, when I tell thee, that I once had the Happiness to save thy Life, as we travell'd together in *Arabia*.

Thou canst not but remember that Passage, and how that in heat of Youthful Blood, thou had'st provok'd an *Emir* to kill thee in the Sight of the whole *Caravan*, had not I fallen at his Feet, and told him, Thou wert a Stranger to the Customs of the Country.

Believe me, I do not reproach thee with this, but only make Use of it, as an Argument to convince thee, That the same Motive which prompted me to interpose my self at that Time, between thee and Certain Death, induces me now to give thee Warning of a Precipice, of which thou art in Danger. Every one gives thee the Character of a brave Man, and no Body dislikes thee the Worse, for being of an Air as Fierce as a Tartar. All this becomes a *Man* of the *Sword*; And they say, thou doſt every Thing with a *Martial Grace*.

But I am told likewise, that thou art Guilty of Avarice: and that, for the Lucre of Presents, thou enrollest Men in the *List* of the Janizaries, who are not fit to serve in the Wars; such as are House-keepers, Persons entangl'd with VVives and Children, with Debts and other Encumbrances: That they only appear on certain Days in the Military Habit, and then return to their Domestick Business, without ever regarding the Discipline of the Royal Chambers, or thinking themselves oblig'd to learn the *Art of War*: That thou in the mean Time takeſt their *Pay*, and many Additional Bribes, whilst they are only contented with the *Title and Privilege* of a Janizary, to shelter themselves from Justice, and protect them in their Rapine and Villanies.

I tell thee, shou'd this be known and prov'd against thee, it wou'd be to thy Ruine. But I hope better Things, and that these are only the Surmizes of thy Enemies. For, thou knowest,

knowest, that none ought to be admitted into that *Ancient Order*, but the *Tributary Sons of the Nazarenes*; who being in their Infancy listed in the College, know neither Father nor Patron, save the *Grand Signior*, who is the *Common Parent and Protector* of the *Ottoman Empire*. On his Service is all their Zeal and Courage fix'd, having no private Byas, no partial Inclinations, to warp them from the Fidelity they owe their *Great Master*. They are devoted to Indefatigable Toils and Hardship, during their whole Life.

This was the *First Institution* of the *Janizaries*, though through the Corruption of the Times, they have much degenerated from their *Primitive Rules*. But thou, who art honour'd with an *High Command*, wilt signalize thy Virtue and Loyalty, in reforming these Abuses, and in not suffering the *College of Men of War*, to become a *Receptacle of Rogues and Drones*.

Such Disorders as these, have promoted the *Intestine Broils* of this Kingdom. I say not, that they are the *Original Causes*: Yet tis a great Diminution of *Sovereign Majesty*, when a King shall find his Own Armies fighting against him, as they do at present here in *France*. How many Mutinies and Rebels have been rais'd by the licentious *Janizaries* at *Constantinople*: When laying aside all Respect and Duty, they have not spar'd to violate the *Seraglio* it self; but entring within those *Sacred Walls* with Bands of Arm'd Men, have turn'd all things Topsy-Turvey, seiz'd on the

the *Imperial Treasure*, chang'd the *Domestick Officers* of their *Sovereign*, and sometimes chas'd him from his *Ovn Palace*, to the Hazard, if not to the Loss of his Life?

If thou would'st know what they are doing here in *France*, the *Men of Arms* are cutting one anothers Throats, whilst the *Rabble* are burning their Neighbours out of their Houses.

Two Days agoe, the *Multitude* assembled in the Streets, and having beset a certain *Palace* in this City, they put Fire to it, resolving to kill all that should attempt to make their Escape out of the Flames. A Person of *Quality* coming out to pacify them, fell a *Victim* to their unbridl'd Rage: And had not the *Duke of Beaufort* (of whom I have often made mention in my Letters) interpos'd his Authority, they had murder'd all that were within those suspected Walls.

Sometime before this, the *Maresbal Tu-renne* took a *Place of Strength* from the *Prince of Conde*; who in Lieu of it took *St. Denis*, a Town not far from *Paris*, wherein there is a *Temple*, which the *French* say, is the Richest in *Europe*. But they are laught at by the *Italians*, who boast of far Richer *Mosques* in *Venice*, *Milan*, *Naples*, and *Rome*.

The *Duke of Lorraine* plays fast and loose with the *Prince of Conde*. He enter'd the Kingdom with an Army, pretending to espouse the *Prince's Quarrel*, but was quickly bought off by the *Queen*, so that he is now gone to *Flanders* again; by this Action leaving a

Free

Free Passage to the King's Army under Marshal Turenne, to range whither they please, which were before block'd up by his Forces.

Four Days agoe there was a Bloody Encounter, between the Troops of the Prince, and those of Marshal Turenne, in one of the Suburbs of Paris. Neither cou'd boast of the Victory, though the Battel lasted Five Hours. But at length, the Prince of Conde's Troops retir'd into the City, being frighten'd with the Main Body of the King's Army, which appear'd on the Neighbouring Hills.

Illustrious Janizary, fortify thy Heart with all the Necessary Retrenchments of Heroick Virtue: And rather than Surrender to Temptations of Vice on dishonourable Terms, run the Hazard of a Storm.

Paris, 6th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddr, a Jew at Vienna.

WE are all together by the Ears in this Kingdom; killing, burning, and destroying one another: Whilst you in Germany enjoy Abundance of Peace. The Occasion of our Quarrels here, is, the Return of Cardinal Mazarini, against whom the Duke of Orleans and Prince of Conde are Inveterate Enemies. The Former is declar'd Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, by the Parliament of Paris; Who give it out, That the King is Cardinal Mazarini's Prisoner. They have also bestow'd the Command of all the Forces, under the Authority of the said Duke, on the Prince of Conde.

Their Principal and only Pretence is, the Removal of the Cardinal from the King and his Councils. What will be the Issue, Time will demonstrate.

There has been a *Duel* lately fought, between the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, Two Eminent Friends to the Prince of Conde.

The King going to a Town call'd Pontoise, some Leagues from Paris, drew a great many Counsellors and Presidents of Parliament thither, Men who are Loyal and Stedfast to his Cause. This encourag'd the King to put forth a

De-

Declaration, commanding the Parliament to meet at Pontoise. They, on the other Side, publish'd a Arrest against this Declaration. Thus they continue pickeering one at another.

But here is News arriv'd from Cologne, which surprizes People very much. I know not the true Ground of their Astonishment: but the Priests seem to be Mad for Joy. All that I can hear about it is, The Restauration of the Roman Catholick Religion in that Province, which is a Novelty unexpected; especially the Ecclesiastick Grandeur, which it seems, has been laid aside above these Hundred Years. I tell thee only as I am inform'd my self: It lies in thy Power to certify me of the Truth of Matters.

They say also, That the famous General John de Werdt is dead: As likewise the Arch-Bishop of Treves. It is added, that Franken-dal is surrendred to the Elector of Heidelberg, according to the late Agreement at Munster; And that there is a Diet begun at Ratisbon.

I desire thee to inform me of all these Things particularly, and of whatsoever else occurs in the Court where thou residest.

As to Matters of Religion, be not over-sedulous: Piety is compriz'd in a Few Rules. Yet, the Soul of Man is Naturally Inquisitive, and would fain be acquainted with All Things. I advise thee to cast thy Eyes frequently on the Earth that is under thy Feet; survey the Groves and Fields; the Mountains

tains and Valleys, Rocks and Rivers. Then look up to the Heavens, and take a stedfast View of the Stars: Consider the Beauty and Order of All things. And after this, tell me, if thou canst imagine, That the Great and Immense Creator of this Wonderful Eabrick, Form'd all the Nations of the Earth, to Damn 'em Eternally, save only those of Your Race.

Son of Israel, I wish thee heartily Adieu.

Paris, 11th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Parisians seem to be all in a *Dream* or *Trance*. They know not what they say or do, or at least they care not. Such is the Immense Joy, for the Return of the King to this City. The Steps to this sudden Change, were the Retiring of *Cardinal Mazarini* from the *Court*. Which was seconded with a *Declaration of Indemnity*, or a *General Pardon* for all that had pass'd during these *Troubles*, save some particular Reserves of *Sacrilege, Fires, and such like*. This work'd strangely on the Inha-

Inhabitants of Paris. But the Prince of Conde not finding any Satisfaction, as to his own Person, in his *Amnesty*, call'd in the Duke of Lorraine's Army to his Assistance. These reduc'd the King's Forces to so great a Streight and Extremity, that the *Parlement* being sensible of the Advantage, made use of it, and sent *Deputies* to the King, beseeching him to continue in the same good Resolution he had taken before this Misfortune.

The *Monarch* suffer'd himself to be overcome, by a Violence mix'd with so much Submission, and yielded to their Requests. Immediately, the Hearts of the Prince of Conde's Friends grew cold, and began to change their Sentiments. In a word, they were resolv'd to desert their New *Master*, and cast themselves at the Feet of their Lawful Sovereign. The *Grandees*, who had most affected Conde's Interest, laid down their Offices. The Foreign Armies of *Spaniards* and *Lorrainers*, retir'd out of the Kingdom. The Citizens of Paris sent a Deputation consisting of Sixty Six Persons of Honour, to invite the King to this City, and assure him of their Future Allegiance. All the Officers of the *Militia*, did the like. The King being satisfy'd with the timely Penitence of his Subjects, and having command-ed some Preparatory Alterations in *Places of Trust*, enter'd this City on the Twenty First of the last *Month*, with all the Joy and Ac-clamation which cou'd express the Love of his

his People, and the Regret they had labour'd under, during his Absence.

Thou seest, Illustrious Minister, that tho' by the Artifices of a Faction, a King may be render'd odious to his Subjects, be banish'd from his Palace, and have the Gates of his Cities shut against him, as befell to this King: Yet the Inconveniences they feel in taking up Arms against him, sooner or later bring 'em to Repentance; and they are glad to court his Return, whom but a while agoe they forc'd away by their Undutifulnes, to gratify the Ambition of a bold Young Prince of the Blood, who promis'd, and ventur'd all Things in Hopes of a Crown. For, it cannot be suppos'd, That the Prince of Conde had leis Aims, when he first began this War; tho' his Pretences were specious, only to remove Cardinal Mazarini, and other evil Ministers from the King, and to protect the French, from the Machinations of Spanish and Italian Counsels: Whilst it is evident, that all along he and his Party, have been supported by the King of Spain in their Rebellion. One wou'd wonder, how the French, a Sensible and Witty Nation, could be thus impos'd upon. But the Arabian Proverb says, *There are none so blind, as those that willfully shut their Eyes.*

Yet, whatever Stupidity reigns among the Franks, methinks Nothing but Light and Reason ought to appear in the Actions of the Mussulmans. I am confounded, to hear of the Rebellions in Syria and Egypt. Will they never give Rest to the Banner of the Prophet?

Prophet? Must the Supreme Minister, be ever employ'd in proclaiming the *Nesraum?* What offence has been given to the *Bassa* of *Damascus*, or *Amir of Caire?*

Sage President of the Imperial City, I am abash'd before the *Infidels*, when I hear these *Tragical Reports* out of the *East*.

But what can be expected, when the Manners of the *Faithful* are quite estrang'd from those of their *Fathers*. The *Musulmans* almost out-do the *Franks* in Vice and Debanchery.

When thou readest this, draw thy *Cimeter*, and make a *Scabbard* of the next Man, who mutters a Word against ~~Mr~~ *Lam-ful Sovereign*.

Paris, 2d. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I tell thee, I am neither Melancholy nor Merry; but in a kind of a Mungrel Humour between both. I am half *Democritus*, and t'other half *Heracitus*; being Equally dispos'd to Laugh and Weep, at the Vanity of All Things here below. That Thought touches me sensibly, yet not enough to carry me into Extreams. The Misery and Happiness of ~~has~~ the Whole Life of Mortals, are Themes scarce worth a Passion. Whatever we endure as an *Evil*, or posses as a *Good*, are both so short, that as the one need not sink us to an *Excess* of *Grief*, so neither does the other deserve a *Paroxysm* of *Joy*. A Sigh or a Tear, are enough for the First; and a Smile is too much for the Last. My Mind at present is an *Equilibrium*.

What signifies the Birth of the Greatest Monarch, or that he can boast of a Long Descent of Kings, his Progenitors? He is born to Labour and Trouble, as well as other Men; and all the Charming Pleasures that attend a Crown, are scarce sufficient to recompence his Cares and Fatigues, his Hazards and Toils, and the Perpetual Risques he runs both in Peace and War.

If

If from the Cradle he make an Early Step to a Throne, tis but a Mock-Honour, to be Crown'd with a Wreath of Briars, squeez'd and press'd into b^t tender Temples, by the deceitful Hands of his Guardians and Ministers, who strive only to lay the Foundation of their own Honour in his Ruine, by improving the Time of his Minority, and making Oppression Chymical; that during their present Authority, they may extract the Life and Elixir of his Subjects Wealth, and hoard it in their own Coffers, leaving only the Lets to him, when he comes of Age, and these generally compounded with the Ill-will of his People. I wish the Case prove not the same in our Present Sovereign, Sultan Mahomet; who, thou know'st, was liftest to his Father's Throne before his Time, and by Methods which cannot be justify'd. It was the Mufti's Plot, who is the Oracle of the Law; and so the Mussulmans acquiesc'd. But mark the End. Such Treasons seldom escape unpunish'd. Tho' Sultan Ibrahim was Depos'd and Imprison'd, (not to mention that which grates the Ears of any Loyal Ottoman;) Tho' his Eldest Son be plac'd on his Throne, to serve the Ends of a Faction: Yet a Younger than he, may live to revenge the Wrongs that were done to his Father, and restore the Empire of the Faithful to its Pristine Grandeur. There are now above Three Years elaps'd, since the change of Affairs at the Seraglio. In the mean time, dost thou not observe the Discontents of the People? Is there not a General Coldness and

Neutrality to be discern'd in the Conversation of those, who at first were most forward to approve the *Mus'tis* Proceedings? Men begin every where to reflect on the Present Revolution, and its Fatal Consequences. The *Venetian-War*, they say, has quite impoverished the Empire. Decay of Trade, Want of Money, and a Thousand other Things, are the daily Complaints in *Constantinople*: This I am told from very good Hands, Men of several Nations, Merchants who Trade in that City, Persons altogether unbyass'd. They, as Strangers, have been Inquisitive, during their Residence there, into the Humours of People, to find how the *Mussulmans* stand affected to the Present State of the Ottoman Affairs. I, who approve not the Presumption of those *Infidels*, yet make use of it to inform my self of several Material Passages, which I cou'd not otherwise learn, at this Distance from the *Angust Port*.

They tell me, the Soldiers murmur that so many Thousands of Men have been sacrificed in *Candia*, and *Dalmatia*; Whilst what they gain in the *Island*, they lose on the *Continent*. For, it seems, the *Venetians* are still too hard for us one Way or other. They grumble also for Want of their due Pay, and that they have not Bread enough to keep 'em from starving. A certain Greek assur'd me, he had heard several of the *Spaniards* swear solemnly, That it was agreed amongst them, not to go into *Dalmatia*, the next *Campaign*. But this I took as a Strain of the *Grecian's* Natural Faculty,

Faculty, who, thou know'st, are much given to Romancing. However, I hear enough both from them and other Travellers, of East and West, to convince me, That some of the *Grandees* of the *Imperial City* are in a tottering Condition.

Allow which serves but to confirm my first Discourse, That hardly any Thing on Earth is worth a Thought, since all Things are of so short Duration.

In a Word, the World seems to be a *Garden* intermingled with *Roses* and *Weeds*. The *First* are so close encompass'd with Thorns, that a Man can not gather 'em without wounding himself. And if there be more Ease in cropping the *Latter*, yet they are unwholesome and stink; putting a Man to as frequent Purifications, as the Times he touches 'em.

Let Ghoul and I, Dear Gnat, pass along the *Alleys* of this *Garden*, view her *Beauties* and *Deformities* with an Even Mind; nor putting our selves to the Fatigue of gathering her *Flowers*, or suffering our selves to be tempted with her softer *Pleasures*. But let every Thing we see and hear in this *Enchanted Ground*, serve the Ends of our Contemplation, being stedfastly mindful of this Truth, That all those Things which appear so *Gay* and full of *Charms*, are Nothing but mere *Empty Idea's* and *Fleeting Shadows*, of that *Substantial* and *Per-
manent Pleasure*, which has her *Residence* only in *Paradise*.

Thou may'st tell the *Kaimacham*, our Friend, that now the King of France begins to play the *Monarcho* on the Bottom of his own Wit and Courage, without the Assistance or Counsel of Tutors. He has brought the *Parliament* to an Absolute Compliance with his Will, having purg'd that *Senate* of disaffected Members, and banish'd from the *Court* the *Duke of Orléans*, who pretended a Right to Rule his *Sovereign*. In the mean Time, the *Prince of Conde* has taken *Rethel* and *St. Menehould*, whilst *Barcelona* is surrendred to the *Spaniards*. Thus what is gain'd in one Point, is lost in another. Doubtless, there is nothing stable on Earth.

Paris, 8th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Melec Amet.

THY Adventure and Miraculous Escape over the *Danube*, puts me in Mind of a certain *French Nobleman* of the *Prince of Condé's Party*, who last *Summer*, being closely pursu'd by some of the *King's Horse*, and himself excellently mounted, leap'd Hedges and Ditches to avoid Captivity. At length, they had chas'd him into a Corner of the Land; from whence it was Impossible for him to escape, but by swimming o'er a small Arm of the Sea. What Risques will not a Man run, for the Love of Liberty? This Person, like an over-heated *Stagg*, perceiving his *Hunters* close at his Heels, boldly leap'd on Horse-back into the Sea; chusing rather to perish in the Waters, than fall into his Enemies Hands.

None were so hardy, as to follow him through the Uncertain Waves. However, his *Horse* being of matchless Strength, carry'd him safe over to the Opposite Shore. As soon as he arriv'd at the next Town, where he had many Friends, he related this Wonderful Passage. But instead of cherishing his *Horse*, for so Faithful and Invaluable a Service, he drew his Sword, and immediately kill'd the *Beast* that had sav'd his Life: Saying, he did it for the Sake of Fame, being resolv'd, that

his Horse shou'd never perform the like Service to any other Mortal.

This was an Ingrateful Caprice, and far from the Morality of *Sultan Selim*, the Son of Bajazet, who when his Trusty Horse, *Carabuluc*, had once sav'd his Life by his extraordinary Swiftness; he in Token of his Thankfulness, built a Stable on Purpose for him in a Large Enclosure of Meadows, allowing a Pension to a Groom to wait on the Meritorious Beast, and give him his free Delight in all Things, as long as he liv'd; Commanding, that he shou'd never more be forc'd to Labour or travel. And to compleat the Happiness of the Beast, he call'd out some of the Beautiful Mares of Arabia to accompany him, charging also, that the Doors of the Stable shou'd be always open, for the Horse to go in or out, and range when and where he pleas'd. This was a Generosity worthy of an Eastern Monarch, whom, as thy Letter informs me, thou hast in Part imitated.

But such is some Men's Ambition, and vain Desire to be talk'd of, that they care not by what barbarous Methods, they accomplish their Aim: It was a Motive of this Nature, which tempted *Erostratus* to set Fire to the Famous *Temple of Ephesus*; which had been Two Hundred Years in Building, and was number'd among the Seven Wonders of the World.

This happen'd on the very Night, that *Alexander the Great* was born. And the Villain being ask'd, Why he committed so destructive

structive a Sacrilege; answer'd, That it was to acquire an Immortal Fame by so stupendous a Wickedness; since he cou'd not hope to be Recorded for his Virtue.

Plutarch mentions a Jeſt, that was made on this Destruction of Diana's Temple. For it was common in every Bodies Mouth, That the Goddess being call'd that Night to the Labour of Olympias, the Mother of Alexander, cou'd not be present at Home to ſave her Houſe from Burning. For the Gentiles believed, that Diana (whom they also call'd Lucina) was Invisibly assistant at the Birth of Children.

However, the Priests made no Jeſt on't; but ran up and down howling and making Gashes in their Flesh, prefaging that Fate was that Day buried, in ſigning the Decree of Asia's Ruine. This is certain, That that very Night, the Man was born, who was destin'd to ſubdue all Asia, and on the Ruines of the Persian Empire, raise the Monarchy of the Macedonians. However, the Villain who burnt the Temple, had not his Desire. For it was Decreed throughout all Asia, That his Name shou'd never be mention'd in History, or any Publick Writings.

It is Recorded of a certain Gouverour of a City in Italy, That being on the Top of an high Tower with only the Pope, the German Emperour, and an Ambassador from Venice in his Company, he was tempted to throw the Two former over the Battlements, as they were taking a Survey of the City: Which he

might have easily done, for they were both Aged, and Incapable of resisting his Strength. This Passage he confess'd to his *Ghostly Father*: And being ask'd, What Induc'd him to think of such a Horrid *Treason*? He answer'd. That it might be said, He did a Thing which never was done before, nor in all Probability wou'd ever be done again: Since no Prince having heard such a Story, wou'd ever venture himself into the same Danger, without a sufficient Guard of his own. But however, he had not Resolution enough to go through with his Project.

I hear thou art like to acquire Fame by other Methods than these, being in a fair Way, to rise by thy *Vertues*, to some Considerable Employments in the *Empire*. For which, I equally rejoice with thy self.

In the mean Time, twill perhaps be obliging, to tell thee some News out of these *Parts*. Which will make thy Company welcome to the *Grandees*. They love to converse with Men, who can furnish 'em with Intelligence of *Foreign Affairs*.

The freshest Discourse here is, of the Imprisonment of the *Cardinal de Retz*, who was arrested by the King's Order on the Nineteenth of this *Moon*. What his Crime is, I cannot inform thee, unless it be; that he is an Enemy to *Cardinal Mazarini*. People generally give him the Character, of a very honest Man. But, thou know'st, *Honesty* is counted a *Vice* in the Courts of these *Western Princes*. The *Crafty*, are the only Men of *Vertue*,

Virtue and Merit among the Infidels.

Thou may'st also report for a Certainty, That the Spaniards have taken Dunkirk in Flanders, and Cuzal in the Dukedom of Mantua. This Town, is said to be the Key of all Italy. I cannot tell thee, which is the Lock it belongs to; nor, I believe, they themselves. But, this I observe, That when the King of France sits down before any Place with his Army, whoever has the Key, neither Locks nor Bolts can kesp him out long. And 'tis Ten to One, if he do not find an Entrance into this Place again very speedily, when the Spanish King has pleas'd himself for a while, with an Imaginary Possession of it.

I conclude my Letter, just at the Hour when the Old Year expires, according to the Account of the Christians, Wishing thee a Scene of New Felicities.

Paris, 31st. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

M 5

LET

LETTER XI.
To the same.

Having the Opportunity of a Day or two
more, before the Post goes out of Town,
I make use of it to ask thee, Whether there
be any Notice taken in your Parts, of a Co-
met newly appearing above the Orb of the
Sun? It has not been observ'd here till with-
in these few Nights. And the Astronomers,
notwithstanding the Coldness of the Season,
(which I assure thee is sharp enough) are ve-
ry busy with their Telescopes, to pry into the
Figure of this Meteor; and observe its Mo-
tions. They take great Pains, and endure
all the Rigour of the Frost and Snow, in
Hopes of making some new Discovery.

The Vulgar look on it, as a great Prodigy. There
are a Thousand Opinions among them about
its Consequences: Every Body sets up for a
Judicial Astrologer. Nay, the Learn'd them-
selves, and such as are esteem'd Great Phi-
losophers, cannot agree in their Judgment con-
cerning it. Some assert, That the Matter
of the Heavens is subject to Corruption and
Change, and that this Comet is generated af-
ter that Manner: Whilst others hold a Con-
trary Opinion. They are all divided, and
dispute hotly in as Unintelligible Terms, as the
Languages of America are to us of this Conti-
nent. They abuse one another, and them-
selves,

selves, with far-fetch'd Words: And all this while, for ought I know, the Wildest a-nong 'em may be as much under a Mistake, as those who never study'd such Things. All the Instruments of the Opticks, are sought out to help their Sight; and yet they may be as much in the Dark, as the Men in Plato's Cave. It is an Article of my Faith, That we Mortals know very little of those far distant Beings. But, these Franks are the most opinionated People in the World; no Man has the Modesty, to allow another as much Right to Reason as himself. Every one sets up for a Dogmatist, and requires the Intellects of all others to be resign'd to his; tho' perhaps, that be only form'd by the Rules of his Parents, the Impressions of his Early Years, the Force of Education, the Fashion of his Country, or by some Notable Accident in his Life: All which, are equally liable to Falshood and Truth. How many Sects were there of the Ancient Philosophers, stiffly defending their several Opinions? One says, the Heavens are made of Brass; Another, of Iron; a Third, of Smoke. This will have 'em to be Solid, That Fluid: There is no End of their Controversies.

In the mean Time, no Man knows What they are made of, or What is the Figure of the World, Whether Round or Square, or beyond all Dimensions: Whether Matter be Divisible, or Indivisible in the last Atom. Who can assure me, If there be onely One World, or Whether there may not as well be a Thousand.

and Millions? Whether the Stars be *Opaque Bodies* as this Earth, and Inhabited, or no? I tell thee again, there is no Certainty of these Things. Man's Sences are too weak, his Imagination too frail, and all his Faculties far too short, to comprehend the Works of the *Omnipotent*, who alone is *Wise and Perfect in Science*.

Wilt thou have my Opinion of this *Comet*? I am apt to think, 'Tis some such *Globe of Combustible Matter*, as Our Earth appears to be, and perhaps burden'd with as many Sinners: That either by the *Courfe of Nature*, or *Decree of Destiny*, the *Enclos'd Fire* has broke its *Bounds*, and spread its *Consuming Flames* o'er the *Surface*: Which embodying themselves in the *Pyramid of Smoke*, arising from so vast a *Conflagration*, cause that *Appearance* which we call the *Tail of a Blazing-Star*. And, for ought I know, after the same Manner shall our *Globe* appear to the *Inhabitants* of those *Remote Worlds*, at our *Day of Judgment*.

I am not positive in these Matters, nor will I shut up my *Soul* from Future Lights: but leaving Things, as I find 'em, full of Mystery, and double Faces, I will expect no better Fate than that of *Socrates*, That as I have liv'd, so shall I die in Doubt, onely hoping for Plenary Satisfaction in the *Next World*.

Paris, the 2d. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Pesteli-Hali, his Brother, Master
of the Grand Signior's Customs.

NOW thou beginnest to reap the *Fruit* of thy *Travels*. Mayst thou live to have a *Fall Harvest*. I esteem my self infinitely oblig'd to the *Illustrious Basse*, our Countryman, for his particular Friendship in this Busines. 'Tis true, thy own Merits were a sufficient Recommendation: But what *Light* can a *Candle* give, that is shut up close in a *Darke Lanthorn*? So thick was the *Veil*, which thy own *Modesty* had drawn o'er the *Splendor* of the most Accomplish'd *Vertues*.

Son of my Mother, let not what I have said, pass for the Words of a Flatteret. Thou know'st, I am as free from that Vice, as I am from Envy. 'Tis Affection only guides my Pen, when I tell thee, I heartily rejoice in my Brother's Prosperity; and that the *Grand Signior* has a *Faithful Servant*. I hope, that *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns*, will in Time find Reasons to acknowledge to the Noble *Kerker Hassar*, the Good Office he has done him, in presenting such a *Slave*. Let no Error of thine, baulk my Expectation.

'Twill be an *Eternal Honour*, to the *House* and *Tribe* from which we descend, if by acquitting

quitting thy self fairly in this Post, our Great Master shall think thee worthy of a more Sublime Station. Therefore esteem this only as a Tryal of thy Fidelity, and how far thou art Capable of serving the Sultan. Be Industrious, but not Affected, in disclosing thy Abilities. Observe a Gradation: For the slowest Steps to Greatness, are the most secure. Aim not to be Rich and Mighty on a sudden. Swift Rises, are often attended with precipitate Falls. If, in other Cases, 'tis commendable to be niggardly of Time, and squeeze every Minute to an Improvement in Virtue; yet thou wilt find it expedient to follow other Maxims, in the Way of growing Great: And that to be Liberal in Years of Patience, will be no Unprofitable Frugality in the Main; since what is soonest got, is generally short in the Possession: And he that monopolizes Honours or Wealth, is most Times envy'd to his Ruine.

Nature it self shall convince thee of this, if thou wilt but contemplate her most Obvious Works. Cast thy Eye on the Oak among the Plants; What Vegetable is more Permanent, or of greater Service to Men? Yet the Tree, of so vast a Bulk, in whose Aged, Hollow Trunk, I have seen Sixteen Men fitting round a Table; under whose wide spread Branches, the House of Arom Ebnial Eben Sherophaim, the Chief Emir of Arabia is built, and stands at this Day; I say, this Tree in its First Original, was not so big as the Thumb of thy Right Hand: And if Natur-

list's

lift speak Truth, twas a Hundred Years a growing to these Dimensions; as many in a Fix'd and Flourishing Condition; and that it will not take up a less Time in decaying to its last Rottenness.

They say also, That an *Elephant*, the Biggest and Strongest of all the *Beasts* on the *Earth*, lives Two Hundred Years, and continues encreasing in its Stature, the greatest Part of that Term. The like they relate of *Crocodiles* and *Dragons*.

But not to tire thee with Examples of this Nature, let us consider, that whatsoever is great and durable among Men, whatsoever is Illustrious and Excellent, is slow in the Production, and makes not hasty Leaps to Maturity. View all the *Monarchies* that have made so much Noise on *Earth*, and thou wilt find, that in Proportion to the Time of their Growing *Greatness*, was the *Term* of their *Duration*. How swift was the *Rise* and *Fall* of the *Persian Empire*? Equally precipitate was that of the *Macedonians*. None could ever boast of so Permanent and Universal a Sway as the *City* of *Rome*, of which it is commonly said, *Rome was not built in a Day*.

To come nearer Home; How Lasting and perpetually Victorious, is the *Sacred Empire* of the *Mussulmans*? Yet it took its First *Rise* from very small Beginnings, met with frequent Repulses, and has made a slow Progression to the present Formidable Height of Sovereign Power it now possesses. For, thou know'st,

know'st, This is the Thousand'th, Sixtieth and Third Year, since the *Holy Flight* of the *Messenger of God*.

What I have said, may be apply'd with Proportion, to Men's Personal Advances in the *Honours* and *Fortunes* of this *World*. Be content therefore with the *Seasons* wherein *Destiny* shall think fit to raise thee, and strive not to out-run thy *Fate*.

All the News I can tell thee is, That *Cardinal Mazarini* return'd, the 13th. of the last *Moon*, from his *Second Banishment*: Which thou mayst report for a Truth, to the *Ministers of State*.

We are all *Exiles here on Earth*. God restore us to a *Region more Agreeable*, and admit us to the *Caresses* of our *Friends in Paradise*.

Paris, the 25th. of the 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THE Blessings of God and his Prophet descend upon thee from a Thousand Sources. Thou art a true Friend, and our whole Family are oblig'd to thee for Favours which have no Number: But none more than my Brother and I. Our Engagements to thee are Equal; since what Kindness thou hast shew'd to him, in recommending him to the Sultan's Favour, and to a Place of Honour and Profit, I take as done to my self; we being Naturally sharers in each others Prosperity or Adverse Fortune. For such is the Method of strict Relations and Friendships. And I have a particular Reason to thank thee, because it was at my Instance thou promoted'st him. Yet tho' he is my Brother, I should not be so Partial as to say these Things in his Behalf, did I not know him to be a Man of Merit. For Places of Trust, ought not to be bestowed for Favour or Affection, We are bound to sacrifice all Private Regards, to the Interest of the Grand Signior: And not act like the French, who get Offices of the Greatest Importance, many Times, by being of a Faction or Party, opposite to their King.

Since

Since the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini* to this Court, which was in the foregoing *Moon*, the King has reform'd many Abuses of this Kind. He begins to feel his own Strength and Authority, every Day more and more.

In the *Moon* of *December*, dy'd *Cardinal Richlieu's* Brother, who was *Bishop of Lyons*, and *Grand Almoner of France*. The King has bestow'd these Honours on *Cardinal Antonio Barberini*, who took *Sanctuary* in this Court, from the Persecutions of the Present *Roman Pontiff*, almost Ten Years ago. He has always espoused the King of *France's* Interests in *Rome*. And the grateful Monarch, receiv'd him with much Affection; and as an Additional Honour, has made him a Knight of the *Holy Spirit*. This is the *Chiefest Order of Knighthood in France*.

It is freshly reported here, that the *Duke of Newburgh*, a Great Prince in *Germany*, is dead. They talk also of certain *Prodigies* that have been lately seen in *England*, *Ireland*, and other Parts of *Europe*; As Raining of warm Blood, Tin and Copper. And 'tis affirm'd for certain, That *Three Suns* were lately seen at *Dublin*, the Chief City of *Ireland*.

There has been a *Sea-Combat* between the *English* and *Hollanders* on the Coasts of *Italy*. Wherein, they say, the *Dutch* had the Victory, having sunk Two of their Enemies Ships, and taken One, without any Considerable Loss on their own Side.

Here is no other News stirring at present worth the Knowledge of a Muffet-man Grandee. The Eyes of all the Western Nazarenes are fix'd on that Refuge of the World, where thou residest, and on the Actions of our Invincible Vizir in Candia. They discourse of some Overtures of Peace, which that Great General has made to the Venetians, if they will forthwith surrender the City of Candia to the Victorious Ottomans. If this be true, one would think, so great Clemency must needs tempt the Proud Infidels to Submission and Compliance. But, if Destiny has otherwise Decreed, I wish they may feel the Force of our Arms, which appear more keen, than even the Scythe of Time, that Devourer of all Things.

Paris, 27th of the 3d. Moon, 1653.

LETTRE.

LETTER XIV.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THY last Letter speaks thee at once willing to be Enlightened, yet Tenacious of thy Old Prepossessions. I wonder not at the Difficulty thou findest, in shaking off the Precepts of thy *Rabbi's*, those *Religious Triflers*. The Influence of Education, is forcible as that of our Birth: And the Habits that are root'd in us in our Tender Years, are harder to be displanted, than the Inherent Affections of our Blood. This is signify'd by the Arabian Proverb, which says, *The Tutors of Youth, have an Ascendant over the Stars of their Nativity.*

I know it has been esteem'd the peculiar Glory of thy Nation, that you have been Rigid Observers of the Traditions of your Fathers: From which, rather than deviate a Title, there have not been wanting such as freely expos'd themselves, and have bravely endur'd Racks, Scourgings, Burnings, and all Sorts of Torments, even the most exquisitely cruel Deaths, that the Malice of Tyrants cou'd invent. But do not I know also, that in some of the most Weighty Points of your Law, your Zeal has exceeded your Prudence? I speak not of the private Bigotry of one Man,

Man, or a few ; but of the Representative Body of your Whole Nation. How foolishly Superstitious were your Armies in the Days of *Maccathias*, when being assaulted by their Enemies on the Sabbath Day, they refused to draw a Sword in their own Defence, and so were all cut off by the Army of *Antiochus*? This is no Invidious Remark of your Adversaries in Religion, but the Observation of *Josephus*, a Man of the same Faith, and sprung from the Stock of *Israel*, as well as thy Self.

Now tell me thy Opinion, did your Fathers do well in thus Sacrificing themselves, and the whole Interest of *Israel* to a Mistaken *Punctilio* of that Obedience they ow'd the *Law*, or no? If thou allowest the Former, then *Maccathias* did Wickedly in making a *Decree*, That from thenceforth, it should be Lawful on the *Sabbath-Day* to resist their Enemies; and all the Jews were guilty of many Notorious Breaches of the *Law*, in obeying this *Decree*, and fighting on the *Sabbath-Day*: But if thou say'st, They did Ill in not fighting, tho' at a prohibited Time, and prohibited under the Severest *Curses*; then it follows, That there is no Point of your *Law*, which may not, nay which ought not to be dispens'd with, and give way to the Interests of *State*, and the Good of the *Commonwealth*. So that at this Rate, the *Religion* for which you are all so Zealous, will appear to be but a *Form of Government*, *Divinely contriv'd* for *Humane* Regards. I do not call in Question,

from, the Miraculous Delivery of your Law on Mount Sinai. Suffer me to plead without Suspicion of Partiality: I do not go about to invalidate the Testimony of Moses, and the Prophets. Doubtless, the Most High came down through the Heavens, attended with Myriads of Angels, and Thirty Two Thousand Chariots of Fire; and when he stood on the Top of the Mountain, the Rear of his Train had not passed the Silver Gates of the Moon. The Sun appear'd in his Circuit, as one astonish'd; he blush'd, and fled away from the Eternal Brightness, not able to endure the Lustre of a Glory so far surpassing his own. The Stars were dazzl'd at the Immortal Splendor, and mistook their Courses, as they run against one another in their affrighted Careers. And as a Lasting Memorial of that Glorious Descent, the Angels left the bright Impression of their Footsteps in the Earth, That Heavenly Road, is to this Day distinguish'd from all the Rest of the Sky, by its Whiteness, which makes the Astronomers call it *THE MILKY WAY.*

The Nations of the Earth were amaz'd at the Tremendous Vision and Noise; for the Mountain was all on Fire, whose Flame reach'd up to the Clouds, and its Smoke to the Mid-Heaven. The Globe Trembled and Quak'd at the Dreadful Thundring, and the Lightnings penetrated the Abyss of Hell. The Infernal Spirits were startled at the Uncoak'd Flashes; and ask'd one another, If the Day of Judgment were come: The Waters hid them-selves

selves in their Fountains, and the Ocean utter'd
a deep Marmur. Every Thing in Nature
was surpriz'd with Wonder and Dread; and
Moses himself when he came down from the
Mountain, was all Transform'd into Light.
Thou seest, Nathan, I am no Infidel, but
believe, as thou dost, That the Law of Mo-
ses was brought down from Heaven. But
does it therefore follow, That this Law is
Universal and Eternal? Can none be sav'd
but the Sons of Israel, and such as are Pro-
felyted to their Religion? Doubtless this is
an Error, as thou thy self wilt acknowledge,
when thou hast well examin'd the Matter.
Removethy Pest a little, if it be only in Imagi-
nation: Rise from the Feet of thy Doctors,
who have instill'd into thee Prejudices against
all the Sons of Adam, except those of your
Own Race. Stand aloof for a while, and look
round about thee to the Four Winds: but fix
thine Eyes on the East, for from thence Wis-
dom takes her Origin. Did not the same
God, who Created the Jews, also Create all
the Nations of the Earth? And canst thou
be so blind and obdurate as to think, that So-
vereignty Merciful made so many Millions
of Souls on Purpose to Damn them? Or that
it shall be Imputed to them for Sin, that
they were not born of the Seed of Jacob?
Was it in their Power to chuse the Father that
shou'd beget them, or the Mother that shou'd
conceive them? How Absurd are the Conse-
quences of this Narrow Opinion? It is an
unpardonable Pride and Malice , thus to

con-

contemn and Judge those that are compounded of the same Ingredients as your selves.

Doubtless, God has sent Prophets into all Nations, to guide them into the Right Way, and not into the Way of Infidels. Those who believe the Prophets and obey their Precepts, shall be Sav'd: For they preach the Unity of the Divine Essence, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Day of Judgment, the Joys of Paradise, and the Torments of the Damn'd. They teach the Necessity of Justice, Purity, and Good Works; exhorting all to practise the Golden Rule, without entangling their Minds in endless Niceties, which are but the Supererogation of Piety, the Excrementitious Burdens of a Religious Life. Such are most of the Troublesome and Ridiculous Ceremonies observ'd by the Zealots of your Law, at which I have known the Wiser Sort of Jews to laugh. These little Superstitions, like Unprofitable Suckers, exhaust the Vital of Religion, and leave it only a Sapless Trunk, from which no Fruit can be expected. Were they commanded in the Law of Moses, something might be pleaded in their Defence; but as they are only the Dreams of your Rabbi's, a Wise Man would beware how he put on a Needles Yoke, the Stratagem of your Crafty Guides, to keep you in Subjection, and a servile Awe of their Authority, and a Religious Timorousness of you know not what.

Thy

Thy Letter replies to this by Anticipations. For, supposing that I should argue thus, and charge you with adding *Traditions* of your own, to the *Positive Injunctions* of the *Law*; Thou tell'st me, That those are greatly mistaken, who think that all which was deliver'd to *Moses* in the *Mount*, was Written in the *Two Tables*, or comp'red even in the *Pentateuch*; as if the Prophet spent those *Forty Days* and *Nights* only in keeping of *Geese*. For it is evident, say'st thou, That if God had Nothing else to give him but the *Written Law*, he might have dispatch'd him in an *Hour* or a *Day* at most. Therefore thou addest, That by *Day* he gave to him the *Written Law*, and by *Night* the *Mysterious Explanation* of it, call'd, The *Oral Law*: Which *Explanation*, *Moses* taught by *Word of Mouth* to *Joshua* his *Successor*, *Joshua* to the *Seventy Two Seniors*; and that they transmitted this *Oral Tradicitionary Comment* down to their *Posterity*, even to the *Last of the Prophets*, from whom the *Great Sanhedrim* receiv'd it. After this every one deliver'd it to his *Son*, as he had receiv'd it from his *Ancestors*; and so it continues to this *Day*, to be the *Rule* of your *Lives*, in those Cases where the *Written Law* is *Silent*. I tell thee *Nathan*, there appears a great *Shew* of Reason in what thou sayest: And indeed it cannot be suppos'd, that *Moses* spent all that *Time*, only in

receiving the *Written Law*. But on the other side, I cannot believe that the *Eternal Mind* was busied so many Days, in prescribing those *Ridiculous Rules* and *Ceremonies*, which are found in the *Talmud*, and the *Writings* of your *Rabbi's*. If thou canst convince me of that, I will cease to Perswade thee to a Change.

I have a great deal more to say, but the Hour of the Post calls on me to conclude my Letter. In my next, I will fully answer all thy Arguments. In the mean Time, let not *Custom*, and the *Distresses* of the *Synagogue* supplant thy *Reason*, but remember thou art a *Man*.

Paris, 27th. of the 3d. Moon, and now even
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XV.

To the Sublimely Wise, the Senior
of Excellent Dignity, Abul-Re-
cowawn', Grand Almoner to the
Sultan.

THOU art placed on a High Seat, Eminent among the *Faithful*; and the Eyes of the Distress'd, are fix'd on thee. Thou art the *Patron* of all the Miserable. To thee, as to a *Sanctuary*, flies the Man, whose Misfortunes have bereav'd him of all other Hope: Whose drooping Spirits can find no Comfort from the Rest of Mortals. His last and only Refuge is to thee, who art the Faithful Steward of the *Grand Signior's* Liberalities. Let not too much Prudence supersede thy Charity. The Wicked and the Innocent, have Equal Access to thee: And it ought to be so; for, no Man, at first, can distinguish between the One and the Other by their Outward Aspect. Yet a little Examination and Converse, will shew the Difference.

There are those, who get large Possessions under the Masque of Poverty. There are Impudent *Beggars*, who make a Trade of imposing on Human Compassion, and sport themselves in this humble Method of cheating People of their Money; whilst, imagi-

ning they bestow it on Persons really Indigent, it is thrown away on Counterfeits, *Villains* and *Infidels*.

On the other side, I have seen true Objects of Pity, Men reduc'd to the last Extremities, who wou'd rather perish, than expose their Condition to any, save the *Great and Nabo*. They esteem such to be Wise Men, Generous, and Considerate of the Accidents which commonly befall Mortals. They think, to these they may freely unbosom themselves, tell their Wants, and claim Relief, without the Hazard of a Reproach, which wounds more deeply than a short Denial.

Thou mayst know them by the Modesty which appears in their Faces, (says our Holy Prophet) and that they are soon repuls'd. To such as these, give plentiful *Alms*, and do not repine. For it is as a Profitable *Merchandise*, sent to Remote Countries; which though ventur'd on the Uncertain Waters, yet in Time by the special Blessing of Heaven, shall return with Seven-fold Interest.

Nay, give to all that ask: For, it is better to misplace our *Charity* on Nine Unworthy Persons, than to deny an *Alm* to One that is really in Need. Besides, it is not for the Honour of a Sovereign *Monarch*, that any Person in Distress should depart from his Court, sad or discontented, for Want of Relief.

I have in some of my Letters, glanc'd at the *Vices* of these *Western Nazarenes*; and have not been altogether silent as to their *Visages*. Among which, their *Charity* is very Conspicuous.

The

The French relate a pretty Passage of a certain Cardinal, a very Good Man, and one that by the Multitude of his Generous Actions, gave Occasion for the World to call him, the *Patron of the Poor*.

This Ecclesiastick Prince, had a constant Custom, Once or Twice a Week, to give Publick Audience to all Indigent People in the Hall of his Palace, and to relieve every one according to their various Necessities, or the Motions of his own Boulty.

One Day, a poor Widow encourag'd with the Fame of his Generosity, came into the Hall of this Cardinal, with her only Daughter, a beautiful Maid, about Fifteen Years of Age. When her Turn came to be heard, among the Crowd of Petitioners, the Cardinal discerning the Marks of an extraordinary Modesty in her Face and Carriage, as also in her Daughter, he encourag'd her to tell her Waits freely. She blushing, and not without Tears, thus address'd her self to him; My Lord, I owe for the Rent of my House Five Crowns, and such is my Misfortune, that I have no other Means to pay it, save what wou'd break my Heart, since my Landlord threatens to force me to it, that is, to Prostitute this my only Daughter, whom I have hitherto with great Care Educated in Virtue, and an Abhorrence of that Odious Crime. What I beg of your Eminence is, That you wou'd please to interpose by your Sacred Authority, and protect us from the Violence of this Cruel Man, till by our honest Industry, we can prooure the Money for him.

N 3 The

The *Cardinal* mov'd with Admiratio[n] of the Woman's Vertue and Innocent Modesty, bid her be of good Courage. Then he immediately wrote a Billet, and giving it into the Widows Hands, Go, said he, to my Steward *with this Paper, and he shall deliver thee Five Crowns to pay thy Rent.*

The poor Woman over-joy'd, and returning the *Cardinal* a Thousand Thanks, went directly to his *Steward*, and gave him the Note: Which when he had read, he told her out Fifty Crowns. She astonish'd at the Meaning of it, and fearing this was only the *Steward's Trick* to try her Honesty, refus'd to take above Five, saying, *She ask'd the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure 'twas some Mistake.*

On the other side, the *Steward* insisted on his *Master's Order*, not daring to call it in Question. But all the Arguments he cou'd use, were insufficient to prevail on her, to take any more than Five Crowns. Wherefore, to end the Controversy, he offer'd to go back with her to the *Cardinal*, and refer it to him. When they came before that *Munificent Prince*, and he was fully inform'd of the Busines. *'Tis true, said he, I mistook in writing Fifty Crowns. Give me the Paper and I will rectify it.* Thereupon he wrote again; Saying thus to the Woman, *So much Candor and Vertue, deserves a Recompence. Here I have order'd you Five Hundred Crowns, What you can spare of it, lay up as a Dowry to give with your Daughter in Marriage.*

If

If I mistake not, this *Cardinal* was call'd *Farnese*. But, whatever his Name was, this was an Action truly Heroick, and which has but few Parallels.

It will be much for the Glory and Interest of the *Shining Port*, if thou sometimes by an extraordinary Largess, raiest the Fortune of deserving Men; and purtest them in a Capacity to serve the *Grand Signior*. At least, such Bounty will oblige 'em not to dis-serve him.

Among the Rest, permit me to recommend the *Cafe* of *Ebuol Berwana Kayemus*, thy Countryman. He was once Possessor of a fair *Timariot*, but was turn'd out by *Sultan Ibrahim*, to gratify a Creature of *Shechir Para*. Thou know'st the Life of that Infamous Woman. I say no more.

Paris, 2d. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XVI.

To the Captain Bassa.

THOU that art a Man of War, delightest, no Doubt, to hear of Combats and Battles. And I tell thee, That since the Beginning of the World, there have never been known such dreadful Sea-Fights, as during the present War between the English and Dutch. It seems, there is an Emulation sprung up in the Latter: They grudge the Inhabitants of Britain the Character, which has been given 'em from all Antiquity, Of being the most Victorious on that Element, of any Nation on the Earth.

Tis possible there may be some more particular Grounds of their present Quarrel, to which I am a Stranger. But assuredly, they have pursu'd their Animosities very eagerly on both Sides. And, let the Occasion be what it will, the Dutch are still Losers.

I sent thee an Account of a Combat between their Fleets last Year, since which they have had many other Engagements. And 'tis said here, that during this War, the English have taken from the Dutch, near Two Thousand Merchant Vessels; have Sunk and Burnt many of their Ships of War, slain some of their Chief Commanders, spoil'd their Trade, and reduc'd 'em almost to as great Streights, as when they first courted the Protection of the English.

English against their Sovereign, the King of Spain, from whom they had then newly Revolted.

But the most terrible Conflict was, on the Second of this Moon, wherein the Dutch had Seven and Twenty of their Greatest Ships, either sunk or burnt, Two Thousand of their Seamen and Soldiers kill'd, and a Thousand taken Prisoners, with many Captains. That Great General *Trump*, whom I mention'd in my Last, was slain in this Fight, after he had perform'd Prodigies of Valour.

The French say, that during the Heat of this Engagement, *Trump* being excessive Thirsty, call'd for a Bowl of Wine; which his Servant had no sooner deliver'd to him, but a Cannon-Bullet took his Hand off, just as he was retiring from his Master. The brave General touch'd with a Noble Compassion, spilt the Wine on the Deck, saying, *It is not fit that I should quench my Thirst, with the Blood of a Faithful Slave.* And as soon as he had spoke these Words, another Bullet took from him, the Power of ever drinking again.

If such an Accident should happen to thee, when thou fightest against the Infidels, know for certain, that thou shalt be immediately transported to the Green and Shady Banks of the Rivers of Wine in Paradise, where thou may'st drink thy Fill in Eternal Security. For he that dies fighting for the Faith, is a Martyr.

Paris, 12th. of the 8th. Moon,

of the Year 1653.

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LETTER XVII.

To Sale Tircheni Emin, Superintendent of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople.

I Remember I promised in my Last, to give thee a farther account of *Pachicour*, the famous Pyrate of the Black-Sea. Twere easie to perform it, but a Temptation diverts my Pen another Way.

I remember when thou wert *Chianus*, I have heard thee speak of the Kingdom of *Tunis*, whither thou wast sent by *Sultan Amurat*, to compose the Differences that happen'd between the *Dey* and the *Divan* of that City. At the same Time, thou mad'st Mention of a certain Admirable *Engine*, contriv'd to draw up *Ships* or any Thing else from the Bottom of the Sea: And, that the *Divan* of *Tunis*, gave to the *Artist* who fram'd it, an Hundred Thousand *Piasters*, as a Reward of his Ingenuity.

I have read in a certain *French Author*, of such another Device at *Venice*, made on purpose to draw up the Famous *Carrack*, which they call'd the *Castle of the Sea*. This *Gallion* was built of a Monstrous Bulk, more for State than Service; and was overturn'd by her own Unweildiness, as she lay at Anchor, and sunk to the Bottom: From whence, neither

ther that foremention'd *Engine*, nor all the Art of Man could raise. Yet the Skill of the *Enginier* was highly commended, and the *Senate* honour'd him with the Title of *Clarissimo*, and settled a Noble *Pension* on him during *Life*.

It is question'd, whether the *States of Holland* will be so Liberal to a certain *French Enginier*, who has made a *Ship* at *Rotterdam*, which they say, will out-do all the *Miracles* of *Noah's Ark*.

This *Ship* is at present all the Talk at *Paris*. Our Merchants receive Letters full of Wonders from the *Low-Countrys*, concerning this Whirligig of a Vessel, which is to move by Clockwork, without Sails, Oars, Rudder, or any Common Marine Tackle; Yet, shall cut her Way through the Sea, with a swifter Progress than the *Moon* glides along the *Sky*, or a *Bullet* out of a *Cannon*. This is the Discourse of those who love to advance all that they hear, to the Height of a *Miracle* or *Romance*. Yet 'tis certain, the *Artist* has promis'd, it shall equal the Motion of some Birds, and run Twelve Leagues an Hour. Neither Winds nor Tides shall forward or hinder its Course, which depending on an Internal Principle of *Perpetual Motion*, is to be directed only at the Pleasure of him who manages the Springs and Wheels. So that the *Master* of this *Vessel*, shall be able with a single touch of Hand, to turn it to any Point of the *Compass*, in the most Boisterous Weather that blows.

This

This Engineer farther engages, that his Vessel shall make a Voyage to the East-Indies in the Revolution of a Moon, and to some Regions of America, in a fourth Part of that Time. If he be as good at Performance, as he is at Promising, he will Sail round the Globe, at this Rate, in Three Moons.

In farther Commendation of this wonderful Machine, 'tis said, That by a New-Invented Art, it shall secretly under-Water disable any Ship, provided she be within Cannon-Shot; and this with so sudden a force, that in the Space of Six Hours, it will successively sink a Fleet of a Hundred Ships of War.

Moreover, this Artist, to appear not less subtle against the Efforts of Heaven, than in surpassing all the Inventions on Earth, promises that his Miraculous Vessel, shall at the Distance of a League, cut asunder any Spouts or Cataracts of Waters, which usually threaten Mariners in the Mediterranean and other Seas.

Tis possible thou art very well acquainted with the Nature of these Spouts, and the Danger of Ships that Sail near them. Yet give me Leave to inform thee, what I have heard from a certain Corsair, who has often met with 'em in the Levant.

This Pyrate tells me, that a Spout is a kind of Aqueduct between the Clouds and the Sea, by which thole Pendulous Cysterns Above, are replenish'd with Water from the Ocean, drawing it up, as through a Pipe; Which seems to be let down for that End, at certain Seasons,

Seasons, and in some Particular Places, where the Water boyls up first above the Surface of the Britiy Pillin, as a Signal to those Thirsty Bladders, to make a Descent there and suck their fill.

If this be true, who knows but that all the Rain, to which the Earth is indebted for its Fertility, comes thus Originally from the Sea? For, it may be made fresh, either in its first Ascent through the Roscid Air, or after its Reception into the Clouds, by some hidden Energy of that Element, or the Natural Force of the Middle Region: Or at least by some Unknown Virtue, perhaps not inferior to that by which the Waters of a Bitter Lake in the Desert, became Sweet at the Intercession of our Holy Prophet, when the whole Army of the Primitive Mussulmans, was like to have perish'd of Thirst.

And then how will the *Western Philosophers* dispose of all the Vapours, which they say are Exhal'd from this *Globe*, and afterwards Condens'd into Clouds? I tell thee, that's but a Loose Notion of such Retentive Bodies, as the Clouds seem to be. And twou'd tempt one to ask, What the Vessels are made of which hold those Condens'd Exhalations, so that they do not fall at once upon our Heads and overwhelm us, but only destil in small successive Showers Drop by Drop, to refresh the Barren Parts of the Earth, and serve the Necessities of Men? And why the Rains fall in the Indies, and other Regions of the East, whole Moons together without Intermission,

the

the Rest of the Year being dry : Whereas, in other Countries, the Periods of the Weather's Alteration are uncertain, and in some Parts, it seldom or never rains at all ?

Doubtless, the *Works* of the *Omnipotent* are *Inscrutable* : And tho' it may be an Argument of a great Wit, to give Ingenious Reasons for many Wonderful *Appearances* in *Nature* ; yet 'tis an Evidence of small Piety or Judgment, to be positive in any Thing, but the Acknowledgment of our own Ignorance.

Now I have made as Wide an *Excursion* from my first Discourse, as the *Moulla* did, who began an *Oration* in Praise of *Noah's Ark*, and ended with telling a Tale of an *Armenian Wheel-Barrow*.

But I will not forget, that I was speaking of the Promise which the *Rotterdam Enginner* has made of his *Machine*, That it shou'd Effectually break all the Force of *Spouts*, which wou'd render him very Serviceable to *Merchants*, as a *Convoy* to defend them from those Terrible Bug bears to Sailers. For the *Corsair* tells me, that these *Spouts* very often occasion Ship-wrecks; either by entangling the Masts of a Ship, and so overturning it; or, by breaking in the Encounter, overwhelm it with water, and so sink it.

He says likewise, that the *Christian Pyrates* are accustom'd to use a certain *Charm* against these *Spouts*. They have a *Knife*, whose *Hast* is made of the Bone of a Man's Right Arm : And every *Vessel*, is bound to provide One or Two

Two of these Knives, when they loose from the Shore. They buy 'em of certain Persons, who have the Character of Magicians. And when they see a Spout at some Distance from 'em at Sea, the Master of the Vessel or any Body else, takes this Enchanted Knife in his Right Hand, and holding the Book of their Gospel in his Left, reads some Part of it; And when he comes to a certain Versicle, which mentions the Incarnation of their Messias, he makes a Motion with his Knife towards the Spout, as if he wou'd cut it in Two. Whereupon, immediately the Spout breaks in the Middle; and all the inclos'd Water falls into the Sea.

But I tell thee, he who gives Credit to the Stories of Charms, or the Projects of Men pretending to excell all the Rest of their Race; has more Faith, than is requisite to him who reads *Æsop's Fables*, since in perusing that Ingenious Figment, we are only desired to believe the *MORAL*.

Tis thought by some, That this Enginier will, by the Natural Clockwork of his Heels, be much more nimble than his Vessel, in flying the Disgrace which will attend him, if his Phantastick Project prove unsuccessful. In my next thou shalt hear of Pachicour.

Paris, 12th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

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had a great number of their subjects exiled and to distract
the rest of the nation, will do what they can to dis-
sociate them from the rest of Europe, and to have
them in a state of dependence, and to have them
in a state of dependence, and to have them in a state of
dependence, and to have them in a state of dependence,

LETTER XVIII.

To Murat Baffa.

THE English, at present, make the greatest Figure and Noise, of all the Nations in the West. Spain, Portugal, and even France, it self court the Friendship of that Island, since the Inhabitants have form'd themselves into a Commonwealth. It appears, as if the English were but newly awaken'd to a Sense of their own Strength, and by thus rousing themselves had alarm'd all their Neighbours.

However it be, This King has sent an Ambassador to the English Court, to break the Negotiation of the Spaniards there, and to establish a Peace between England and France, if possible.

One cannot tell what to make of the Maxims of these Infidels. For, at the same Time, the Banish'd Heir of the English Crown, takes his Sanctuary in this Court. Where he is caref'd, and made to believe, Great Things they will do toward his Restauration. But Interest supersedes all Arguments of Affection and Consanguinity. They are more sollicitous here for the Success of their Embassy, than for the Right of the poor Exil'd Prince. He is call'd the King of Scotland, having been solemnly Crown'd in that Kingdom, since the Death

Death of his Father; And entring into *England* with an Army of *Scots*, was routed; and having narrowly escaped the Trains that were laid for his Liberty and Life, at length landed in this *Kingdom*; where he has been entertain'd with much seeming Affection. But the Dread they are under, of the Victorious New *English Commonwealth*, makes 'em begin to talk of his Departure from hence.

The *Prince of Conde* has taken *Rocroy*: Which was the first *Place* where he signaliz'd his *Arms*, and the *Infant-Reign* of this King about Ten Years ago. Which the *Superstitious* interpret, as an *Omen of Ill Luck* to the King. This Sort of People are led by *Maxims* void of Reason: And so there is no Regard to be given to their Observations. Yet, some of the Wiser Sort, think this will prove a long *War*.

That which amuses People most, is the small Concern the *Prince of Conti* and the *Duchess of Longueville* shew for their Brother's Cause. For while the King was on his March against the *Prince of Conde*, they came and submitted themselves to him, and were received to Favour. Those who are apt to suspect an Intrigue in every Thing, say, That this Reconciliation is only feigned on their Part, it being a Means to serve their persecuted Brother with greater Security and Success. Others are of Opinion, that it is Real, especially on the *Prince of Conti's* Part: Since he and his Brother, had never any good Understanding.

There

There has been a Battle lately fought between the French and Spanish Forces in Italy. Wherein, the Spaniards lost Twelve Hundred Men, and the French above Half that Number, of their best Soldiers. So that the King of France may say with a Famous General, *Victories attended with so little Advantage, will ruine, rather than enlarge, an Empire.*

Bassa, in the midst of thy Grandeur, I wish thee Health, which sweetens the Worst Events. As for me, I'm like one hovering between Two Worlds.

Paris, 15th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XIX.

To Afis Bassa.

THE Gods of the Nazarenes, one wou'd think, were studying how to perplex their Adorers. These Western Parts, abound with Prodigies, and Surprizing Events. More especially, the Low Countries feel the Strokes of a Hand, which by making 'em smart, seems to put 'em in Mind, *They're too high in their own Conceit.*

For several Weeks we have been alarm'd from thence, with the Tragical Stories of Ship-wrecks,

Ship-wrecks, Inundations, Tempests of Thunder and Lightning, not usual at this Time of Year; Monstrous Spectres seen rising out of the Seas, Lakes and Rivers; Armies in the Air, with Comets and other Wonderful Apparitions.

The States of the United Provinces, have lost by Wreck Sixteen Ships of War, and Thirty Seven Merchant Vessels. It looks, as if *Aeolus* and *Neptune*, the Chief Gods of the Hollanders, had enter'd into a League, to punish 'em for struggling against their *Fate*; whilst they maintain a Fleet to brave and plunder the *English*, under whose Shadow they first rose to the Power they so Ungratefully now possess.

For, besides these Losses at Sea, the Winds and Waves have conspir'd to break down their very Banks, the onely Guards they have against that Encroaching Element. All the Low Countries, are overwhelm'd with Water: Insomuch, as Five Miles within Land from *Ostend*, there has been found a *Whale* newly cast up, Seven Times as long as a Man.

This the *Infidels* look on as a Great Prodigy, and the Fore-runner of some Strange Revolution; Though it is but a Natural Event, and frequently happens in those Seas, where Whales are more plentiful. The *Naturalists* say, That this King of the Scaly Nations, never makes his Progress through the Seas without his *Guide*; which is a certain small Fish, that always swims before him, and gives him Warning of Flats and Shallows, upon which he often strikes, and sometimes on the main Shores,

Shores, if his little *Guide* chance to be devourd by any other Fish, or come to other Mishap. And this may be the Reason, why so many *Whales* are found on the Sands when the Tide Ebbs. They say also, That when this little Fish is inclin'd to Rest, it retires into the *Whale's Belly*, reposing it self there for some Time; during which the *Whale* rests also, not daring to venture forward, till his *Guide* comes forth and leads the Way. If this be true, it seems as if there were a League or Friendship contracted between these Two, they Mutually performing all the necessary Offices of Love and Gratitude. And how this can be done without some Species of *Reason*, I cannot comprehend.

Let them at the Port call me *Mynefish*, or what they please, I cannot forbear doing this Justice to the *Fish* of the *Sea*, as well as to the *Animals on Earth*, to acknowledge, That either they are induid with a Kind of *Reason*; or, that *Faunty* which we call so in Men, is no other than *Sence*. If the *Branes* perform many Things without any Deliberation or Counsel, so do most Men: And no Man can demonstrate, That even those *Dumb Beings*, do not advise and project, before they attempt any Thing of Moment towards their own Preservation, or the Service of others. And if they seem to do many Things rashly, it may be attributed to the Quicknes and Vivity of their *Sence*, which needs not the Slow and Flegmatick Methods of *Human Counsel*.

Suffer

Suffer these Digressions, Courteous *Baffes*,
and since I have led thee so far out of the Road,
take but another Step, and I'll shew thee a
Great Monarch, who commands Millions of
Men, carry'd away Captive by a Silly Beast.

The King of France, rather Day as he
was a-hunting, discharge d a Fowling-Piece at
a Partridge on the Wing. The Bird dropt,
and the Monarch eager to take up his Game,
gave the Reins to his Horse, who ran away
with him over a great Plain, for the Space of
half a League: And had not the King fallen
off, within Six Paces of a great *Chasme* or
Hole in the Earth, he wou'd have been Car-
ry'd, for ought I know, to keep Company
with *Horatius Curtius*, the Venturous Roman,
of whose Exploit thou hast heard: For, the
furious Steed not being aware of the Danger
before him, as soon as he had cast the King,
gallop'd full Speed into the gaping Precipice,
and was never more heard of.

This, the Priests cry up for a Miraculous
Escape, and preface, That the King is reserv'd
by Providence for Great Things.

The King of Portugal has an Ambassador
here, who in his Master's Name proposes a
Match between this King and the Infanta of
Portugal, proffering Four Millions of Crowns
as her Dowry. But the Court entertains this
Motion coldly; the Cardinal being averse,
for what Reason is not known: For the In-
fanta has an illustrious Character, and known
to be a Princess of incomparable Virtue.

This Minister is managing a Match of near-

er

er Concern to himself, designing to marry One of his Nieces to the *Prince of Conti*, Brother to the *Prince of Conde*. And 'tis said, this *Prince* receives the *Cardinal's* Proposals with less Scorn, than did the *Count of Soissans* those of *Cardinal Richlieu*, on the like Occasion.

Here is a Rumour, as if the *Prince of Conde*, wou'd be condemned by a *Process of Parliament*, and that he will be put to Death in *Effigie*.

This Indignity is Common among the *Infidels*, who esteem whatsoever Honour or Disgrace is shewn to *Images*, as done to the Persons whom they represent. They have no other Excuse for their *Worship of Things* made by the *Hands of Men* like themselves, but that it is purely Relative, and centers in the *Prototype*.

In the mean Time, the *Prince of Conde's* Friends and Well-Wishers, smile at his Imaginary Death; knowing, that if no Effectual Stroke of *Fate* carry him out of the World, he will be at the Head of a Potent Army in the Spring, to put many to Death in Reality, and by the Edge of the Sword, who fight for his Enemies.

A while agoe, a Man was Imprison'd here by his own Folly; having voluntarily declar'd, That he was hir'd by this *Prince* to assassinate *Cardinal Mazarini*.

I have spoken formerly of the *Count d' Harcourt*, and the Disgrace he was in at this Court, for not continuing the Siege of *Londa*, a Strong-Hold of the *Spaniards* in *Catalonia*. This General is a brave Man, and has done Eminent

minent Services to the *Crown of France*. It is no Wonder therefore, that he laid to Heart the Coldness and Contempt, with which he was receiv'd at his Return from that *Unfortunate Campaign*. Great *Souls*, are to be Careless'd with more than ordinary Affection in their *Adverse Fortunes*; and Faithful Servants, ought not to be reproach'd with every false Step, or ill Success in their Affairs. The *Count* resenting ill the *King's* Carriage toward him, remov'd himself from the *Court*, and then out of the *Kingdoms*; desirous, as is suppos'd, to serve the *Emperour of Germany*.

Last Week, his Two Sons that were detain'd as *Hostages* in this City, made their Escape, the *Duke of Lorraine* having promised, to give the Eldest his Daughter in Marriage. That *Duke* roves up and down like a *Free-Boarer*, with an Army of *Banditti* at his Heels.

Renown'd *Afis*, I make an Humble and Affectionate Obeisance; wishing thee as many Years of Life, as thou canst pass without languishing for Death.

Paris, the 17th. of the 11th. Moon, and 2d. of the Year 1653.

LETTER.

LETTER XX.

To Dgebe Nasir, Baffa.

TWOU succeedest a Righteous Minister,
Chiorgi Muhannet. I wish thee a
Surplusage of Happiness: Which thou will
not fail to possess, if thou inheritest the
Virtues of that *Baffa*, as well as his Office. May
his Soul now taste the Reward of his Just
Life. And I doubt not, but he has made an
happy Experience of my Wishes. He lies
down in Quiet, under the Tree of Eden. His
Head encompass'd with a Garland of Flowers,
which never fade. Veasted with the Immor-
telle Crimson and Purple of Paradise. He
reposes on his Bed of Delights, whilst Beau-
tiful Pages serve him in Vessels of Gold, set round
with Sapphires and Emeralds: He drinks the
delectable Wine which never Inebriates; and
eats of the Fruits, every Morsel of which, pro-
longs his Life for a Thousand Ages. He
hears Nothing but the Voices of such, as are
full of Benediction and Joy. The Virgins of
Paradise, salute him with a Grace which can-
not be express'd. They chaunt to the New-
come Guest, *Songs of Immortal Love*. To the
Stranger from Earth, they tell their Passion
in Strains, which ravish his Heart. He is
dissolv'd in a Thousand Ecstasies. This is the
Reward of a Pious Mussulman, a Wise Min-
ister, a Just Judge of the Faithful. Follow his
Example,

Example, and thou shalt be translated into his Company : For he is in a Goodly Place, near the Spring-Head of Perfect Bliss.

Thou wilt expect some News from me, as a Testimony of my Respect. And I cannot pretend there is none stirring, at a Juncture when all this Part of the World is so full of Action, or at least of Counsels.

Here has been great Rejoicings lately for the taking of St. Menehould, a Strong Town in the Hands of the Prince of Conde. All the Officers of the French King's Army, endeavour'd to dissuade him from the Siege of this Place ; but Cardinal Mazarini over-rul'd their Arguments, and having reprov'd their groundless Fears, caus'd it to be invested and attack'd the 22d. of the 10th. Moon. Some say, he had a Party there. Yet it held out till the 27th. of the last Moon, at which Time it was surrender'd upon Articles to the King, who was there in Person with his Brother, the young Duke of Anjou, the Queen, the Cardinal and the whole Court. They return'd to this City, the Ninth of this present Noon.

They were receiv'd with great Acclamations and seeming Joy, by those who wou'd have triumph'd more heartily, had they been defeated, or forc'd to raise the Siege. For the Citizens of Paris, wish well to the Prince of Conde's Arms : Not so much out of Love to him, as in Hatred of his Enemy, the Cardinal-Minister. And they are sensible, that this Successful Siege, will redound wholly to

the Cardinal's Honour, by whose sole Orders
the Place was invested.

It is discours'd, as if this Minister has
some new Design on Fœt, to conquer the
Kingdom of Naples. This is certain, a Mighty
Fleet is fitting out to Sea: Whither bound,
no Man knows, but those of the Cabinet,
among whom the Cardinal is Chief.

In the mean while, the Common People
listen after certain Prodigies, that have been
seen in the Air. They say, a Flaming Sword
appear'd lately to rise in the North, and take
its Course South-Eastward: From whence
People make various Prognosticks, as their
Passions, or Interests inspire 'em. Some are
of Opinion, it presages the Conquest of Naples
by this King's Arms. Others apply it to the
New Common-Wealth of England, and to the
Victorious Sword of Oliver; who from Gene-
ral of the English Army, is now in this very
Moon exalted to the Height of Sovereign Pow-
er, Governing the Nations of England, Scot-
land and Ireland, under the Title of their Pro-
tector.

Here are divers of his Subjects in this City;
and other English, Scots, and Irish, who
embrace the Interest of Charles, the Son of
their late Murder'd King, who has been since
Crown'd King of the Scots. They give a dif-
ferent Character of Oliver; yet all agree,
that he is a Wise Statesman, and a Great Ge-
neral.

The Scotch King's Party, speak contempti-
bly of Oliver's Birth and Education: Yet
thou

thou know it, this hinders not, but he may be a Man of Courage and Virtue. They relate many odd Passages of his *Tours*, which seem to me so many Evidences of an extraordinary *Genius*, and that he is a Person of a deep Reach.

He tamper'd with several *Religious Factions* in *England*, counterfeiting an Exquisite Piety; whereby he first rais'd himself a Name among the *Zealots* of that *Nation*, who look'd upon him there, as a very Holy Person, and one mark'd out by *Destiny* for Great Undertakings.

He soon got a Considerable *Command*, in the Army of the *Revolters*: Where he signaliz'd himself by many brave Actions, which Spoke him a Man of an Invincible Courage, and Admirable Conduct. So that at Length, none was thought more fit than he to be *General*. In fine, he acquitted himself so gallantly in that *High Office*, and has so wrought himself into the Affections of the People, that they now look upon him as a *Prophet*, or *Saviour*; and the *Divan* or *Parliament* of that *Nation*, have conferr'd on him the *Sovereign Authority*.

Those of the *English* which are Affected to his Interest, speak Great Things in his Praise: They call him another *Moses* or *Joshua*: They prefer him to *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, and even to the *Great Alexander*. It is difficult for them, to speak of him without *Hyperbole's*. Tis said, the *King of France* will court his Friendship. Indeed, all the Neighbouring Countries,

stand in Awe of this successful Hero. And the *Hollanders*, who are the only People that durst engage in a War with the English Com-mon-Wealth, now seek for Peace, since he is invested with the Supreme Authority.

In the mean Time, the Poor *Exil'd King* of the *Scots*, takes *Sanctuary* in this *Court*, with his Mother the Late *Queen of England*, and his Brother, whom they call the *Duke of York*. The *French King* allows them all very Considerable *Pensions*. And the Latter has some *Command* in the *Army* in *Flanders*. There is another Brother also; but, little talk'd of as yet, being the Youngest of the Three.

They are Generously entertain'd here, it being the peculiar Honour of this *Court*, to be a *Hospitable Refuge* to *Princes* in Distress. Yet Observing Men say, The King will in Time grow Weary of his *Royal Guest*: It being very Chargeable to maintain them, and their Burdensome *Retinue*. Besides, he will have some Reason of State to discard them, if he enters into a *League* with *Oliver*, the New *English Sovereign*, who is courted on all Hands.

Eliachim the Jew (of whom thou wilt hear in the *Divan*) is just come into my Chamber, and brings me Word, that there is an *Express* newly arriv'd, who informs the *Queen* of a Defeat given to the *Spaniards* near a City call'd *Rozes*, which they had besieg'd in *Catalonia*. The *French* were going to the Relief of this *Place*, and the *Spaniards* set upon them in their March, but were beaten

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beaten into their Trenches ; from whence they fled by Night, leaving Three Hundred Spaniards on the Spot, almost Two Thousand Prisoners, and all their Cannon and Baggage.

This has put the Court into a Jolly Humour. Nothing but revelling and dancing, employs their Time : The Young King taking great Delight in Balls, Masques and such Recreations ; having left off Hunting, ever since his Horse ran away with him in the Tenth Moon of this Year, after he had shot a Partridge. Whereof I have spoken already in one of my Letters.

The Great God preserve thee from Precipices, Posson, the Glances of a Witch, and from being Canoniz'd a Martyr in a String : And, for other Deaths, thou hast Virtues enough to encounter 'em bravely.

Paris, 30th. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

The End of the Third Book.

Слово о полку Игореве

Ладонь в руке, а в руке ладонь
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(295)

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at PARIS.

VOL. IV.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superior of the Convent of Derviches at Cogni in Natolia.

WHEN I first open'd thy Venerable Letter, my Heart on a sudden became fresh as a Garden of Roses, or a Field of Cinnamon and Myrrh, whose Odours are Exhal'd by the West-Wind. In my Breast there sprung

O 4 up

up a Fountain of Joy, serene as Crystal, and refreshing as the Waters of Euphrates.

I contemplate thee as a Cedar among the Trees of the Forest, or as the Durable Oak of the Desert. May Heaven prolong thy Life, till the Sound of the Trumpet.

The Commands with which thou hast honour'd me, came in an Acceptable Hour. I have receiv'd them with a Complacency which I cannot express. My Eyes were so fix'd on the Lines of Great Purity, that I could not for a long Time take them off. Thou hast hit the Mark of my Affection, in employing me to write what the most Impartial Historians say of Jesus, the Son of Mary, the Christians Messias.

That Holy Prophet, was Honour'd by his very Enemies. Josephus a Learned Jew, who liv'd in his Time, and wrote the History of that Nation, makes worthy Mention of him.

So did many of the Gentile Philosophers, though they oppos'd his Disciples and Followers. Porphyry, whom the Christians commonly repute as a bitter Enemy to their Profession, yet calls Jesus, Wise, Blessed and Divine. That Sage, was exasperated against a certain Sect of Nazarenes in his Time, whom they call'd Gnosticks. These corrupted the Doctrines of Plato, and the Theology of the Ancients; wantonly mixing Humane Fables with Divine Truths. Against these, Porphyry sharpen'd his Pen, and not making a Difference between them and other Christians, drew

drew upon himself the Ill-Will of them all. Yet he retain'd a Profound Attach for the *Messias*.

Wouldst thou know the Circumstances of this *Holy Prophet's Birth*? They were Glorious, even in Obscurity. For, though his Father and Mother were then upon the Road to *Jerusalem*, Strangers at *Bethlehem*, and fore'd for want of Room in the *Caravansera*, to lodge in a Stable with an Ox and an Ass, where the *Messias* was born, and laid in a Manger; Yet in this Contemptible State, there came some of the *Magi* out of *Persia* and *Chaldea*, who brought *Presents* to the *Holy Infant*; And having laid at his Feet Gold, Myrrh and Incense, they prostrated themselves on the Ground, and praised *God*, the *Most High King of All*, in that he had honour'd them with a Sight of the *Messias*.

This was in the 43d Year of the Reign of *Augustus Cesar*, the *Roman Emperor*. At which Time, one *Herod* was President of *Judea*. This Man being inform'd, That certain Noble Strangers were come out of the *East* to *Jerusalem*, he sent for them, and enquiring the Occasion of so tedious a Journey, they gave him this Answer.

"Peace be to thee, O *Sultan*; There was
"of Old Time a *Prophet* of Great Fame in
"our *Nation*, who, among other *Predictions*
"that have since come to pass, left also this in
"Writing:

"That in *Palestine* should be born a *Child*
"of *Heavenly Race*, who should Rule over

" the Greatest Part of the World. And by
" this Sign, Ye shall know the Time and
" Place of his Birth : A strange Star shall
" appear in the Firmament, which shall direct
" you to the very House where you may find
" him. When therefore Ye shall behold this
" Star, take Gold, Myrrh and Incense ; and
" following the Conduct of the Star, go and
" offer these Gifts to the Young Child ; Then
" return immediately to your Own Country,
" lest some Grievous Calamity beset you.

" Now this Star has appeared to us, We
" are come to perform what was commanded
" Us.

Herod said to them, Ye have done well. Go
therefore and seek diligently for the Infant ;
and when Ye have found him, come and tell me,
that I may go and pay him Homage also.

But they never return'd to him again.
Wherefore, Herod in his Anger and Jealousie,
commanded all the Infants in Bethlehem to be
Strangl'd, that had not been Born above Four
and Twenty Moons. But the Father and the
Mother of the Holy Infant, fled away with him
into the Land where it never Rains, the same
Night that the Magi came.

What I here relate to thee, Sage Bedredin,
is taken out of approv'd Historians : For,
many among the Gentiles, wrote of these
Things besides the Christians.

There was a Roman Philosopher, much a-
bout the same Time ; a Man in great Esteem
with Casar. To whom he wrote a Letter,
wherein he mentions the coming of the Magi

after

after this manner. " Certain Oriental Per-
" sons, says he, have set Foot within the Li-
" mits of thy Empire, bringing Presents fit
" only for Kings, to a certain Child, newly
" born in the Country of the Jews. But who
" this Infant is, or whose Son, we are yet
" Ignorant.

Thou feast, O Pious Dervish, that the *Messias* appear'd with no small Lustre, even in his *Cradle*. And in his Early Years, he enter'd into the *Temple*, and disputed with the *Hebrew Rabbi's*, convincing them of an Universal Defection from the *Primitive Law of Moses*; declaring himself the *Messias*, and yet in Profound Humility acknowledging, That a Prophet should come after him, who should be preferred before him, the Dust of whose Feet he was not worthy to kis. This Passage the *Christians* have perverted to another Sense; but the *True Faithful*, know it was spoken only of *Mahomet*, the *SEAL* of the *PROPHETS*.

The Time would fail me, to recount all the Stupendous Actions of this *Man's Life*: And in calling him *MAN*, I imitate his own Example; Since throughout the *Gospel*, he never call'd himself *God*, or the *Son of God*, as the *Christians* do, but most frequently gave himself the *Title*, of the *Son of Man*. He turn'd Water into Wine, fed Five Thousand People with Five Cakes and Two small *Tenches*: Heal'd all Diseases, restor'd Sight to them that were born Blind, Rais'd the *Dead*, went Invisible through Crowds of his Enemies;

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mies, and Finally, was taken up into Para-
dise.

If thou wouldest know more of this *Holy Prophet*; There are *Historians* who say, he was Initiated in the *Mysteries* of the *Essenes*, a certain *Sect* among the *Jews*.

That *Nation*, it seems, was then divided into Seven *Classes*. Among which, this of the *Essenes* was none of the least considerable, as being the most *Religious Observers* of the *Law*. Their Conversation was full of *Humanity*, both among themselves, and toward *Strangers*: Avoiding *Pleasures*, as *Enemies* to the *Mind*, and esteeming *Chastity* the very *Cement* of all *Virtues*. Therefore they despis'd *Marriage*, as an *Entanglement* to Men devoted to *Contemplation*. They had also an *Equal Contempt* for *Riches*. No Man of this *Sect* call'd any Thing his *Own*, though twere his *Lawful Inheritance*: But their *Possessions* were in *Common*, and *Equally distributed*.

It was among their *Mysteries*, to *Anoint* their *Bodies* frequently with *Oyl*, and as often to *wash* 'em with *Running Water*. They neither bought, nor sold; nor frequented the *Publick Places*: But every one communicated freely such Things as he posses'd, to him that stood in *Need*. Thus there was a *Reciprocal Exchange* of *Kindnesses* and *Affiance*, according to every ones *Faculty* and *Power*. They were very *Affiduous* in *Watching*, *Fasting* and *Prayer*: Curious in observing the *Various Names* of the *Angels*, which they frequently

frequently repeated, Invocating those *Happy Beings*, as the *Ministers* of the *King Eternal*. And those who were exercis'd in this Kind of *Religious Life*, arriv'd to so great a Constancy of Mind, that neither Racks, Fire, Sword, or any other Tortures could ever move 'em to Renounce their *Law*, or speak the least Word in Contempt of their *Institution*. Nay, they would rather suffer *Martyrdom*, than be prevail'd on to taste of any Thing that had *Life* in it. For they were strict Observers of the *Law*, which commands Perpetual Abstinence from the *Flesh of Animals*.

It was an Establish'd Article of their *Faith*, That as soon as the *Union* of *Soul* and *Body* was dissolv'd by *Death*, the *Former* by a *Natural Inclination* ascends to the *Skies*; even as Sparks fye Upward, when freed from the Gross Earthy Matter in which they lay Imprison'd.

I have here given thee a short and true Character of the *Essenes*. Of which *Self*, all Christians own the *Messias* to be a *Favourer*, if not a *Member*; in Regard he no where is Recorded to have upbraided them, as he often did the *Pharisees*, *Sadduces*, *Herodians* and the Rest.

Time will not permit me to say more at Present, concerning that *Venerable Prophet*. But if thou wouldst have a Perfect Idea of all his *Vertues* and *Sanctity of Life*, turn thy Eyes Inward, and fix 'em on thy self. For thou art a Lively Transcript of the *Holy Jesus*.

Paris, 1st of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

L E T.

LETTER, II.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THOU hast heard of the *Jesuits*, an *Order* of *Nazarene Dervises*. All Europe abounds with them; and they have attempted to settle themselves at the *Sublime Port*, and several Places of *Asia*: Besides their Actual Possessions in the *Indies*, where they are very Numerous and Powerful. They are esteem'd the *Richest Order* of the *Roman Church*, tho' the *Constitutions* of their *Founder*, oblige them to *Perpetual Poverty*. But what will not the *Sacred Hunger of Gold* tempt Men to? For the sake of this *Charming Metal*, they can Dispense with Antiquated *Laws*, and Dull *Melancholy Vows*.

These *Religious Persons*, have lately spread about a *Letter* in Print, which they pretend comes from one of their *Order* in *Armenia*.

This *Dispatch* relates a Strange Accident, that has happen'd at the *Sepulchre* of our *Holy Prophet* (upon whom rest the *Favours* of the *Eternal*.) For it affirms, that in the Eighth *Moon* of the last Year, the *Shrine* which contains the *Body* of the *Heavenly Missioner*, fell from the *Roof* of the *Sacred Mosque* (to which, they say, it adher'd by *Virtue* of a *Magnet*, fasten'd in the *Cantrel* of the *Arch*;) And that at the same Time, the *Pavement* of the *Temple* open'd, and swallow'd up

that

that Venerable Ark, wherein were Reposited the most *Holy Reliques* in the World. And that from the *Chasse*, there issu'd out a Flame, like that of *Sulphur*, accompany'd with such a Smoak and Intolerable Stench, as caus'd all the *Pilgrims* that were present to swoon away. Whereupon, many of them are since turn'd *Christians*.

This Forgery is believ'd here by those, who never examine any Thing their *Priests* tell 'em, but take all on Trust. The Common People bless themselves, in that they were born of *Christian Parents*, and not of the Disciples of that Wicked *Impostor*: So they blaspheme the *Man*, in whom the *Promise* of their *Messias* are verify'd, when he said, *He wou'd Intercede with God to send a Prophet, who shou'd lead 'em into all Truth.*

They wou'd never be at the Pains or Cost to examine, whether the Foundation of this Story be true or false. All the *Mussulmans* who have been at that *Holy of Holies*, know, That the *Body* of our *Divine Langiver* reposest in a *Sepulchre*, built after the same Manner as the *Tombs* of our *August Emperours*, and other *Dormitories* of the *Great*: Only with this Difference, That it surpasses all the *Monuments* of the World, in the Invaluable Richness of its *Ornaments*, the Gifts of devout *Mussulman Princes*. There appears always, such an Intupportable Lustre of Gold and Precious Stones, in every Angle of that Mysterious Reefs, as may well dazzle the Eyes of Mortal Spectators; since the *Angels* themselves,

selves are forc'd to dwell within those Majestick Walls.

Hence it is not hard to suppose, That the Circular Refractions of such a Glittering Orb of Jewels, might create the Resemblance of a Tomb suspended in the Air, or cleaving to the Roof of that Glorious Edifice, deceiving the Eyes of some Ignorant, but Devout Musulmans, from whom this Magnetick Fable first took its Origine. However it be, no Man of Common Faith, or but Ordinary Sense will believe, That God, who has for so many Ages protected the Sepulchre of his Apostle and Favourite, verifying therein the Prophecy of Mahomet himself, who foretold, as did other Prophets before him, *That the Place of his Rest should be Glorious, and that the Greatest Monarchs of the Earth, shou'd visit it*: I say, no Man will believe, that God would at Length suffer so vile a Disgrace, to happen to the Tomb of his Messenger, the Refuge of Sinners.

But the Nazarenes will believe any Thing, save the Truth. They are given up to a Spirit of Delusion and Error, Incapable of Light and Instruction.

Thus I leave 'em till the Day of Alarm, and the Hour of Scrutiny: When the Angels of the Test, shall enter the Graves, and having made Experiment of every Man's Works and Faith, shall give the Just a Register of their Virtues in their Right Hand, but to the Wicked in their Left Hand, a Black Record of their Sins.

In the mean Time, I prostrate my self before thee ; begging, That when thou turnest thy Face to the House of Ibrahim, and the Tomb of the Prophet, thou wilt send up One Ejaculation for Mahmut, that he may persevere in shunning the Errors of the Infidels.

Paris, 19th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER III.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the
Grand Signior.

SINCE what I wrote last in behalf of the Brute Animals is so Acceptable to thee, I will comply with thy Request, in continuing that Discourse.

Tis certain the Ancients had another Opinion of the Beasts, than these French Philosophers, who deny 'em the Use of Reason. Socrates us'd to swear by the Animal Generations, and so did Rhadamanthus before him. The Egyptians Form'd the Images of their Gods, in the Similitude of Beasts, or Birds, or Fishes. So the Grecians fix'd the Horns of a Ram on the Head of Jupiter's Statue, and those of a Bull on the Image of Bacchus. They compounded the Image of Pan of a Man and

and a Goat, and painted the *Muses* and *Graces* with *Wings*: And the Poet *Pindar* makes all the *Gods* Winged, and disguises them in the Shapes of several *Beasts*, when in his *Hymns*, he introduces them chas'd by *Tryphon*. Thou knowest also, That our *Holy Doctors* affirm the *Angel Gabriel* to have *Wings*, with One of which he once gave a *Mark* to the *Moon*.

When the *Poets* bring in *Jupiter* courting *Pasiphae*, he appears in the Form of a *Bull*. And in his other *Amours*, if we may believe them, he chang'd himself sometimes into a *Swan*, then into an *Eagle*. They report also, That he was suckl'd by a *Goat*.

For these and other Reasons, the *Ancients* not only forbore to injure their *Fellow-Animals*, but entertain'd them with singular Affection and Friendship. A *Dove* was the Darling of *Semiramis*. A *Dog* was the Joy of *Cyrus*. *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, made a *Swan* his Companion. And our *Holy Law-giver*, was often wont to sport himself with a *Cat*. He lov'd this *Creature*, for its Cleanliness and Activity; and therefore we *Muslims*, generally have a *Cat* in great Esteem and Veneration.

That Favourite of *God*, understood the Languages of *Beasts*, and convers'd as familiarly with them as with Men. So it is fam'd of *Melampus* and *Tyresias* of Old, as also of *Apollonius Tyahens*, who affirm'd to his Friend sitting by him, that a *Sparrow* which he heard chirping to his Fellows, told them of an *Aj* which he had seen fall down with

with his Load, a little Way off from that Place. It is also recorded of a Boy, who understood all the Voices of Birds, and by that Means could foretel Things to come. That his Mother, by pouring Urine into his Ears when he was asleep, deprived him of this Incomparable Gift, for Fear he should be taken from her, and presented to the King. There is no Question, but several Nations have a certain Knowledge of the Speech of some Animals. My Countrymen, by a Peculiar Gift bestow'd on our Fathers and their Posterity for ever, understand the Language of Crows and Eagles. And the Ancients were so well vers'd in this Knowledge, that when they convers'd with the Birds, or at least when they heard them in their Language utter Presages of what shou'd shortly happen on Earth, they perswaded themselves, that those Birds were the Messengers of the Gods. Therefore the Eagle was suppos'd to be the Messenger of Jupiter, the Crimson Hawk of Apollo, the Stork of Fano, the Owl of Minerva, and so of others.

It is evident, that our Common Huntsmen understand the Different Voices of their Dogs, when at a Distance they signify by One Kind of Cry, that they are questing after the Hare; by Another, that they have found her; by a Third, that they have taken her, or that she is turn'd to the Right Hand or to the Left. So those who look after Cartel, know by the Voice of the Bull, when he is Hungry, Thirsty, or Weary, or when he is stung with Lust. So by the Roaring of the Lyon, the Howling of

Wolves

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Wolves, the Rearing of Sheep, Men are made sensible of the various Wants, Inclinations and Passions of those Creatures.

Nor are these *Animals Ignorant of our Language*, but by our Voice and Words they know when we are angry or pleas'd, when we call them to us, or drive them from us: And our *Domestick Animals* obey accordingly, with as much Promptness and Alacrity, as a Man or Maid-Servant. All which cou'd not be, if they were not endu'd with *Faculties conformable to ours*. They also teach their Young ones, to sing Artificially. In a Litter of *Dogs*, *Huntsmen* chuse the *Best* by this Experiment. They take all the *Whelps* from the *Bitch*, and carry them to some Place a little distant; Then they observe, which she first carries back again, and those always prove the *Best Dogs*. What is this *Distinguishing Faculty* in the *Bitch*, but *Reason*, or something like it?

We see apparently, that every *Living Creature* knows its own Weakness or Strength, and knows how to use most dextrously those *Weapons* with which *Nature* has furnish'd it for its *Own Defence*. They are also sensible, what Places are most Convenient for them to dwell in, and which not. Thus the *Weakest Creatures*, as *Dogs* and *Cats*, live altogether in *Houses* and *Cities* with *Men*: Whilst the *Lyons*, *Tygers* and such *Fierce Animals*, dwell in the *Desert*. Thus *Sparrows* and *Swallows* make themselves almost *Domesticks* with *Men*, whilst *Eagles*, *Hawks*, *Vultures*,

Vultures and other Birds of Prey, build their Nests in Woods or Rocks, remote from *Human Society*. Some Birds change their Habitations at certain *Seasons* of the Year, as best suits with their Convenience : Others always remain in the same Place. The same is observed in *Fishes*. And in all *Living Creatures*, it is easie to trace the Footsteps of Prudence and Forecast, in order to their Own Preservation. Let Men call this what they Please, *Instinct* or *Nature*, or *Sence*; it is evident, that there is an Exact Conformity and Resemblance between these *Faculties* in *Brutes*, and what we call *Reason*, *Wisdom* or *Prudence* in *Men*. And we have no more Ground to conclude them void of *Reason*, because they do not enjoy it in that Perfection as our selves; than we have to conclude our selves blind or deaf, because we see not so clearly, and hear not so readily as the *Brutes*: And, that we have no Legs, because we run not so swiftly as some of them do.

Doubtless, the *Brutes* are endu'd with a *Faculty* of *Reason* as well as we; but this *Faculty* in them, is Weak and Imperfect for want of *Discipline* and *Art*, which polish all things. This is manifest, from those *Creatures* which are Taught to dance, and play a Thousand Tricks; to tell Money, to shoot off Guns, to find out hidden Things, and bring them some Miles to their *Masters*, as well Educated *Spaniels* will do. What can be a greater Argument, of the Proficiency they make in *Reason* and *Knowledge*? Are not *Elephantæ*

Elephants taught all the Arts of War, and plac'd in the very Front of the Battle? Do not the Indian Princes repose as much Trust in their Carriage and Conduct, as in the Service of their stoutest and Wildest Commanders? This *Creature* is as tractable and prompt to learn any Thing when Young, as a *Boy* at *School*; which cannot be done, without the Life of Reason.

To conclude, I have omitted Five Hundred Arguments, which might be brought to prove the *Brute Animals* to have *Souls* as well as We, to have *Faculties* and *Affections* conform to Ours. And therefore, it is little less Injustice to Kill and Eat them, because they cannot speak and converse with us, than it would be for a *Cannibal* to murder and devour thee or me, because we understood not his *Language* nor he ours.

* God who Locked up the *Wind* during the Time the *Halcyon* hatcheth her *Young*, thereby shewing, that this *Bird* is his Favourite; will assuredly grant us a Perpetual Tranquility, if we abstain from injuring our Fellow-*Animals*.

From the *King* of *France* to *Cardinal Richelieu* to *Paris*, the 2d. of the 1st. *Moone*, and the 23d. of the Year 1654.

LETTER IV.

To Mustapha, Beeber Aga, at the
Seraglio.

THOU hast formerly heard me speak of the Duke of Lorrain, and his several Losses; Which most People thought, wou'd have ended with the Excommunication pronounced against him by the Roman Musti; whereof I gave thee Intelligence. But Experience teaches us, That Misfortunes seldom set upon any Man singly; but assault him in Troops, whom Fate has mark'd out for Ruine,

Yet this Prince owes his Sufferings chiefly to his own Inconstancy, whilst he has all along play'd fast and loose with the Kings of France and Spain; taking up Arms by successive Turns for One, and at the same Time under-hand practising with the Other; always Un-faithful to Both; and only driving on an Independant Interest of his Own.

This is his true Character. To which we may add, an Ungovernable Disposition, and an Insatiable Thirst of Money; which has prompted him, by all the Methods of Rapine and Violence, to heap up an Incredible Treasure of Gold and Jewels. So that having procur'd the Enmity of several Monarchs, the Jealousie of his last Master the King of Spain,

the

the Ill-Will of his own Brother, (whom they call *Duke Francis*) and the Curses of all People where-ever his Army has been quarter'd ; He is at Length seiz'd and Imprison'd by Arch-Duke Leopold, in the Castle of Antwerp. For which Joyful News, the Inhabitants of the Spanish Netherlands, every where made Bone-fires of Joy. He was Confin'd on the 25th of the last Moon. And soon after, his Second Wife was Taken into Custody, that by her Means, they may discover his Papers and Money : This latter being the Chief Thing they aim at ; he being reputed prodigiously Rich ; and the Spanish Coffers want a Supply. They conniv'd at his Robberies, whilst there was any Thing left for him to plunder, and that they saw he hoarded up. But now he has done his Work, they punish him for the Crimes, which they themselves encourag'd ; that so they may become Masters of his Wealth. 'Tis said, he brook'd his Restraint very well at first : But a while agoe, being deny'd the Liberty of the Castle-Walls, he grew Raving Mad ; flung a Candlestick (which was all the Weapons they allow'd him) at the Gouvernour's Head, and broke the Windows of his Lodgings. So that they have been forc'd to Confine him to a Hole without any Light, save a little that finds Admittance through an Iron Grate at the Top of the Room.

His Brother *Francis* of Lorrain, is to command the Army in his Stead ; who pretends great Fidelity to the House of Austria, yet may in the Issue prove as wavering as his Brother.

ther. For, the King of France has Baits wou'd tempt the *Vierge* of an *Angel*: Yet nothing shall ever corrupt the Integrity of *Mahmut*, the *Mussulman*, on whose Forehead *Fate* has Engraven this Motto, *Prepar'd to Suffer.*

I blush, Serene *Aga*, when I think I am so batten of *Virtues*, that I have Nothing else to boast of, but my *Loyalty*. Whilst Thousands of Illustrious *Souls*, Crown'd with a Circle of Merits, daily ascend to *Paradise*: And tho' they made but an Obscure Figure on Earth, even as Contemptible as the Exil'd *Arabian* in his *Hutch* at *Paris*; yet now take their Seats, among the Hundred and Twenty Four Thousand Prophets, Favourites of the E-ternal.

Mayst thou encrease that Happy Number, but not till thou hast had thy Fill of Bliss on Earth; and that all thy Enjoyments here, seem like the Perfume of Oyntments, which tho' they please for a Time, yet at Length cloy the Sence.

Paris, 22d. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER V.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

DO not suspect me of Partiality, or that I am fond of making *Proselytes*, because I take such Pains to restore thee to *Reason*, and make thee sensible thou art a *Man*. I have no Design or Self-Interest, in doing thee this Good Office: And 'tis remote from my Humour, to busy my self in gaining *Converts*: Only the Love of *Truth*, sets my Pen at Work in this Manner; being ever of the Mind, That a Free Disquisition in Matters either of *Religion* or *Philosophy*, is the only way to get quit of Errors. Perhaps my Case may be the same as thine; and, for ought thou knowest, I seek not more to undeceive thee, than to satisfie my self, by thus frankly venting my Thoughts: Since Nothing is more commonly observ'd, than that whilst a Man is teaching another, he improves himself. Our Memories are frail and treacherous; and we Think many Excellent Things, which for Want of making a deep Impression, we can never recover afterwards. In vain we hunt for the stragling *Idea*, and rummage all the Solitudes and Retirement of our *Soul* for a lost Thought, which has left no Track or Footsteps behind it. The swift *Off-spring* of the *Mind* is gone;

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tis dead as soon as born ; nay, often proves Abortive, in the Moment it was Conceiv'd. The onely Way therefore to retain our Thoughts, is to fasten them in VVords, and chain them in Writing. This is one Cause that I trouble thee with Letters of this Nature, that whilst I am instructing thee, I may establish my own *Reason*, and confirm my self in the Method I have taken, To live according to my *Nature*; that is, by not suffering my *Rational Faculties* to fall asleep, whilst my Passions are Active and Vigorous in working my Ruine. For I reckon no greater Shame or Misfortune can befall a Man, than to be depriv'd of his *Humanity*, that is, his *Reason*.

What I have said concerning the Perfidiousness of our *Memories*, may serve as a proper Introduction to the Objections I shall make against your *Traditional Laws*.

If one ask you, *Why these Laws were not Written*, as well as the other; You answer, *That God took Care in this, lest the Gentiles getting Copies of them, should corrupt and pervert their Sence, even as they have done the Written Laws.* But how then came he to suffer any to be *Written*? Had he not equal Care of One Part, as of the Other? Or, could the *Gentiles* do more harm, by altering and corrupting the less Substantial *Traditions*, than the very *Fundamental Statutes*? For, that these *Unwritten Laws* contain'd only Circumstantials, your *Doctors* themselves confess. What *Man of Common Sence* then, can fit down
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contented with so trivial an Answer? Or, will you say, That God took more Care to preserve these *Traditions* Uncorrupt from the *Gentiles*, than to retain them in their Purity among the *Jews*? For, that committing them to Writing, had been the surest Way to retain them in their *Original Purity*, is evident by the Preservation of the *Written Law*; of which there was so great Care taken in Transcribing it, that if but a Letter or a Point were added, diminish'd, or misplac'd, they took it for a *Fatal Omen* of some Calamity, and the Faulty Scribes were severely punish'd; Nay, the whole *Congregation*, were bound to expiate the Offence by *Fasting*, *Prayers*, and *Alms*. So that it was in a Manner Impossible, that with all this Circumspection, the least Corruption or Alteration shou'd creep into the *Written Law*.

I appeal now to thy own Reason, Whether this was not a much securer Way of preserving the *Laws* Uncorrupt, than by trusting them to the fickle Memories of Men?

Besides, I wou'd fain know, What became of these *Traditions* during the Various *Captivities* of the *Jews*, and *Depopulations* of the *Holy Land*? Who took Care to deliver these *Traditions* Unalter'd to *Posterity*, when they were without *Priests*, *Prophets* or *Synagogues*? When they were dispers'd over the Remote Provinces of *Media*, *Persia*, *Egypt* and *Babylon*? In those Days, your *Fathers* were *Slaves* to the *Gentile Kings* of *Aixa*; There were then no *Seniors* fitting in *Sanhedrim*, who might

might take Care of these Things. Neither do I find, that Esdras the Scribe was any Ways concern'd for these Traditions, when he with his Brethren the Jews, return'd from their Long Captivity in Persia and Babylon. All his most strenuous Endeavours, were employ'd in recovering the Lost Books of the Written Law, without so much as regarding or mentioning the Other. From whence I gather, That either these Traditions were of no great Importance; or, if they were, yet they were wholly, or for the most Part chang'd or lost, many Hundreds of Years before the Talmud was first compos'd; which, thou lay'st, is the Grand Repository of these Sacred Instructions. And in saying so, thou contradictest thy own Arguments: For, if these Traditions were appointed to be transmitted by Word of Mouth from Father to Son to all Generations, as you suppose; then what need was there of writing them in the Talmud, or any other Book? And yet the Writings of your Rabbi's are full of them. Thus thou confoundest thy self, and runnest blind-fold round in a Circle of Absurdities.

Rowze up therefore thy Reason, and suffer not thy self to be hood-wink'd by the Fables of your Rabbi's, those Industrious Midwives of Old Womens Tales. Doubtless these Traditions, about which you make such a Bustle, are no other than the Whimsies of your Cabballists, who pretend to spie more Mysteries in the Order of Two or Three Hebrew Letters or Points, than they are able to

unfold in whole *Volumes*. They crack their Brains, in Conjuring up far-fetch'd *Interpretations*, from the particular *Fashion* and *Placing* of one single Dash of a Pen. They puzzle and amuse their *Disciples*, with teaching them more knotty and *Romantick Divinity* out of the *Four and Twenty Letters*, than ever *Pythagoras* did with all his *Mystick Numbers*. The *Alphabet* to them, is the *Oracle of Theology*. They have turn'd the *Law* into a perfect *Riddle*.

Believe not therefore, these *Religious Mountebanks*, these *Holy Jugglers*, who with their sanctify'd *Legerdemain*, wou'd turn you into *Apes*, that they may laugh in Secret at your Folly; while they behold, how precisely devout you are in cringing, jumping, dancing, howling, braying, and all your other *Antick Postures* and *Actions* in the *Synagogue*; in the Practice of which, you have bestow'd so much Care, and are so exact, that you quite neglect the *Weighty Points* of the *Law*.

I hope what I have said, is sufficient to convince thee, that those *Traditions*, which you are taught to believe were deliver'd to *Moses* in the *Mount of God*, are no other, than the *Impostures* of your *Blind Guides*; who are studious of Nothing more, than to entangle you in a perpetual *Labyrinth of Superstition and Error*.

It will not be a greater Difficulty to demonstrate, That the *Written Law* it self, though *Divine* in its *Original*, is not of *Uni-*

versal Obligation to all People; but onely calculated for your Particular Nation, and such as were willing to enter into your Interests, among the Nations adjacent to the *Holy Land.*

And because my Time hastens me, I will onely suggest one Argument for all, and leave it to thy Deliberation; Whether it was possible for all *Mankind* to repair once a Year to *Jerusalem*, to sacrifice in *Solomon's Temple*, as is requir'd in your *Law*? For, that it was not lawful to sacrifice any where else, is evident, both from the *Law* it self, which expressly forbids it; and from the Examples of your *Fathers* in their several *Captivities*; and from your own *Practice* at this Day, who have made no *Sacrifice* since the Days of *Titus Vespasian*, the *Roman Emperour*, who laid waste your City, and burnt your *Temple* to Ashes.

And this also may serve to convince thee, that the *Law of Moses* was not of *Perpetual Obligation* even to the *Jews* themselves; since 'tis evident from Matters of Fact, that for these Sixteen Hundred Years, you have not been in a Capacity to keep it: And doubtless, *God* wou'd never require any Thing of Men, which he foresaw, they wou'd not be able to perform.

Cease then to think so highly of thy *Nation*, as if none but they were the *Elect of God*, or Capable of his Favours: Cease to insult over the Rest of *Mankind*, and to curse thy *Brethren*, the Sons of *One Father*, even *Noah*

the *Just Man*, and *Prophet of God*. Behold the *Sun* and *Moon*, with all the *Constellations* in *Heaven*: Their *Influences* are equally di-spers'd to all of *Humane Race*. Behold the *Elements*, they serve all the *Sons of Adam* alike; They are not Partial to *Mortals*, neither does any *Faction* byas the *Winds* and *Rain*. These happen all at their Appointed Time and Place. And the *Four Seasons* of the *Year*, return with even Courses to the *Inhabitants* of the *Four Quarters* of the *World*. The *Plants* know no Difference between the *Circumcis'd* and the *Uncircumcis'd*; but yield their Encrease with Equal Indifferency, to the *One* and the *Other*: And the *Brute Animals*, equally acknowledge both for their *Lords*. The *Birds* of the *Air*, are as soon caught by a *Heathen*, *Christian*, or *Mahometan Fowler*, as by one that is a *Jew*. And the *Fish* of the *Sea* when they swallow the *Hook*, or plunge themselves into the *Net*, regard not the Difference of *Religion* in those that catch them. All Things happen to every *Man* according to their *Nature*, and the *Pleasure* of *Destiny*: Onely *Man* himself transgresses the Condition of his Being. But those that obey the *Internal Lawgiver*, let them be of what *Nation* or *Religion* soever, doubtless they live Happily, and die in Peace.

However, lest *Men* shou'd err for Want of Knowledge, a *Light* is sprung forth in the *East*, even the *Book of Glory*, which confirms the *Written Law*, and instructs *Men* in the *Truth*. Doubtless, this *Book* was brought down from

Heaven.

Heaven. It carries its own Evidence, and a Testimony of its *Divine Original*, in the Majesty of the Style: There is a *Spirit* and *Energy* in every Word, sublimating the *Intellect* of the devout *Reader*, and purifying his *Affections*: It is written in *Arabick*, in a *Dialect* so pure and perfect, that the most Accurate *Criticks* can find no Blemish from the Beginning to the End. One Part coheres exactly with the other; 'tis void of Contradiction. All the *Chapters* in this Glorious *Volume*, are of a Piece. Which Excellencies cou'd not have thus met together without a *Miracle*, in a *Book* divulg'd by a *Man*, who cou'd neither *write* nor *Read*.

The Success it has had in the *World*, speaks it of *Celestial Descent*. The Greatest Part of *Asia* and *Africk*, with many *Kingdoms* in *Europe*, have obey'd the *Alcoran* for above these Thousand Years: Cou'd such a Thing come to pass, without the *Decree of Heaven*? When the *Prophet* and *Favourite* of God firſt receiv'd his *Divine Commission*, he was like a *Pelican* in the *Wilderness*, Solitary, and without Companion. Nevertheless, he was not discouraged, but obey'd the *Orders* of *Heaven*. He saw himself in the midst of *Rocks* and *Sands*, encompass'd on all Sides with Terrible *Beasts*. Yet he despair'd not of *Aſſtance* from *Above*, but comforted himself in the Promise of the *Eternal*. He firſt preach'd to the Savage *Lyons* and *Tygers*; who, as if they had heard another *Orpheus*, grew tame and sociable at his Powerful Words. Those

fierce Inhabitants of the Woods, came and prostrated themselves before the *Sent of God*; they lick'd his Feet in Token of Submission; they environ'd the Place of his Repose, as his Guards, and brought him Food Morning and Evening. The *Prophet* wonder'd that so great Grace was given to the *Beasts* of the Earth. He prais'd the *Creator of All Things*, and his Mouth was full of *Benedictions*. He bless'd the *Day* and the *Night*, and the *Ob-scenity* that comes between them. He bless'd the *Dews* that fall at the Rising of the *Odo-riferous Star*, and the Refreshing Winds that stir the Leaves of the Trees at *Midnight*. And in the *Morning* he pray'd, That all Men might become *True Believers*. Doubtless, God had granted his *Petition*, had not the *Angel* who carry'd up his *Prayers* to *Heaven*, met with the *Devil*, a little on this Side the *Orb* of the *Moon*, who stole from him some of *Mahomet's Words*, so that the *Prayer* ascended Imperfect to the *Throne* of the *Merciful*. Nevertheless, a Great Part of Men became *Believers*: And more shall be added to the Number.

In a little Time, the Solitary *Prophet* saw himself at the Head of a Numerous Army, all *Voluntiers*, who resorted to him in the *Wil-derness*, as they were *Inspir'd* from *Above*. The *Mighty Men of Arabia*, oppos'd the *Sacred Hero*: They led the *Flow'r* of the *East* against him: But they accelerated their own *Fate*, and incens'd their *Angry Stars*. The *Elements* took up Arms against them, and the

Meteors

Meteors fought in Defence of the *Messenger of God*. Lightning and Hail, with Stones of Fire, blasted the Troops of the *Infidels*: And terrible Storms of Wind, buried whole Armies in the Sands. Thus the *Holy* of the *Mussulmans*, became Victorious, without drawing a Sword; and the Empires of the *Wicked*, fell to the Possession of *True Believers*. *Persia, Babylon, and Egypt*, were subdued, and embrac'd the *Undeſiled Truth*. The *Alcoran* was receiv'd from *India* to the *Mauritanian Shore*: From the Rising of the *Sun*, to the Going down thereof, this *Holy Profession* is made with one Consent, *There is but One God, and Mahomet his Prophet*.

Now *Nathan*, consider, whether ever the *Law of Moses* had such Footing in the *World*, or the *Children of Israel* cou'd boast of such *Universal Conquests*? Your Little Kingdom, has had its Period long agoe; and both that, and all the Empires of *Asia* and *Africk*, are swallow'd up in the *All-conquering Monarchy* of the *Osmans*. Your Tabernacle, Temple, City, and Sacrifices, are quite Extinct. Your Nation is Scatter'd over the whole *World*, without Lands or Possessions that they can call their own. Neither is there *Prince, Priest, or Prophet*, to whom you can have Recourse for Delivery from your Misfortunes.

Come out therefore from the *Synagogue*, which lies under the *Scourge of Heaven*: Shake off the *Malediction*: And being Purified

sified, join thy self to the True Believers, who are Bleſſ'd in this World, and shall be Happy in Paradise. Or at least stand by thy self, and follow thy Own Light. Adieu.

Paris, 22d. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VI.

To Dicheu Hussein, Bassa.

THE Policies of Cardinal Mazarini, are no Secrets at the Imperial City. Now he is about to play his Master-piece. He has all along maintain'd Pensioners in the Service of the French Grandees. No Man of Prime Quality, cou'd be sure he entertain'd not at his Table, some Creature of this Minister. Disguizes of all Sorts, both for Body and Mind, were never Wanting to Men dextrous at Treachery, and Officious to do Mischief.

But now he is setting Spies of another Character on the Princes of the Blood, and the Chief Nobility of France. Women are to become his Private Agents; Females of his Own Blood; true Italians; and brought up, under his particular Care and Management. In a Word, his Sisters and Nieces.

Five of them are newly come to this City, having been Conducted hither by the Cardinal's Secretary, accompany'd with a Considerable Retinue of Courtiers, who went to meet them some Leagues from Paris. 'Tis said, That one of those Ladies is a great Beauty, and that the Young King, having seen her Picture, fell in Love with her.

This is certain, the Prince of Conti has Married one of them: With whom the Cardinal has given his Palace, and Two Hundred Thousand Crowns in Dowry.

They talk, as if Another of them was to be Married to the Duke of Candale; and a Third, to the Son of General Harcourt. And, as if Mazarini were Envious of Joseph's Character and Authority in Pharaoh's Court, he has sent for his Father also, with all his Family, to come and reside in France. He is resolv'd to stock this Kingdom with Sicilian Blood, a Race of Mazarinis: Who by Instinct, as well as by Rules, shall carry on the Design he has laid; and either raise this tottering State to the Height of his Model, or absolutely ruine it. For, that Active Spirit, cannot take up with Mediums.

'Tis said, That the Duke of Orleans resents very ill the Cardinal's Ambition, in Marrying his Nieces into the Blood-Royal. That Prince, will not be prevail'd on to come near the Court: But rather favours the Prince of Conde, and the other Malecontents. Whence some People are apt to presage, another Turn of Affairs,

Affairs, before-long : For, the Generality of the French, are Inclined to the Prince's Party.

There is great Caballing all over the Kingdom : and the Cardinal strives to push his Interest forward, by all the Methods of a Cunning Statesman. He knows the Prince of Conde's Spirit too well, to dream of a Reconciliation. And he has a double Interest, in the Ruine of that Unfortunate General ; his own Preservation, and the Aggrandizing his Niece, the Princess of Conti : Who by the Fall of her Brother-in-Law, will be Mistress of his Estate.

He is endeavouring also, to make an Alliance with the Cardinal de Retz, his profess'd Enemy, and one rais'd by the Pope to that Dignity, on Purpose to counter-balance Mazarini's Power at this Court, where he is suspected to animate the King against the Court of Rome.

That Cardinal de Retz, is now a Prisoner of State, and has been so a long Time ; being first Confin'd by Mazarini's Orders. But the Wise Minister, now thinks it safer to compound with a Man, whom he cannot longer persecute, without drawing on himself the Revenge of all the Ecclesiasticks, and especially the Thunder of the Roman Court.

Therefore, to reconcile Matters and fortifie himself, he has propos'd a Match between his Nephew, and de Retz his Niece. The Court is wholly taken up with making Friendships of this Nature : Which is an evident Sign,

Sign, they feel their Power at an Ebb, and fear it will be much Lower, if the Prince of Conde, shou'd once take the Field in France.

'Tis nothing to the Mussulman-Interest, which Side gets the Advantage. For, they are all equally Enemies to the *Sent of God*.

If I can by any successful Artifice promote the Divisions of these *Infidels*, I shall not disserve the Shining Port. However, I will still pray, That those Swords may be turn'd against each Other; which United, wou'd hazard the State of the *True Faithfull*.

Illustrious Friend, let thy Presence in the *Divan*, be as a strong *Bastion*, under the *Covert* of which, *Mahmut* may be shelter'd from the *Artillery* of *Evil Tongues*, and *Sycophants*.

Paris, the 14th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

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LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU art not Ignorant, that when I first heard of the Cruel Sentence executed on our late Friend *Egri Boinou* (on whom be the *Mercies of the Creator*) I wrote to his Successor, *Ismael Monta Faraca*, a Letter of Condoleance : Wherein, to keep a Medium between the Tenderness I ow'd to the Loss which my Friend had sustained of his Eyes, and the distrust I had of a Stranger ; I filled up my Letter to *Ismael*, with Consolatory Expressions ; such as I wou'd have used to *Egri himself*, had I been in his Company. Believing, that *Ismael* would read my Letter, to his *Blind Predecessor*.

I plaid the Stroke, and encouraged the Doctrine of *Apathy*. Or at least, I abounded in Philosophical Counsels, almost as Impracticable as the other. Nothing but severe Morality dropt from my Pen. And, all this, to cover my real Concern and Passion for *Egri's* Sufferings ; who, thou Knowest, was beloved by more than thee and me. I told thee in a former Letter, That I did not dare to trust my Sentiments, though disguised, to a Man, who on the score of his new Preferment might become more quick-fighted than before, and would soon penetrate the thin Veil of Words, and Spy something, in that Dispatch to my Disad.

Disadvantage, should I have ventured to descant on the *Sultan's Severity, or Egri's Merits.*

Therefore, I thought it best to pretend an Indifferency, to which I am as much a Stranger as any Man, in Cases that too nearly touch our Sence. 'Tis easie to give Counsel to another, which in the same Circumstances, we are far from practising our selves. Then we can be full of Wisdom and grave *Morals*; but, when it once comes Home, all our *Philosophy* vanishes: There remains Nothing to be seen, but a mere *Sensitive Animal*, without Virtue or Patience.

My own Experience, but two Days agoe, forces this Confession from me, when by an unlucky Blow, I lost the Sight of both my Eyes, for the Space of Eight and Fourty Hours. 'Tis true, I should not have used them much during a Third Part of that Time, had they not been hurt: Unless thou wilt say, they are serviceable in our *Dreams*, and help our *Souls* to spy the Dark *Chimera's* of the Night. However, I remember twas no small Grief, even in that Absence of the Sun, to be only Sensible of the Privation by my Ears: For, whilst the Windows of my *Soul* were shut, twas in vain for those of my Chamber to be open; which before this Misfortune, would by letting in the Light of the *Moon* or *Stars*, have convinc'd me, that it was Night, without being beholden to the Clocks and Bells of the Convents for my Intelligence, as I was under this Affliction.

Then

Then it was, that in my Heart I unsaid all that I had written to the *Eunuch* on the Subject of *Blindness*, and cursed the *Philosopher* for a Fool or a Madman, who put out his own Eyes, for the Sake of his Thoughts. I envy-ed those more Happy Fools, who are without Thoughts, but enjoy their Sight, which helps to form and regulate the Conceits of the most Wise and Thinking Men.

Nay, such was my Passion and Melancholy, during this short Eclipse of my Eyes, that I preferr'd to mine, even the Life of those Dumb *Animals*, whom Men have learned to call *Irrational*, because they express their *Sentiments* by *Inarticulate Sounds*, a *Dialect*, which we don't Understand. And, I could have almost wished my self *Metamorphos'd*, though it were into a *Dog*, provided I might but have that Sense, the Want of which ren-ders our Humanity Imperfect and a Burden to it self. Or, if thou wilt blame me for such a Wish, I cannot forbear thinking that *Dog* happier than his *Master*, whom I have seen leading a Blind Man in a String along the Streets of *Paris*. How prudently did that Faithful *Creature* act the *Guide*, in crossing the Way, if any Danger threatned his Charge, as a Cart, Coach, or Throng of People? And, all this Conduct was oweing to his Eyes, which made him Wiser than his *Master*; who, had he enjoy'd this *Sence*, might not, for ought I know, have Surpassed his Kind *Brute* in the Exercise of *Reason*.

And now I am fallen on this Subject, of
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the *Wisdom of Brutes*, I must not forget a Story which I have read in *Plutarch*, as also in a certain French *Anthor*, of a Dog in the Court of the Roman Emperor, *Vespasian*, which would act to the Life, all the Agonies and Symptoms of Death at the Command of a Mountebank, who had taught him many such Comical Tricks, to divert the *Grandees* of Rome.

The same *Frenchman* mentions certain *Oxen*, which it seems had Learned *Arithmetick*: For, being employ'd in turning the Wheel of a Well an Hundred Times every Day, when they had finished that Task, would not stir a step more; but having revolved that Number in their Minds, desisted of their own Accord; nor could any Violence compel 'em to farther Labour. Who will deny now, that these *Oxen* were *Mathematicians*; Or, That that Ship-Dog had any need to study *Euclid's Elements*, who having a great Desire to taste of some Oil, that he saw in a deep Earthen Vessel, and not being able to put his Head in far enough, by Reason of the long streight Neck of the Pot, after some Study ran to the *Hold* of the Ship, which was Ballasted with Gravel-Stones. From thence he brought in his Mouth, at several Times, as many of those little Stones, as half filling the Pot, forced the Oil up to the Mouth, so that he could Lap his Belly full. Of this, *Plutarch* says he was an Eye Witness. Was not this, thinkest thou, an *Archimedes* among the Dogs? Are not the *Goats* of Candy absolute

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Physicians, when being wounded, they never cease ranging the Plains of that Fertile Island, till they have found the Herb *Dittany*, with which they restore themselves to Health.

Should the *French* read these Lines, and those others I have writ on this Subject to *Cara Hali*, and the Great *Mahummed* of the *Desart*, they would censure me as a *Heretick*, a *Fool*, or a *Madman*: Or, at least, they would conclude, I am too Importunate an *Advocate* for the *Beasts*. They would call me *Bru* my self, and fix my *Pedigree* among some of the *Dumb Generations*.

But thou, who hast been Educated in the serener *Principles* of the *East*, and hast had the Honour to pour *Water* on the *Hands* of the *Abstemious Eremit*, wilt have another Opinion of what I say, in Defence of our *Kin-dred Animals*.

He that has given *Wisdom* and *Language* to the *Pismires*, and Instructed them to converse together by *Mute Signs*, so that when the *Signal* was given, the *Alarm* was taken throughout their humble *Territories*, and they all fled away with their *Bag* and *Baggage*, when the Army of *Solomon* approached: Inspire us with *Grace*, to understand the *Language* of the *Beasts*, or at least, not to think our Selves Wiser than them who understand Ours.

Paris, 14th. of the 4th. Month,
of the Year 1654.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Afis, Bassa.

THIS Court is wholly taken up at present, with the Preparations that are making to Crown the Young King. The Place design'd for that Ceremony, is a City call'd *Rhemes*. 'Tis said, the Duke of Orléans will not be there, though the King has Summon'd all the Princes and Nobility to attend at his *Inauguration*, according to the Ancient Custom. But that Prince, stomacks the great Sway *Cardinal Mazarini* bears at Court. Besides, his Daughter, who has no small Power over him, is affected to the Party of *Malecontents*. 'Tis through her Perswasions, the Duke her Father, absents himself from the King, his Nephew. Yet there are that say, his Mind will change, before the Time appointed for the *Coronation*: And, that he will rather dissemble his Grudge, that so he may more advantageously ruine the *Cardinal*: Who keeps the King lull'd in a Circle of Pleasures, agreeable to his Youth; that so he may not have Time or Inclination, to pry into his Management of Affairs.

The Court is at present at *Fontainbleau*, a House of Pleasure belonging to the King. They pass their Time away in Delights, drown'd in Security. Whilst the Wakeful Princes of the Blood, are plotting new Methods

thods to rowze 'em from their *Lethargy*, and teach the Young *Monarch*, That the *Sound* of the *Trumpet* and *Bear* of the *Drum*, will, in a short time, be a more Necessary *Musick*, than the soft *Airs* of the *Lute*, and such *Chamber-Melody*.

In the mean Time, the *Prince of Conde*, being Condemn'd, the *Princess*, his Wife has petition'd the *Parliament*, that her *Dowry* may be secur'd to her: But they have refer'd the Matter to the *King*. Her Husband seems to be lost in all Respects, save those of the People's Affections, who favour any that are Enemies to *Cardinal Mazarini*.

Monsieur Broussel, one of the *Councillors of Parliament*, whose *Imprisonment* I formerly mention'd to be the *Cause* of the *First Sedition at Paris*, is newly dead: Yet the *Cause* whereof he was a *Patriot*, dies not with him; but rather takes fresh Vigour, from daily Grounds of Discontent.

It was more particularly reviv'd, upon the Death of the late *Arch-Bishop of Paris*: The *Clergy* chusing for his *Successor*, the *Cardinal de Retz*, a *Prisoner of State*, and under the severe Displeasure of the *King*. This *Election* was countermanded, by a *Declaration* from the *Council-Royal*. Nevertheless, the *Ecclesiasticks* persist in their First Choice; Whilst *Cardinal Mazarini* threatens 'em, with the Punishments due to those who contemn the *King's Authority*. But they slight his Menaces, trusting to the *Arms* of the *Prince of Conde*; which, they hope, will deliver 'em, in Time,

Time, from the Oppressions of that Great Minister.

The Men of Ability Cabal, whilst the *Vulgar* are easily drawn into *Parties*, as their Affections by afs 'em. Here is Nothing but Murmuring and Whispering against the *Govern-
ment*. Every Man endeavours to purchase Arms, and lay 'em up privately as against some *Publick Invasion*. Nay, the *Citizens* walk not abroad without *Daggers* hid under their Garments: As if they either intended a *Massacre*, or were afraid of one. All things seem to portend some sudden Eruption of *Popular Fury*. And the *Wise*st know not, what will be the Issue of so many Threatning Occurrences.

Only *Mahmut* (surrounded with *Infidels*) is resign'd to *Destiny*. Knowing, that no *Human Counsel* can hasten or retard the *De-
crees Sign'd Above*.

Paris, the 17th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Murat Raffa.

IT seems the Devils have been lately let loose in these Western Parts, if we may give Credit to the Deposition of such, as have accus'd certain suppos'd *Witches*.

In Bretagne, a Province of this Kingdom, above Forty Old Women have been seiz'd and Imprison'd, for holding Correspondence with *Infernal Powers*: And above half of them, condemn'd to Death; God knows with what Justice.

Some of them are accus'd, of Enchanting the Persons of their Neighbours; Others, for Bewitching their Cattle; And a Third Sort, for dissolving the Mischievous *Charms* of the First and Second: All of them for assembling in the Night-Time, and using certain *Diabolical Ceremonies*; which they say, begin and end in kissing the *Posterior*s of a *Goat*, or the Devil in that Form.

I know not how far these poor superannuated Figures of Mortality may be wrong'd. 'Tis a Question, whether their *Judges* are always in the Right. A shrivell'd meagre Face, a hollow Eye, join'd with irrecoverable Poverty, are many Times the Chief Grounds of Suspicion: Which improv'd by Superstition, Mistakes and Malice, haye often prevail'd on those who ought to administer Justice, to condemn poor

poor Wretches more Innocent than themselves, as Guilty of Witchcraft.

Yet it cannot be deny'd, but that there have been both Men and Women vers'd in *Magical Arts*, as they are commonly call'd, which I take to be only the more *Mysterious Science of Nature*. Such was Zoroaster, the Great Grand-Child of Noah, and King of that Part of *Asia* which was then call'd *Babylonia*. Such was *Apollonius Tyaneus*, *Philistides Syracusanus*, with many others of Ancient Date: These understood the Hidden Force of the *Elements*, the *Influence of the Stars*, the Specifick Operation of Metals, Minerals, and other Subterranean Bodies, with the Virtues of all Vegetables. They knew exactly how to frame *Astral Images* and *Talismans*, by the Help of which they were able to effect Wonders. And all this perhaps, without once dreaming of *Infernal Spirits*, or having the least Society with *Devils*.

Yet I believe, *Lucian*, an Ancient Writer, who never spoke seriously of any Thing, scarce believ'd himself, when he related the Story of *Pancreates*, a Famous *Magician* of *Egypt*, who by these *Talismans*, was able to transform Inanimate things into the Appearance at least of Living Creatures. Thus he wou'd turn a Stick or Piece of Wood into a seeming Man, who shou'd walk, discourse, and perform all the Actions of a *Rational Being*.

A certain Stranger travelling with him once to *Memphis*, and lying with him in the same *Caravansera*, as soon as they were alighted from

from their Camels, *Pancrates* took a Plank of Oak, and having touch'd it with his Talisman, and pronounc'd Two or Three Syllables, ineontinently the Stock mov'd, stood upright, walk'd, and taking the Camels by the Bridle, led them to the Stables : After which, this Wooden Man came in and prepar'd their Pil-law ; went of whatsoever Errands *Pancrates* sent him. And when they departed, the Magician using a certain Private Ceremony, this Officious Servant return'd to a Plank again. This was his Practice all along the Road.

One Day his Fellow-Traveller being resolv'd to try the Experiment, took Advantage of the Magician's Absence, who was gone to the Temple, and had left his Talisman behind him. The Curious Traveller, having been often an Eye Witness of this Trick, takes a Piece of Wood, and touches it with *Pancrates*'s Talisman, repeating the Syllables he had heard him utter. Immediately the ~~Plank~~ Timber became a Man, asking his Pleasure. The Traveller astonish'd at the Event, commanded his new Servant to bring him a Bucket of Water. The Enchanted Spark obeys. The Traveller told him it was enough, and bid him return to a Piece of Wood again ; but instead of that, he continu'd drawing of Water, and bringing it in till the House was full. The Traveller fearing the Anger of *Pancrates*, thought to dissolve the Enchantment, by cleaving the Wooden Animal in Two. But this augmented his Trouble ; For, each Piece taking a Bucket, fell to drawing of Water ; so

so that of One Servant he had made Two. This continued till the *Magician* came to his Rescue, who having sternly rebuk'd the Traveller's Rashness, at a Word turn'd the Two burie Drudges, to their Primitive Logginess, and Inactivity again.

I do not tell this Story, as if I would have thee believe it, or that I give Credit to it my self. Let us imitate the *Author* of it, who laughs at all that delight in such *Fables*. But the *Christians*, who believe a Piece of *Bread* is Transform'd to *Flesh* and *Blood*, and becomes an *Immortal God*, at the pronouncing of Four Words by the *Priest*, may be excus'd, if they put Confidence in the *Figments* of *Poets* and *Orators*.

I have in my Custody the *Journal* of *Carco*, who formerly resided at *Vienna*, a *Private Agent* for the *Ever Happy Port*. Some of his Letters speak of the Superstition and Cradulity of the *Germans*, in this Kind. Yet in a Letter to the *Mufti*, he acknowledges himself overcome by the Unquestionable Testimonies, of such as had been Eye-Witnesses of the *Life* and *Death* of one *Faustus*, a *German Magician*, who play'd a Thousand Infernal Pranks (as he calls them) even before the *Emperour* himself.

He tells also of another *Magician* call'd *Zyto*, who liv'd in the Days of the *Emperour Charles IV*. And when the *Emperour's Son* to whom *Zyto* belong'd, was to Marry the *Duke of Bavaria's Daughter*; the *Duke* to oblige his Son-in-Law, who was much

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taken with *Magical Tricks*, as were all the *Germans*, sent for a great many Famous *Sorcerers* to the Wedding. Among the Rest, while One was performing a rare Exploit, on a sudden *Zylo*, the Prince's *Conjuror*, came up to him with a Mouth seeming as Wide as that of an Old *Crocodile*, and swallows him up at a Morsel. When he thus had done, he retires and voids him again in a Bath, and brings him thus drench'd, into the Company, challenging any of the other *Magicians*, to do a *Feast* like that; but they were all silent.

I hear of no such Tricks done by those *French Witches*, who cause so much Discourte at present. The worst they are accus'd of, Bewitching their Neighbours Hogs to Madnes, which thou knowest may be only a Natural Malady.

I pray Heaven defend us from the *Enchamments* of a deluded *Phant*, that Domestick *Incubus* of every Mortal, and we need fear neither *Witch* nor *Wizard*.

Paris, 20th. of the 5th. Month
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Cornezan Mustapha, Bassa.

THE Fame of Christina Queen of Sweden, has, no doubt, reach'd thy Ears: I have made Mention of her in several of my Letters. That Royal Virgin, is now about to surrender her Crown to her Cousin, whom they call Charles Prince Palatine. This is a Voluntary Resignation: And her Motive is said to be, a strong Inclination to Solitude and a Private Life; being esteem'd, the most Accomplish'd and Learn'd Princess of this Age. But those who pretend to know more than others, say, That the True Ground of her abandoning the Kingdom, is a Resolution she has taken to change her Religion, and embrace the Faith of the Roman Musl. which is forbidden by the Laws of Sweden.

Thou wilt smile at the Proposals, which this Queen sent to her design'd Successor; and his Answer to them.

In the first Place, She will keep the Greatest Part of the Kingdom and Revenues in her own Hands.

Secondly, She will be no Subject; but altogether Independent and Free.

Thirdly, She will have Liberty to travel into Foreign Countries, or into any Part of that Dominion.

Lastly, She will not have the Offices of Trust, or any other Gifts that she shall have dispos'd of to her Favourites, revok'd by her Successor.

To these Articles, Prince Charles Answer'd,
First, That he will not be a mere Titular King, without Dominions, nor without such a Revenue as is Necessary to defray the Royal Expences both in Peace and War.

Secondly, That he will suffer no Competitor, Equal, or Sovereign in his Kingdom.

Thirdly, That he will not run the Hazard of her Intrigues in Foreign Courts.

Lastly, That if he be King, he will dispose of Preferments as he thinks fit. And, in Fine, That he will not be the Shadow of a King, without the Substantial Prerogatives of Sovereignty.

It is added, That when the Queen heard his Reply, she said aloud, I propos'd those Articles only to try his Spirit. Now I esteem him Worthy to Reign, who so well understands the Incommunicable Rights of a Monarch.

This Intelligence comes by a Secretary to the Spanish Ambassador who is newly come out of Sweden, to Negotiate at this Court a Ten Years Truce between France and Spain.

Here is likewise an Ambassador from Portugal, who acquaints the Court, That the Portugueze have Expell'd the Hollanders out of the Places they held in the East Indies. But, if our Merchants bring true Intelligence, the Tartars will Exterminate all the Franks that are in China.

In the mean Time, the Young King of France, passes away his Hours in *Dancing*, seeing of *Plays*, and other Recreations, provided with vast Expence by Cardinal *Mazarin*, to divert him from meddling with *Pub-lick Affairs*, and from thinking too seriously on the Sentence he has Pronounce'd in *Parli-ament*, against the Prince of *Conde*.

One knows not well, how to blame the Prince of *Conde's* Proceedings; nor yet, to accuse the King of *Injustice*. Neither is it proper for a *Mussulman-Slave*, to decide the Controversy: Our *Principles* and *Laws*, are different from Theirs: And he that is esteem'd a *Patriot* here in the *West*, wou'd be Condemn'd for a *Rebel*, without Hesitation, in any Part of the *East*; where but One *God* in *Heaven*, and One *Sovereign* on *Earth*, is acknowledg'd by the Subjects of every *Kingdom* and *Empire*.

But in *France*, the Princes of the *Royal Blood*, are Invested with such a Power as renders it difficult for those under their Command, to distinguish 'em from *Supream Monarchs*. Yet, not One of them possesses a *Government*, Equal to that of the *Bassa of Egypt*; or Superior to his of *Aleppo*.

I have spoken of these *Princes* formerly, in some of my *Letters* to the Happy *Minis-ters* of *Him*, who when he pleases, can make the Greatest *Sovereigns*, the *Squires* of his *Stirrup*.

And therefore, 'twill be needless to say any more on that Subject, but only to acquaint

thee, That the French Court, tho' they cannot relent of the Rigour they have us'd toward the Prince of Conde, yet seem willing to compound the Busness with his Son, the Young Duke of Engaine; and by a Subtle Artifice, to strike Two strokes for the State at once. A Great Duke of this Realm, has been lately dispatch'd to the Duke of Orleans, to propose a Match between his Daughter and Conde's Heir. Whereby the Estate of the Prince of Conde, will fall to the Duke of Orleans's Possession, during the Minority of the Young Couple. This is a Wheedle to reconcile the King's Uncle to the Court; who has been a long Time estrang'd. But 'tis thought, his Displeasure is of too deep a Dye, to be wash'd off with Court-Holy-Water.

I have no more News to tell thee, save the Death of a certain Prince, whom they call the Duke of Elboeuf. And it is of no Import to the Divan, whether a Hundred of these Infidel Princes die every Day, or no, so long as the Grand Signior lives, and is ever supply'd with Faithful Ministers.

For His Health I pray, before the Sun peeps o'er the Tops of the Eastern Mountains, and after he hides himself in the Valleys of the West. Neither do I rise from my Knees at the Five appointed Hours, without an Oration for Chormefan, and the other Bass's of the Port.

Paris, 10th. of the 6th. *Advent* 1654.

L.E.P.

LETTER XI.

To Sale Tirchoni Emin, Superintendant of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople,

THE OUL that hast the Charge of the Ammunition designed for the Conquest of the World, art fittest to receive the News of a Terrible Blow lately given to a City of the Infidels in Flanders.

This Place is called Gravellines, whereof I have made Mention in some of my former Letters. On the 29th of wh^e last Moone, the Powder of the Magazine there took Fire, whether by Accident or Design, is not certainly knowne. But the Damage it has done, is very great. It is reported, That a Third Part of the City is blown up, and the Chief Fortifications about it, with the Outworks of the Cittadel. Three Thousand Mortals, had their Breath exhausted by the Violent Convulsion of the Air, and were sent into Another world well season'd with Salt-Powder. Besides a vast Multitude of all Sorts, that were bury'd in the Ruines of the Houses.

Some say, a certain Person coming to buy some Powder of the Steward of the Magazine, as they were knocking out the Head of a Powder-Barrel, the Hammer struck Fire. Others report, That this Person who pretended to

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buy Powder, was a Spy or Private Agent of Cardinal Mazarini in those Parts : And that by his Master's Order, he had prepar'd a certaine Artificiall Fire, enclos'd in a Shell or Box ; and that at a certain determin'd Period of Time, it would cause the Box to lie in Pieces, and scatter Flames almost as subtle and penetrating as those of Lightning.

Playing therefore this little Instrumēt of Mischief ready, and being instructed in all Things, he with the Servants enter'd the Vaults where the Powder lay, under Pretence of buying some for the Gouvernour of Brusſels. And when they had open'd one of the Barrels, he thrust his Hand among the Powder, as though he wou'd take up some to look upon ; at the same Time dexterously conveying his little Shell or Box into the Barrel, knowing that in an Hour's Time it wou'd work its Effect. In the mean while, seeming to dislike that Barrel, they open'd another ; which he bought, and so departed. Within an Hour afterwards, all the Countries round about, were astonisht at the Dreadful Blow which made the Earth to tremble. They say, it was heard beynd the Seas into Eng-
land.

Thus the Contrivance of this Tragedy, is fasten'd on Mazarini ; and such is the Hazard the People bear to this Minister, That if an Earthquake shou'd happen in these Parts, I believe they wou'd accite him as the Author of it.

But

But it seems, as if all the Elements were at War against the Netherland Provinces. I have already acquainted the Ministers of the Ever Happy Port, what Disasters befell these People by *Storms at Sea*, and *Inundations on Land*. After which, the Element of Fire took its turn to Chastise them. For, in the First Moon of this Year, a certain *Wind-mill* in the *Low Countries*, whirling round with extraordinary Violence, by Reason of a Furious Storm; the Stone at Length, by its Rapid Motion, became so Intensely hot, as to fire the *Mill*; from whence the Flames being dispersed by the High Winds to the Neighbouring Houses, set a whole Town on Fire.

And now the Wrath of Heaven has been kindled again, to destroy these *Infidels*: Yet those that survive, will not be Converted. Perhaps they will be ruin'd Piece-Meal, even to a *Final Extermination*, like the *People of Sodoma and Thymoë*, of whom at this Day there remain no Footsteps.

I pray God guard the *Imperial City* and *Arsenal*, from all *Casualties of Fire*, from *Inundations of Water*, and from *Earthquakes*: And thy own Watchful Care and Prudence, will defend the *Magazines* in thy Custody, from the Sly Attempts of *Traytors and Villains*.

Paris, 10th. of the 6th. Month,
of the Year 1634.

LETTER

asil, now I shew you : there's nothing against
thee, though shee were to accuse thee of
any wrong or injury to her selfe, which is to
saye, there's no way to prove it.

To Mehemet, an Eunuch in the
Seraglio.

I Acquainted thee formerly with the first
Necessity I had to drink Wine, that I might
the better conceal my being a Mahometan,
when I was made a Prisoner by Cardinal Ma-
zzolini's Order. I tell thee now, this Liquor
is grown Habitual to me ; it being the Natu-
ral Beverage of the Country where I am.
But the French temper it with Water, the bet-
ter to allay their Thirst, and prevent Favers.
Which Custom agrees not with the Stomach
of a Mahometan, who when he drinks either
Water or Wine, loves to have them Pure,
without Mixture. I use it moderately for my
Health, and to create an Appetite. But this

Evening, I drank a Glaie of Wine, which is
like to make me abhor it for Ever. In all
Probability, I shall turn as strict and pre-
cise as an Hodgia. For, in the Midst of my
Draught, I had almost swallowed a Great
Spider, which lay drowned in the Wine. The
little Beast, had pass'd my Lips; but I soon
clear'd my Mouth, of so Ungrateful a Mor-
sel. I wish I could as easily discharge my
imagination, of the hated Idea's it has imbibed
with this Fatal Potion. Not that I think I
am poisioned, or have received any Real Da-
mage

mage from the *Spider*: The worst *Venom*, lies in my own *Phancy*. It will be Impossible for all the Water in *France*, to wash away the Prejudices I have Conceiv'd against this little *Insect*. I have a perfect *Antipathy* against it. The Sight of a *Spider*, would always make me sweat and tremble. Now, if ever I should taste of Wine again, I should imagine every Mouthful I swallowed, had a *Spider* in it. My *Reason* tells me, there were no Danger, if I had one in my Stomach; having seen a *Physician*, without the Use of any *Antidote*, swallow Two or Three large *Spiders* in a Glass of Wine: And this was his ordinary Practice every Morning. And most of that *Profession* maintain, That *Spiders* so drank, can do no harm. Yet my *Antipathy* overcomes my *Reason* in this Point. And if *Galen* or *Hippocrates* were alive, they would not be able with all their Learned *Demonstrations*, to reconcile me to a *Creature*, for which I have an *Invincible Aversion* and *Abhorrence*. I had rather encounter with a *Lynx*, or a *Tyger*, in the *Deserts* of *Arabia*, provided I had but a *Sword* in my Hand, than to have a *Spider* crawling about me in the Dark. And therefore, I have often envied the Happiness of the *Irish Men*; for, in that *Island*, they say no *Venomous Creature* will live. The same is reported, of the *Isle of Malta*. Which Wonderful Privilege, both these *Islands* ascribe, to the *Prayers* of certain *Saints*.

There is no Reason to be given for these secret *Antipathies*, which are discovered in many

many Men. Some will sweat and faint away, if there be a Cat in the Room where they are, though they know Nothing of it, any otherwise than by the Secret Intimations of this Unaccountable Sence, which Nature has added to their other Five. I have seen a Gentleman drop down in a Swoon, as soon as he entered a Chamber, where there was a Squirrel kept in a Cage. And those that knew him, said, It was his constant Infirmitie.

If there be any Truth in the Doctrine of the Soul's Transmigration, I should think the best Reasons for these private Antipathies, might be drawn from some Former State of the Soul. And according to that Supposition, I should conclude, That I had been a Fly, before I came into this Body; and having been frequently persecuted by Spiders in that State, do still retain the Dread of my Old Enemy, which all the Circumstances of my present Metamorphosis, are not able to efface. But if this be so, I wonder I shou'd have no distinct Remembrance of my former little Volatile Life, since Pythagoras, the Great Patron of the Metempsycosis declares, That he could remember several Changes he had undergone. And particularly recounts, how he led a Merrier Life when he was a Frog, than since he became a Philosopher.

It affords me Matter of Thought and is no small Diversion, to behold the Contrariety that is in Men's Diet. One Man never tastes of Fish all his days, another abhors Flesh; this faints if his Bread be cut with a Knife that

that has touched *Cheese*, that swoons at the Smell of *Mutton*. Men have as different Appetites, as they have Faces. Some are squeamish, and almost nauseate every Thing that others eat freely of. Again, there are others to whom nothing comes amiss. For my Part, I have many Aversions in Point of Diet: And, above all Things, I can never be reconciled to the eating of *Insects*, *Serpents* and other *Reptile Creatures*. Yet here are Men in this Kingdom, who live upon *Frogs*, *Vipers*, *Grashoppers*, and such Kind of Loathsome Animals. And I have read of a People in the Southern Parts of Africa, who had no other Diet but salted *Locusts*, which they catch in the Spring: When certain Winds bring innumerable swarms of them over the Land, so that all the Country is covered. These People are very Lean, Active and Black. They run swift as *Stags*, and will climb Trees and jump from one Rough and Tree to another as nimble as *Apes* or *Squirrels*. But they are short Lived, never exceeding Forty Years of Age. For about that Time, they feel a violent Itching all over their Bodies: Which compelling them to scratch themselves, they never cease till they make Holes in their Flesh, where certain Winged *Insects* breed; which multiply so fast, that in a little Time they devour their poor Wretches. This is thought to be the Result of their Ill Diet.

Let not what I have said, create any Squeamishness in thee; but eat thy *Pillaw* with a good

good Stomach: For, that Food, has the Ben-
e-ficition of God and his Prophets.

Paris, 23d. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham,

THE King of France, has been solemnly
Crown'd at Rhemes: Where were pres-
ent, his Mother and Brother, Cardinal Ma-
zarini, with divers Princes and Nobles, and
Foreign Ministers. But Nothing cou'd per-
suade the King's Uncle the Duke of Orleans,
to grace this Ceremony with his Presence. He
has declar'd, He will never come to the Court,
so long as Cardinal Mazarini is there.

Marshal Turenne has receiv'd private Or-
ders, to repair speedily to his Army in Flan-
ders. What this Design is, we are not cer-
tain. Some say, he is gone to surprise Gravelin-
ter, a City in Flanders, which was lately so
ruin'd by the Blowing up of the Magazine,
that it is not in a Condition to resist the French,
should they assault it.

Others say, the King has command'd his
General to lay Siege to Stenay, a City belong-
ing to the Prince of Conde, a Place of Great
Strength, and exquisitely Fortify'd.

Tis

Tis reported, That *Cardinal Mazarini* holds a Correspondence with the *Gouvernement* of this *Strang Hold*: And that on this Ground it was, he promis'd the King, on the Honour of his *Purple*, That if he would suffer his Army to lie down before it, it should by such a Day be deliver'd into his Hands.

The *Duke of Lorrain*, of whose Imprisonment at *Antwerp*, I inform'd *Mustapha Berber Aga*, is now remov'd from thence, and sent to *Spain*, from whence 'tis believ'd he will never come back.

From the *North* the *Post* brings News, of the Resignation which *Christina Queen of Sweden*, has made of her *Crown* to her Cousin, *Prince Charles*. They add, That she caus'd a *Crown* to be made, with this *Inscription*, *F R O M G O D, A N D C H R I S T I N A*: And, that she plac'd this *Crown* on the *Prince's Head* with her own Hands, having before Absolv'd all her Subjects from their *Oaths of Fidelity* to her.

The same *Post* also tells us, of a Mighty Army of *Moscovites*, which are enter'd into *Poland*, destroying and laying desolate wherever they come. The pretended Cause of this Invasion, is said to be, a Disgust the *Czar* has taken at a certain *Historian and Poet of Poland*; Who in reciting the *Wars* between those *Nations*, had made a Mistake in the *Genealogy of the Moscovite Emperours*, naming the *Father* for the *Son*. The *Czar* being inform'd of this, demanded the Head of the Writer, as an Atonement; Which being deny'd,

deny'd, he rush'd into the Territories of Poland, to revenge himself by Fire and Sword.

These are the Actions of such, as pretend to follow the Example of Jesus, the Messias; Who commanded Men, To forgive Injuries, even as did our Holy Prophet: Yet they scruple not to accuse us, of what they themselves are onely Guilty, Thus, whilst they are Christians in Name, we shew by our Practice, that we are True Disciples of the Venerable Jesus.

Doubtless, all Men are Just or Wicked, by Nature. Every Mans Fate is Engraven in his Forehead. And neither the Precepts or Examples of Jesus or Mahomet, can alter the Inclinations of those, whose Stars have Sign'd 'em in their Nativity, with the Indolible Characters of Vice.

Paris, 20th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XIV.

To Dgnct Oglou.

Hitherto I have been in a Wilderness, or at least I'll suppose it, wandring up and down, lost and confounded in the Dark, without Sun, Star, Land-Mark, or any Faithful Guide to direct me. What shall I do in this Case? I am tyrd with Perpetual Rambling, and

and rest I dare not, neither can I, which is my Uneasiness, even in the only Circumstance which gives to other Men Repose.

Thus I discourse with my self when I am alone, and consider my Present State as a Mortal. The Miseries of this Life, are the Themes of my First Contemplation: And 'tis but Reason it should be so, because we feel 'em every Moment. They touch our Sence nearly, and afflict us with Sharp Pains. Yet they are but like the Stings of a Wasp, Violent for a Time, but last not long.

This Thought carries me farther, and puts me upon an Endless Meditation, what will befall me after I'm Dead. When I have contemplated all that I can, run over a Thousand Paths of Phaney, and track'd all the Foot-steps of the wise, or of such as were esteemed so; still I find my self in a Desire, more entangled than a Traveller lost in the Forest of Hercynia, which extends from the most Northern Part of Moscow, to some Provinces in the German Empire, and is reputed Five Hundred Leagues in Length.

In this bewilder'd Condition, I mett with many pretending Guides, One telling me this is the Way, Another that. But because they do not agree in their Advice, I know not which to trust: And am inclin'd to suspect some for Cheats, and the Rest for Fools, as much at a Loss, if not more than my self.

Permit me to discourse with Freedom, my Dear Genl, and let us unmask like Friends. What signifies all that the *Vizier* and *Mol-*

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lars can say of Paradise and Hell, since none of 'em have been there to make an Experiment? Why should we suffer ourselves to be amus'd with Notions of Things, which, for ought we know, have no other Existence, but in the Harangues of the Preachers, and the Piansters of the Credulous?

Think not that I am going to persuade thee to the Heresy of the Muserrim, who deny the Being of a God. I tell thee, I am no Aberrant. From Every Thing I behold, my Thought soon flies up to a First Cause. And there it dash'd into a Thousand Queries. This may as a Solid Foundation, All Things were
Always in the same State as they are Now. (My Experience demonstrates to the Contrary.) But how much longer they have been otherwise, than my own Remembrance, I cannot be assur'd, but by the Confidence which I repose in People that are Older than myself, and the Faith I give to Books. Both which agree in this, That they are Guilty of Contradictions without Number.

Those that were born before me, and Liv'd in the Days of Sultan Mahomet III. tell me many Passages of his Reign, quite different, from the Relations of others, who also Liv'd in those Times, and remark'd the Transactions of their Age.

A like Disagreement I find among Authors, who have committed to Writing, the History of Former Times. 'Tis difficult to encounter with Two Men of the same Opinion, even as to Matters of Fact. Some take a Pride

in disguizing the Truth; Whilst others have not Skill to take off the Mask. There are a Sort of Persons in the World, Men of Supine and Ease Judgments, Credulous, and not daring to call in Question what has been transmitted to them from the Authority of Such and Such a Writer. They Superstitiously revere as an *Oracle*, the Manuscripts of a Mortal Man like themselves, and Subject to as many Frailties and Mistakes. And all this, only because they have been taught to do so from their Infancy: So Forcible is the Influence of Education. Thus the Hebrews believe the Records of their Nation to be of Divine Original, though they want not *Verbal Contradictions*, and abound with *Logical* and *Philosophical Inconsistencies*. But that which is of Greatest Moment is, that neither they, nor any other Nation, no not even the Affirmative Egyptian Records, come near the Immense Chronologies of the Chinese and Indians. So that amidst such a Variety of Accounts, a Man knows not where to fix his Belief. But, Whether the World be only Five or Six Thousand Years Old, or of a more Indefinite Antiquity, this is a sure Maxim, *That Something is Eternal*. Even the *Jews* and *Christians*, who deny the *Eternity of Matter*, and assert the *Creation* of the *World* out of *NO-THING*, in a Determin'd Period of Time, must of Necessity own, There was an *Eternal, and Infinite Emptiness, or Vacuity*, which is like *Space* as Moses calls by the Name of *NO-THING*. Which will found as hard

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in Philosophy, as the Eternity of Matter does in their Divinity. Nay, if I mistake not, tis of a worse Consequence, even in the Doctrines of Religion, to assert an Infinite Privation, or Want of Existence, to be Coeternal with the Substantial God, who is Omnipotent, Loving and Strong; than to affirm Matter it self to be Coeternal with Him: Since This is an Actual Substance, and may with Reason be supposed, as a Necessary Emanation of his Power and Goodness: Whereas the Other is a mere Naked Potency, a Non-Entity, as the Western Philosophers call it, and therefore cannot be conceived to flow from the Divine Nature, which is Essential Life and Being. Yet, in these Nice and Remote Speculations, I am Timorous, and dare not be Positive: lest I should profane the Honour of that Sovereign God, who is the Breath of our nostrils. To speak the Truth, I am Wavering in All Things, but this, That there is an Eternal Mind, Every where Present, the Root and Basis of All Things Visible and Invisible, whom we call *He*, the Support of Infinite Ages, the Rock and Saly of the Universe. O my boy
 Let thou and I, Dear Friend, persevere in Adoring that Superlative Essence of Eternity, with Internal and Profound Devotion. Let our Thoughts be Pure, our Words Few, and those full of Innocent and Grateful Flame. For assuredly, God delights not in the Blazing of the Tongue. A joyful noise is to us for the Rest, let us live according to our Nature and Reason, as we are created. *CVI*
we

we may believe, that the Indulgent Father of All Things, will accept us, if we square our Actions according to this Rule, without aiming at the Perfection of Angels.

In a Word, let us love all of Human Race, and shew Justice and Mercy to the Brutal. For in so doing, we shall not be Unkind to ourselves.

Paris, 13th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1654.

according to the Christian Style. I arrived to

this place yesterday, and have no better news

and stories of home, than you would expect from

any emigrant, who has been away so long.

My present business is to get a passage

back to America, and I hope to do so

in time to meet you again, and to bring

you some good news from home, which

you will be glad to hear. I will write to you

again when I return, and tell you all the

news I have heard since my last letter.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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